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GAMES AND STORIES

Mutter- und Kose-Lieder.

FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL

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MOTHER'S SONGS, GAMES AND STORIES

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MOTHER'S SONGS, GAMES AND STORIES

Fröbel's "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder"

RENDERED IN ENGLISH

BY

FRANCES AND EMILY LORD

CONTAINING THE WHOLE OF THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS, & THE MUSIC. RE-ARRANGED FOR CHILDREN'S VOICES, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

LONDON
WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET STREET, E.C.
1888

Whatever Mother wakes and tends and thinks
In cheerful, earnest song and play;
Whate'er her love girds round to-day,
Works blessing onward through a thousand links

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

OURS is a period when everything is being called in question, and the quietest home cannot escape this influence. Many a mother feels it, but has not leisure to plunge into discussions, or to work out for herself the set of things that should be said or done with children, to accord with the views of life arrived at by herself and her husband. Some mothers wish to take no step with children that is not in harmony with these parental beliefs; other mothers feel vaguely that the education of little children ought to be able to go on quietly, apart from the storms or compromises into which grown-up people may get drawn.

Women are expected to pour new wine into old bottles; to rear children in an atmosphere of peace and love, willing to help and to be helped, to learn and to teach, to share and share alike,—for all this is thought charming in children,—and then these children are expected to enjoy and to succeed in the various ferocities and rapacities of the world, first encountered at school and college. Women are expected to make bricks without straw; without disturbing the sleepy surface of domesticity, they are expected to rear children to suit the new time.

In the past twenty years, moreover, not only has the religious and moral life of the nation been undergoing great change, but its intellectual life has grown more exacting, and now its spiritual life is demanding the first place. Every art and science has been extending and asserting its claims. "A good all round man," as the Americans express it, may be our ideal, yet we feel the old maxim is true—"Not many things, but much."

How are we to secure for a child a mind open to many kinds of knowledge, and yet neither dissipate his forces, by interesting him in

too many subjects, nor stupefy him with information he does not desire, or for which he is not ready? How are we to give him a firm will? For a will is formed by experience, and it takes time to gain experience; and meanwhile the child must progress in his school studies, or he will be behindhand. And so the sacred quiet of home is invaded by the ruthless pressure of the outside world. Yet some parents are saddened by the failure of even this plan; they had the child most elaborately taught, and yet he is a failure; he can get through his examinations, but no one will employ him; he has neither will nor common sense, nor power to deal with his fellow-creatures. On every hand, parents are asking whether the training of character really must be sacrificed in this way, and hence no wonder the despairing question arises—"Is Life worth living?" Women need a book to help in this transition period of our national life and education. Women need all the help that can be given them, and the truths they will find in Fröbel's *Mother's Songs* seem to me even more likely to be valued now than during any time since the book was first published in 1843.

Every one likes to see children happy, and feels outraged on hearing of cruelty to children; yet few are willing to study how to make them happy. Want of appreciation, or dislike for any attempt to ascertain the philosophy of childhood, is often due to the belief that its happiness is a kind of peach bloom, whose charm will not reveal itself to any mere analysis. If you were happy yourself, would you not wish to make children as happy as you used to be? But you cannot have back the old apparatus, the house and garden, the dog, the set of duties, and the sequence of events, and you know that you cannot; or perhaps you have all these and yet seem to fail. You are sure to ask yourself why. But to ask why is to arrive at the philosophy of childhood. Again, you were unhappy, and long to avoid repeating the torments you suffered. Yet you find yourself doing so. Your agony of mind seems suitable to a criminal, yet your intentions were the purest and best.

If you have already arrived at the conclusion that you would gladly read a book, let us hope Fröbel may prove to you the friend he wished to be.

Among those who are likely to read this book will be some very easily defined persons.

A man [illegible] *single* that is between the covers of the book, her heart must have ached many a time to think how few women did know it all; and if she only fancied she knew, there is much she will read with a disciple's humility.

The Mother who knows nothing about it.—If she has the seeing eye and the hearing ear, she will welcome it as a kind of revelation of the world that lies in simple things.

The Cottage Mother in the country will see that the book was written in the country, and is easier to realise there than anywhere.

The Rich Mother will feel surprised to see how little wealth has to do with amusing children; and she will feel able to give or lend the book to her less wealthy friends without feeling there is any mockery involved in the gift or its suggestions.

Unmarried Women are people from whom much is often expected in the way of general usefulness, good sense and virtue, unrewarded by any cheering recognition of silent services. Anything that can help them to steer amid the families where they visit or teach they ought to have. This book may explain to them how far there is any remedy at all for things that grieve them in the management of children, and may save their energy for due interference on suitable occasions.

Religious People.—Some will measure the book by the extent of its religious teaching. Some few will know that all religious forms never were more than steps towards the knowledge of infinite good, and arrest the soul's deepest yearnings, at least as often as they seem to satisfy them. Such readers will hardly disapprove Fröbel's gentle recognition of a child's yearnings.

The Materialist.—The materialist is a person who thinks that religion is a relic of earlier stages of man's life, and also thinks that all such are likely to reappear in a child—would agree that they should be treated very tenderly; as, even if incorrect, inheritance may have interwoven them very closely with the child's nature; and that if the religious feeling is clearly there, it must be dealt with in whatever way will least wound him by a violent extirpation, or least wrap round him a web of untruth he may afterwards outgrow. The materialist will take real pleasure in all the rest of the book, believing that nothing is in the intellect that was not first in the

bodily growth.

The over-anxious among all parties, who often show themselves narrow and unprogressive, might learn from this little book so much about our human nature as would prevent their uttering many crude and unwise sayings. For human nature is neither so easy to make or spoil, nor is it so easy to know as they seem to fancy. "In all early education, we must follow and not lead," says Fröbel in his *Education of Man*. When we are sure of our ground, we lead; when we think we have something to learn, we follow. It is the child's unfolding which should lead us.

University Professors, learned Men and Women, and the academic mind generally.—Many a one, simple as a little child, will come under the charm of this book.

Others, good and kind, but more sophisticated, will demand from it qualities which it does not pretend to, which are even of debatable importance, and which many of its admirers think it possesses. They may say, "It has no literary style; Fröbel was not a poet; the pictures are defective; the information is not correct; it does not fit in with this or that school of philosophy." As a literary product it should be regarded as a suggestion, a sample. It was the first book of the kind, and since its publication in 1843 no book-maker has ever hit upon the same lines, or has imitated this book. It may, therefore, well be called original. Conscientious persons, English and German alike, feel this so deeply that there is a consensus of opinion against interfering with the book's completeness. The temptation is strong to omit some sentence here or there, or some song, or some motto, or to explain away things. But the conviction recurs that, with all its defects, the book is a whole and is quite unique. Constantly, in the current literature of the day, poems are published so exquisite, or stories about or for children are written that are so deeply true, one cannot but fancy that were such writers to be enlisted, a book might be produced far superior in every way to Fröbel's. Then memory revives the story of Apelles, who failed in his effort to paint a perfect face by selecting the best features from many faces. Familiarity with Fröbel's book, moreover, brings home the conviction that though he admits he only collected popular songs, or only made his original ones as occasion suggested

during many years, the book has unity, and sprang from a single mind; no loosely coherent collection could achieve the same result as this.

That women and children have a life that needs a literature of its own is recognised by the stream of books that pour forth every year. The genius of Miss Greenaway and Mr. Caldecott is retained to draw for the young. Surprise is sometimes expressed at all this. There is no room for surprise; women and children make up the majority of mankind. Have these books no real merit? Why do not they become permanent favourites?—for nursery life is very conservative, and the younger children are more likely to cling to the books on the shelf than to imagine they need new ones. Yet the books that last, like Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* or Kingsley's *Heroes* are few. No book exists on the philosophy of children's books, or on the life to which they appeal. Fröbel's *Songs, Games and Stories*, appears to me to be full of example and precept on the philosophy of childhood. It will help a mother to test the books that make up this stream of literature; and, rejecting what is unsuitable, to demand something that is suitable. Wise mothers usually keep a scrap-book for cuttings or manuscript treasures likely to prove useful with the children. Many a scrap sounds captivating, but will not bear the test of being taken out some weeks later, and being seriously taught to the children. But many mothers have not the discriminative faculty, and use a "poetry book" which on the whole they like and approve.

My hope is that Fröbel's book will stimulate mothers to gather treasures, and to test them by such simple tests as Fröbel's philosophy will give them. Is there anything in the poem the child can do? Is it the kind of action I wish him to do? (killing and stealing are not good to play at). Is it the kind of story that has no meaning beyond the bare letter, or one whose meaning can recur with even greater force as a symbol in later life? (Kingsley's *Heroes* and Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales.*) Does it involve a long historical or other explanation (*Chevy Chase*), or ethical ideas one cannot defend (*Lord Ullin's Daughter*), or a single idea, and that deep sorrow? (*Mother's Last Words*, by Mrs. Sewell, or Tennyson's *Queen of the May.*) In short, is the poem suitable for my purpose?

Moreover, some of the sweetest little poems on children are meant not for them, but for us grown-up people; and some of the jingles

that children love best seem to us to have little poetic merit. This should encourage you to make little rhyming couplets when you are telling stories; you will get all a poet's sweetest and deepest joy as you feel that, to the children at any rate, you are a poet.

And what conclusion will such a mother probably arrive at? Children's love of story and game is endless, but the right way to meet it is not by a stream of books directed at the children, but by a stream of active good-will to discover the basis of this love, and to foster it. Now the basis of this love of story and play is the deep strong life-feeling in the child. It is full of life, and wants to express life in as many ways as possible. What you have to do is to supply it with ways of expression—bricks, clay, little sticks, material capable of being formed to illustrate ideas; in short, obedient matter; or to go half-way to meet its own attempts, by playing with it and teaching it little games. The life and ideas which you rouse and cultivate by stories and songs, you should give the child means of expressing.

What then should become of the energy now expended in writing children's books? Could Ithuriel come and touch all such writers with his spear, a large percentage would have to stand up and confess they had no business to write books at all for anyone whatever; a further percentage would own they greatly prefer writing for grown-up people; the remainder would stand up as true lovers of children, and as ready to see the truth as anyone can be. Some of these true lovers of children would be most welcome, if they would actually go and play with children.*

Children who go to Board Schools have no idea of playing as children play who have a nursery and a kind nurse and merry, clever parents. The infant mistresses in a Board School are often distressed to find how long it takes to get the little ones into the spirit of a game, and to see what a listless, brutalised, neglected home-life it points to.

Girls who live in towns should try to arrange with the Board or National Schools in their neighbourhood to go and play games. The teachers are too busy to put the requisite energy into it, though they would enjoy to take part; and the children should be taught a new game in small groups—five or ten at a time; it promotes friendliness and fun; when all know the game they can join in larger groups.

* The Metropolitan Playgrounds Association—Lord Brabazon, *Chairman*, or the Kyrle Society would be glad of help.

Many a young, strong girl could give an hour or two a week to playing with children. She might either appear for the recreation half-hour within school hours, or might arrange to take charge of the playground out of school. If play were thus cultivated, clumsy games, like "Kissing in the Ring," would disappear; the masses of children would want to play better games, and would be manageable enough to admit of their doing so. If kind grown-up people will thus help children in games that need regularity and care, it is amazing how much more sensible and pretty those little games and plays will be that children play when left to themselves.

The real reason why children quarrel so much in play is because their instincts of order are not formed enough to establish the order that they actually desire. Play is the school of action. Children reared to read books, instead of playing, will talk about duty, and not do it. A book is often given avowedly to keep the child quiet, when he is four years old, by a mother who would think it wrong to give his baby-brother laudanum during teething. In giving the book in this spirit, she gives an opiate, and considers it a less evil than that the child should race about the house until he is over-excited and naughty. Her only idea of the child is that, when his evolving energy gets to a troublesome point, she can give it an opiate. Has she no idea how to get on to friendly terms with this energy? no idea of the harm she is working by not knowing this part of her mother's business? No wonder she finds the burden of life heavy! She is carrying it, instead of making it carry her. She is groaning under the weight of a child who seems made of sand and lead, when she might ride as a queen in a chariot, drawn by the electric currents of the child's happy being.

Fröbel's *Mother's Songs* deals with the whole round of a little child's life. Each moment selected as the topic of a song or story is sure to occur and recur.

Children generally like the illustrations very much. Mr. Welch's republication of *Goody Two Shoes* (Griffith & Farran) is popular for the same reason—viz., children like the rough, simple drawing. Frederick Unger, the artist who drew these pictures under Fröbel's directions, wisely dressed his figures in old German mediæval costume; thus they are never out of fashion.

The presence of the songs in very small German type in each page

is due to the fact that the pictures are reduced electrotypes, and it was better to leave the German rhymes than to leave a blank space in the picture; some people, moreover, will feel interested to possess part of the original German.

Fröbel also thought that a picture-book for family use ought to be so constructed as to contain something refreshing for the grown-up person who kindly sits down for a few minutes to show the child the pictures. There are, therefore, many thoughts or features in each picture, and the mind will find them out and dwell on them according to its mood.

For such as wish to master the book I have ventured to add a few Notes, in the hope they may prove useful.

Robert Kohl, under Fröbel's directions, wrote Tunes to the Songs; he harmonised them for two voices only, and wrote accompaniments to the first song only. The keys he chose were beyond the compass of children's voices. Songs without a piano accompaniment are unlikely to be tried or learnt in any home. I have therefore transposed all songs that were too high, and written accompaniments to all; this part of the work has been revised by two professional musicians, Mrs. Flora Stark giving me several artistic suggestions.

Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart's preface should be valued by us all, as she represents the old Fröbel traditions; she knows how this book grew, and how the men and women thought and worked who lived with and round Fröbel; what he hoped, what he entrusted to their loving loyalty, and how they carried out his wishes and aims.

Brief Note on Friedrich Fröbel. (1782-1852.)

Clergyman's son; tutor; worked under Pestalozzi, 1808-11; fought in Germany's war of freedom against Napoleon, 1813; had a boy's school, 1816-36 (*Education of Man*, published 1826); 1836-52 worked at the education of women and little children, because his twenty years' work as a schoolmaster made him feel the supreme importance

of getting early education on to the right footing; the name Kindergarten (garden of children) occurred to him in 1840; he published this book of *Mother's Songs, Games and Stories*, 1843; his wife, who died 1839, had been helping for years to collect them; died 1852.

The best Life of him is by Alex. Hanschmann.

FRANCES LORD.

June 1885.

PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION

THE increasing sale which this book continues to have in England and America seems less due to its merits, as a practical hand-book—a function it was never intended to fulfil—than to the fact that its spiritual value is felt more and more, as it is read and studied. In it, Fröbel speaks as a friend, and the friend of everybody; he is not the philosopher discoursing learnedly, but the lover of children who tells you just what he thinks about them. Yet everything he says in this familiar and easy way would be called profound philosophy if it were said in the style usually deemed appropriate thereto. Fröbel himself always laid more stress on his principles being understood, and on the heart being rightly set to the task of training children, than to any other aspect of preparation. His *Mother's Songs* are an expression of all he attached most importance to.

But it would appear that even so small a fact as the increasing desire in the world of Educationists to understand Fröbel's principles better, ought not to be regarded as isolated, but as a sign that the claims of man's spiritual nature are being better understood, and the yearning for nobler and better things is passing into a profound conviction that they lie nearer to each of us than we usually think they do. Fröbel provides for the little child precisely that recognition of God-given power within, about which eager, weary hearts all the world over are saying, "If it be true, then we have a power able to change the world." It is true; it becomes evident on our recognising it; it grows by our use of it; it teaches all we fain would learn; and this is equally true of all, however varying be the manifestation of it in different people. A little child who starts in life with this sense of Divine Self as the true self, is safe indeed. "But these are high thoughts," it will be said, "too high for simple mothers,

and young girls who want to become Kindergarten teachers; and only desire to know what will fit them to manage it nicely."

The high thoughts are wrapped up in Frobel's simple plans, and will come stealing in upon their hearts and minds as they do their daily work, not as burdens to carry, but wings to lift them on high.

The growing recognition of this work of Fröbel's is due to the evolution of spiritual life in all lands. Lovers of physical science have favoured Fröbel's Kindergarten methods, because they accustomed the child to deal with things instead of words; and such supporters have often been startled on learning, as from any book written by Fröbel himself, that his aim in setting the child to work on things (the "occupations") was not to tie the child down to mere matter, but to put him at once in the right relation to matter, that of a commander, creator, dictator; and not a servant to or even an investigator of the material world. To bring about this correct relation, Fröbel gave the child matter to deal with that was exactly fit to tempt him to use it, small, light, easy to use. The fingers learned skill, the eyes learned to see colour and form correctly; in short, the senses were pleasantly and skilfully trained.

The charm of Fröbel's plan is that one person can see one set of advantages in it and one another. And an appeal is constantly made to "Fröbel's principles," by those who see in Slöjd (pronounced Sloyd) the Swedish handicraft training, just what should replace the Kindergarten, when children have grown too old for it.

The Swedes for some years taught the elements of trades to school children, but, finding that unsatisfactory, devised a simple system of carpentry, involving a graduated use of tools, and the perfecting of each article by the child who makes it.*

What Fröbel himself most insists on is that his plans train the child spiritually; but when he proceeds to explain how, it often happens that the materialist impatiently tosses him aside as a crude theorist, and the religious people call him fantastic, and are a little shocked.

Fröbel says that you must accustom a child to see all the life and power in itself, other people, and the natural world around, as ex-

* For full particulars of the method and list of tools required, see the pamphlet by Emily M. J. Lord. Cassell & Co., 1888. Price Sixpence.

pressions of the life of God, the Universal Life and Love. The materialist is indifferent to this, or hostile; the religious minded think it is not sufficient, and that hymns and verses of Scripture should also be taught at set times; and they assume that Fröbel's objection to this practice was due to unfriendly feeling towards those things, whereas it is really due to his principle of teaching everything in strict connection with what actually happens or arises as a part of life or conversation. Whatever grown people may see fit to do, who can perceive the connection between things more easily, Fröbel insists that with little children we ought to keep the rule as sacred of only talking of all things in their natural connection. In accordance with this, he interweaves religious teaching with everything; but places the song, "The Church Window" rather late in the work; holding up the occasion of going to church as something to be looked forward to, when the child is old enough.

Every year makes Fröbel less liable to misunderstanding in this and every other particular, as people grow more intelligent, tolerant, and anxious about the essentials of true life and living. Meanwhile, the one who doubts whether there be any spiritual life in man, and the one who can only perceive it when presented in a form, and that form a familiar one, always have been and always will be bewildered by earnest expressions of spiritual life, whenever brought face to face with it. Fröbel had a good deal of it in himself. The church in Germany was, in his time, a very poor exponent of spiritual things. He scarcely seems to have felt this; at any rate, not only was he never a rebel to the Lutheranism in which he was brought up, but he was always a devout church-goer, and wondered whenever the church he fancied he so entirely endorsed was indifferent or unfriendly to his plans. But there was enough spiritual life in Fröbel to carry him into the spiritual recognition of a child's nature and to provide food for it, regardless of nationality or creed. This recognition is what has given Fröbel his hold over the heart of childhood in all countries. Yet those who spread him most are by no means those who are extremely spiritual in quality or aware of its existence in him. People of the external sort do external work, such as spreading new doctrines in a superficial and imperfect way. In Fröbel's case this matters very little; for the essence of his merit lies in his having embodied his spiritual thought and his provision for it in forms which tell their

own story and do their own work as they go along, however unsatisfactory be the person who uses them.

But let a person who is spiritually awakened study Fröbel, or let an old student of Fröbel study spiritual science, and the wonderful efficacy of his provisions will appear. He provides for the silence in which we come to "know," and the activity by which we express our knowledge. He provides for the universal Law of Symbolization, by which everything stands for some idea, and small things acquire importance and sanctity; for the immense rapidity with which this operates, so that the block of wood which stands for a brick now will be called a mountain or a dog, a book or a tree, the next minute, and yet satisfy the symbology of the occasion and the child's fancy.

Fröbel insists on the great spiritual law that we can only see what our eyes are ready to see, can only know what we are ready to know, only do what we put our will into. If this be accepted and held to, it brushes aside all early teaching of facts to children. Fröbel constantly asserts that our aim is to have life and to have it more abundantly; a new life, a better life is the burden of his song; the life to be had by living, by freedom, by seizing whatever is around us and insisting it shall bring us good and respond to our commanding, as masters of our own life.

Sayings like this have been for so long current among persons who like moral and pious thinking, that they seem threadbare, and are almost ceasing to carry even hopefulness to the indifferent reader. But to the student of spiritual science such words give not merely an acceptable hopefulness but state a creed that amounts to absolute control over self, and life and its affairs. This creed is as easy for a child as for a grown person; and herein, also, does Fröbel show himself a true guide and master in spiritual things. The truth of life must be something so simple that it is true for all persons, in all countries, from the cradle onwards. So Fröbel, in his little songs, gives truths which will never need to be left behind or unlearned, and possess what we have fallen into calling, far too lightly, magical power. But the power of words is no light matter; it is the greatest reality in the universe. The power of evil or inferior words, only exists for those who believe in evil's power. The power of good words carrying good intention or stating pure truth is to bring good to pass upon the person who says them. If, then, a

great truth be put into words so simple that they abide upon the lips of a little child, are hummed by the child in its games, acted in the little dramas that make up nursery play, and altogether interwoven with ch ldhood's happy hours, that truth contains potency to surround the child with protection. That truth will envelope the child so that it is hard, if not impossible, for its tender growth to be assaulted or interfered with. That truth will play the part of a loving and watchful presence, alert to ward off harmful things. A dim perception of this prompts the teaching of poetry, hymns and Bible verses. If they are beyond the child's capacity, the vexation associated with learning them will probably neutralize any good they may do. For vexation is a kind of fear, and on fear no soul can live.

A carefully brought up child is one on whose behalf every advantage has been seized by intelligent and loving grown-up people; not a child whose activity and experience have been narrowed by stupid and ignorant fear. One advantage that may be seized is the child's love of doing, and of picking up words that it will repeat and make do duty in a dozen games, each game being some spiritual expression of growing thought. Seize this advantage and play with the child; see how much there is in a child's play; help it to utter the life within; help it to form the ideas with which it is struggling. You can guide the romp or the wild story so that good is victorious, meanness is conquered, courage holds out, love is the prompter when anger seems rising, and life yields wholesome lessons, social culture, joyful song and beautiful art. All these are products of the spirit's life, and where it lives and is not stifled, they will appear; whether it be in the drawing and mats and bricks, the games and singing, the friendships and courtesies of the Kindergarten and the nursery, or in the splendid paintings, carpets and architecture of some great artist, or the great social progress that true hearts seek and are longing for.

Let us in conclusion repeat our first statement: Fröbel is beginning to be understood, because spiritual life is beginning to be recognised. A child is not merely a being who has to be fed, clothed, put to school and then into business or marriage; our own deep suffering as grown people is teaching us this, and our own deep joy in finding that it is spiritual power which can alone give us control and happiness is leading us to see that the same is true for a child, and that whoever has seen this, and in the light of it has devised

educational plans, is on the right path. Fröbel saw this and planned accordingly.

It is all so simple that everyone wonders it was not thought of before. It marks an effort of the spirit to get free, and thus do all such efforts appear when looked at with the loving eyes of all who, as children of the century, have come into the wide and sunlit space cleared for them by the groping and striving of those who have passed on.

June 1888.

INTRODUCTION.*

BY ELEONORE HEERWART.

IS it necessary to write a Preface to a Book which contains Mottoes, Verses, Pictures and Explanations that should speak for themselves? There is however a "deep meaning in Children's Play," and though this is the subject of the Book, its meaning may not be so apparent as the name might lead us to expect.

Fröbel's head and heart were full of what he wished to say, but he was not always successful in interpreting his thoughts, so that it may not be superfluous to make some explanatory remarks.

Fröbel's wife, who suggested many ideas that are embodied here, said of this book—

Ein leichter Sinn, der fasst es nicht.
Ein leiser Sinn, der hasst es nicht.
Ein lauter Sinn verspottet's nur.
Ein tiefer folgt allein der Spur.

(A superficial mind does not grasp it.
A gentle mind does not hate it.
A coarse mind makes fun of it.
A thoughtful mind alone tries to get at its meaning.)

It is to mothers Fröbel addresses himself;—and the tone and meaning of a mother's talk to, and her play with, the baby are just what it is not easy to express—they can only be felt. We therefore appeal to the motherly hearts that are to be found in all countries, when we say: "Here is a book, specially written and

*Allusion is made in this Introduction to Dr. Lange's Preface of the German Edition of 1865. Passages are taken from my Lecture published by Sonnenschein, 1880. We also refer the reader to the explanations of several Kindergarten games in "Music for the Kindergarten," published by Boosey & Co., and to "Child and Child-Nature" by Frau von Marenholz-Bülow, translated by Miss Christie. (Sonnenschein.)

now translated for you; it contains hints to guide your words and movements, your play and influence—in fact, your whole treatment of the little child. Frame words and songs, and choose pictures that are more congenial to your country and circumstances, but let them be penetrated by the spirit that pervades this book." It gives a scientific basis to the education of the human being, because it embraces the treatment of all the powers that slumber and must be developed. The child is here understood according to its complicated nature, and with this understanding only can early education be successful.

If medical science be required to keep the child's body in good health, no less is it important to know how to guide the Will, the Heart and Intellect. At first it is an easy task to train the child, but later it is difficult to bend or force back the crooked branches of moral, emotional and intellectual powers.

In the hands of Women lies the power of steering the future weal or woe (and it is to women, to mothers, that Fröbel speaks); and he reminds them of their mission in raising family-life, so that it may be a preparation for Heavenly Life—nay, even that there may be a paradise on earth in the lowliest home.

THE MOTHER.

Fröbel considers it his duty to picture the home as it ought to be—not by writing a book of theories and of rules which are easily forgotten, but by accompanying a mother in her daily rounds through house, garden and field; and by following her to workshop, market and church. He does not represent a woman of fashion, but prefers one of humbler station, whom he clothes in the old German housewife style; it may be a small sphere she occupies, but there she is the centre and she completely fills her place. She rejoices in the dignity of her position—that is, of an educator of a human being whom she has to bring into harmony with God, nature and man. She thinks nothing too trifling that concerns her child; she watches, clothes, feeds, and trains it in good habits, and when her darling is asleep, her prayers finish the day. She may not have read much about education, but her sympathy with the child suggests means of doing her duty. Love has made her inventive; she

discovers means for amusement, for play; she talks and sings, sometimes in poetry and sometimes in prose. From mothers in his circle of relations and friends Fröbel has learned what a mother can do; and although he had no children of his own, his heart vibrated instinctively with the feelings of a mother's joy, hope and fear. He did not care about the scorn of others, when he felt he must speak with an almost womanly heart to a mother. His own loss of a mother's tender care made him the more appreciate the importance of a mother's love in early infancy.

The mother in his book makes use of all the impressions, influences and agencies with which the child comes in contact; she protects from evil; she stimulates for good; she places the child in direct communication with nature, because she herself admires its beauties; she has a right feeling towards her neighbours and to all those on whom she depends.—*See* "Mowing-grass," "Baker," "Smith," etc. The mother sees a "threefold Heaven" united in the possession of her child—namely, the happiness of the past, present and future, and hers is the sacred duty of preserving that happiness. The words Faith, Love, Hope, or Light, Love, Life, are the types of her feelings and actions towards the child which lies before her in the cradle.

The child's smile is to the mother the sign of health, of bodily comfort, and the beginning of the joyous laughter that will ring through the house in future years, if health and happiness have been preserved. A cry will find an echo in her heart; she hastens to open the ever ready arms, and by her wisdom and her skill soothes the pain, and does not rest until she sees the welcome smile again. A movement of arms and feet teaches her that the child feels its strength and wants to use it. She helps, she lifts, she teaches, and while playing with her baby's hands and feet, she is never at a loss for a song or story.

The mother also knows that it is necessary to train the senses, because they are the active organs which convey food to the intellect. The ear must hear language, music, the gentle accents and warning voices of father and mother. It must distinguish the sounds of the wind, water, noises of pet animals; and when the ear has been trained to hear external sounds, the child will be more ready to listen to the voice of conscience and of God.—*See* "The Cuckoo."

The eyesight is directed to objects far and near—as the pigeons

flying, the hare running, the light flickering on the wall, the calm beauty of the moon, and the twinkling stars in the dark blue sky. No wonder the little boy wanted to climb up the ladder to the moon! Heaven and earth he would span with his little hand—No. 26. No wonder the little girl by her mother's side, No. 27, called the bright stars she saw the first time in her young life, "Father and Mother stars," for she knew who were to her the brightest stars on earth. (Real incidents.)

The child's mind is thus filled with images of actual life, and the intellect is built up on this basis. The daily observations of the surrounding world have led to many comparisons, the imitation of movements has established the notion of the connection between cause and effect, between object and language, between the concrete and the abstract—a valuable preparation for school-life.

While throughout the whole book the mother is present or near the children, others who complete the family circle are introduced. The mother will never forget to strengthen the child's affection for the father; she will awaken the love for brothers and sisters and near relatives, as well as the gratitude to servants and to those who provide necessary household articles. By-and-by the child is brought into the presence of strangers, where the matter of conduct is the chief point: "What will others think of my child?" the mother may ask herself.

From nature and from social intercourse the child is led to God. While a religious atmosphere has hitherto surrounded the home, a time arrives when the child should accompany its parents to church, but first it is taken to a sacred building that it may receive the impression of a house set apart for worship; then it may hear the solemn tones of the organ; then see a congregation unite in praise and prayer; and listen to the earnest appeal of the preacher. Fröbel does not wish the child to be plunged into religious service, but, as in all other matters of teaching, he goes slowly and surely, and thus the child's heart is impressed more than if it is assailed by a crowd of new sights, scenes and sounds. Throughout the book we see the child actively employed, for the mother who has watched the daily growing body rejoices in the life-power of her darling. She knows that, if it is to be kept in good health, it must have exercise; and, while she talks and sings and shows moving objects, she lets her child move in accord-

ance with them. She does not spend money in buying toys. No; her toys are the cheapest and the nearest at hand—the child's own fingers, hands, arms, feet, and the whole body. "What can a hand do when it is nimble and elastic! What a useful life my child shall lead! His healthy body will support a healthy mind." The mother's life grows richer every day, because her child's mind and body grow stronger. What influence a life like hers must have upon those who see and imitate her. Pestalozzi had this in his mind when he wrote his *How Gertrude teaches her Children* and *Lienhard and Gertrude.* * A mother cannot fail to teach others when her lips are full of such words and her heart is attuned to such music, indicating, as they do, her innermost feelings; she will be a blessing to many. A child is to her a gift from God, to whom she must lead it, as Hannah led Samuel.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Let us now look for mothers of this kind, as Fröbel has done, and let us learn from them—they are to be found in every country. Let us train more; there is a place in every house for such a mother. New homes are continually established, but there is little or no preparation for the duties involved. There are many who would help the mother in her sacred task, and to whom the education of little children opens a useful and happy sphere. Fröbel addressed mothers and women in general on that memorable day, the 28th of June 1840, in Blankenburg (Thüringen), from which place and date the Kindergarten originated.

The Kindergarten is an institution which treats the child according to its nature; compares it with a flower in a garden; recognises its threefold relation to God, man and nature; supplies the means for the development of its faculties, for the training of the senses, and for the strengthening of its physical powers. It is the institution where a child plays with children, guided by a motherly, sisterly, womanly hand. In this Kindergarten many a young girl can learn—the child being the teacher. Every Kindergarten ought to be a High School for mothers, every Home a High School for the girls who come within

* Valuable as these books are to the professional student of education their teaching is rather too broken into isolated hints to suit modern or busy mothers.

its influences—for what higher study is there than the knowledge how to educate a child?

To Kindergarten teachers, this book, now in English, is a source from which they might thoroughly learn what they should do with little children, and how to do it. The Home, the Crèche, the Playground, the Infant School and Kindergarten offer ample scope for practice (not experiments), for carrying out those principles which Frobel has left us in various forms in his *Mother's Songs, Games and Stories*. Sometimes they are given in a symbolical, sometimes in a practical form, sometimes by a psychological rule.

How often are young girls called in to help the mother! Should they be less wise and sympathetic, less helpful and skilled, than the mother? None can exempt herself from the responsibility of influencing a child.

Or let us see what it means, when the mother brings the child to you in the Kindergarten. I understand it thus. She says, "I bring my child—take care of it, as *I* would do;" or "Do with my child what is right to do;" or "Do it better than I am able to do it." A silent agreement is made between the parents and you, the teacher; the child is passed from hand to hand, from heart to heart. What else *can* you do but be a mother to the little one, for the hour, morning or day when you have the sacred charge of a young soul? In hope and trust the child is brought to you, and you have to show yourself worthy of the confidence which is placed in your skill, your experience and your knowledge. We thus identify the teacher with the mother, and even include everyone, who is in the presence of a little child, among those who have duties to fulfil, and who might learn of Fröbel how to perform them.

From this book, Kindergarten teachers will learn how to continue the home-training, so as not to interrupt the child's stages of development. New scenes and fresh acquaintances will widen the child's sphere, but the same kind of treatment will soon make it feel at home. Finger, arm, and other exercises will be carried on; but more can be taught since the child has grown stronger in mind and body.

The companionship of other children suggests gymnastic and social games—such as the "Pigeon-house," "Fishes," "Mowing-grass," "Birds' Nest," "The Hare," "The Brook."—*See* Explanation of those games in "Music for the Kindergarten."

The training of the senses is specially adapted for the age when children go to the Kindergarten, where many opportunities offer themselves. The odour of flowers, the cries of pet animals, the taste of various fruits, the touch of different materials, the sight of colours, shapes, grouping of numbers,—all are within the reach of the teacher, and should not be overlooked. Her stories, poetry and conversation include many subjects with which the child is familiar, and with which new ones are connected—a garden, a field, a hill, a brook in the neighbourhood; or the sky, the sun, the moon, the clouds, wind, rain, snow: all are objects of wonder and surprise to the child. A teacher must be very poor in mind who cannot find something to interest her pupils; and when she cannot take the children out, she can bring natural objects into the room, and then make the children acquainted with God's creation; for this should always be the central point of her lessons on Stones, Plants, Animals, and natural phenomena.

THE BOOK.

This book of *Mother's Songs, Games and Stories* will be duly appreciated when it is found out how much they suggest. Beginning with the Physical Exercises, they contain some for the Feet, Nos. 1, 29; for the Fingers, Nos. 9, 10, 11, 17-23; for the Hands, Nos. 12-16, 24, 29-39; for the Wrist, No. 3; for the Arm, Nos. 3, 7, 34, 40, 41. In every one the word, music and action accompany each other; there is no empty phrase, no meaningless movement. Language is real to the child.

If various scenes in the book be strange and unfamiliar to the present reader, we need only remind her that the book was published in 1843, at Blankenburg, in Germany, where the surrounding landscape furnished the background of many pictures; and this may account for the appearance of the Wild Boar, for numbers of these animals are still kept in the forests near the little town belonging to the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. Wolves are not there, but they still live within the memory of people in various countries, and are the subject of many stories. The reason that "Wolf and Boar" are introduced is that, while we allow children to imitate the movements of birds, hares, fishes, we teach them not to imitate the

habits of those wild animals; for the child is to be raised beyond the animal nature to a higher purpose of life.

And this leads us to the Moral Training contained in this comprehensive book. It is not enough to train the Senses and exercise the Limbs; no, the Mother has to pave the way by training the Will in the right direction. Just as many opportunities as there are for training the body, so many are there for the moral culture. "All's Gone" and "The Boy and the Girl at the Fair" teach contentment. "Mowing-grass," "The Target-maker," "The Charcoal-burner," "The Carpenter," "The Wheel-wright," teach respect for others. "The Wolf and Boar" give a lesson against greediness. "The Fishes" and "Birds' Nest" speak against cruelty to animals. "The Horsemen" treat of behaviour in presence of strangers. "The Clock" and "The Baker" suggest punctuality.

In the same manner the Affections receive their early training. *See* the Motto of the Child falling and the Mother lifting it up, ("Bump!") the pictures of "The Flower Basket" and "Pigeon-house." The Religious Training is contained in "The Bridge" and "The Church-door."

The Artistic Powers are not overlooked. For Music see "The Finger-Piano;" for Drawing, "The Little Artist;" for Architecture, "The Large Window."

Fröbel thus shows how easy it is to prevent greediness, to check cruelty, to encourage kindness, to strengthen the affections; and all this can be done by the mother; whilst it becomes a matter of State regulation to punish the thief, the selfish, cruel, heartless man.

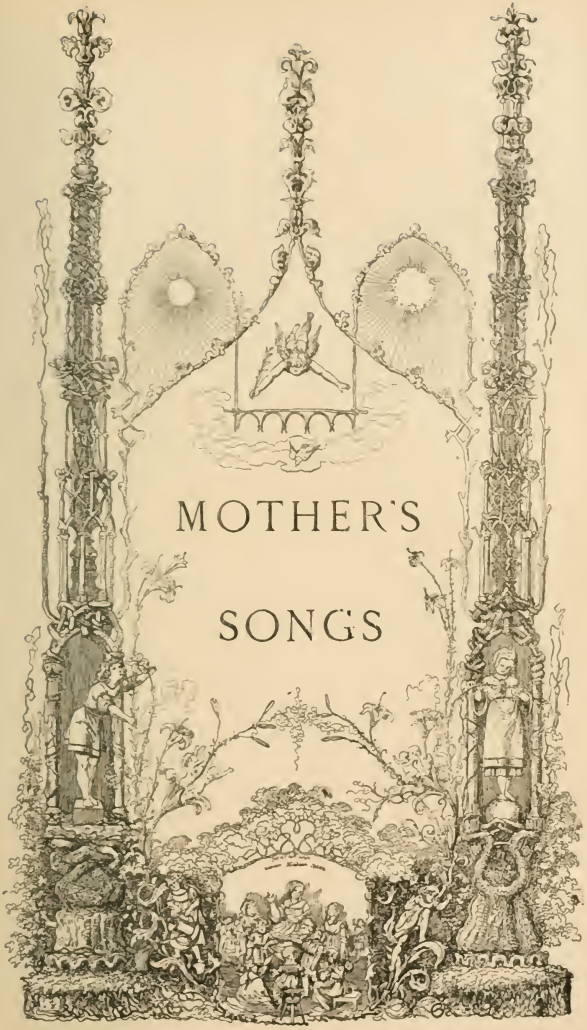
The lessons this Book teaches cannot become old, since children's young lives furnish us daily with new opportunities to apply the same principle; on the contrary, it will help us when we are apt to be weary, or liable to be disturbed by uneducational influences.

May the book be to teachers what it means to be: a guide-book, in which Fröbel has laid down his principles. In some parts it is like a parable, in some it is a real picture of a happy German home, in others it is a repetition of what has long been known everywhere; but throughout it retains its character of purity of purpose, and although some details are not perfect, the sense is not spoilt by faults. Who can be Master of all Arts at the same time—of Poetry, Music and Design! The higher Art of Education needed illustra-

tions, and therefore Fröbel accepted the help of his music and drawing teachers, who faithfully carried out his ideas, even too exactly, for the form has sometimes suffered. This fact must be mentioned, as it proved to be a difficulty in offering the book to English readers; however, it is better to let the form remain, instead of trying to improve it, so as not to spoil the meaning and do harm to the Idea that guides it. It shows, moreover, a feeling of respect for the Author when the Translator is not afraid of criticism, but would rather render a service to those for whom the Book is written.* They will learn from it that all powers must be unfolded, because the plan of a harmonious education is laid out for the child; they are made aware of their sacred duties; they are taught that an immortal soul is given into their charge. They are shown that nothing is too small or too trifling to be noticed that concerns the child's welfare but in all its movements and stages of development they see the "Father of the Man."

ELEONORE HEERWART.

* For convenience sake, the smaller size of Herr Seidel's Edition has been adopted for this Translation.


MOTHER'S
SONGS

"COME, LET US LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN."

I.

A Mother's Feelings on Seeing her First-born Child.

O GOD! I am indeed a blessed wife;
With heavenly joy Thou hast adorned my earthly life,
And chosen me to highest human dignity;
For I have borne an angel-child through Thee.

Husband! may our Child be rich with blessing,
Purest Love's sweet union expressing;
For in him all and everything must be
That can bind wedded hearts eternally.

Baby! though you were born in pain and fear,
Rest now upon your parents' hearts, my Dear.
Yes, we will always try, Dear, kind and true,
To train the best life of Mankind in you.

God and Father, well-spring of Life's waters,
Let Thy streams flow to him, strong, pure and free,
We, Thy offspring, we Thy sons and daughters,
Pray: let one Love unite us all in Thee!

II.

A Mother who Feels her Life is one with her Child's Life.

O BABY, my own, so sacred and dear!
Just whisper a word from your heart in my ear.
What is it towards me like warm light comes streaming?
Like dawn in the spring-time your tints are all beaming.

"It is my *Faith* that beams out in my eye:
Happen what may, my sweet Mother is by.
It is my *Love* that speaks out in my smile:
With Mother around me, it's light all the while.
And it is *Hope* makes me cling to your breast:
The fountain of life flows for me, and I rest."

Come, Baby, heart's darling! let's trust in each other;
I'll read life in you, you shall read in your Mother.
Whenever your thought on my doings is dawning,
My love for my darling will give me soft warning,
And tell me that Faith and Hope and Love
Were fostered well in my own sweet dove.
And thus, in Believing and Loving and Hoping,
All Heaven before him in childhood lies opening.

III.

A Mother who is very Happy as she Watches her Child.

MOTHER's meaning who can say,
Talking with her child at play?
Heavenly joys stream all the while
Through her as she sees his smile.
Hence a devotion so complete she gives
To tending earnestly the life he lives.

BABY, my darling, whisper in my ear
Why everything about you seems so dear;
Why so much of the purest joy I get
From dandling you in play, my little pet?
Your tiny head, just like a flower so fair,
Delights me as a flower would blooming there;
And just as peace round that sweet flower-bed twines,
So, Love, your forehead innocently shines.
Peaceful, as buds that open fragrantly,
Life pours forth from your eye, sweet dear, to me.
Mother's own joys and great delight
Your eye gives back in glances bright.
As full blown flowers that gaily do unclose,
Your cheeks are fresh, and healthy as a rose.
Clearly as flowers are painted by the sun,
Your soul shines in your face, my dearest one.
And that sweet Mouth, with its victorious smile,
Binds us so close together all the while.
Ah! yes, my darling little one, through thee
My child's good angel is revealed to me.
In limb and body, power already stirs
To reach his end through dangers, briars, and burrs.
The splendid picture of Humanity
Comes to the child, so dear and soft is he.
His human worth is e'en in weakness shown;
Therefore my heart turns so to you, my own.
The purest life that I within me bear
Comes to the light in your life, sweet and fair.
Therefore my Child to cherish and defend
Gives me such joy, and peace that knows no end.

IV.

A Mother at Play with her Child.

When you watch your Baby bright,
Get out of all you see
What it is meant to be—
Mother's really great delight.

It's there that you may tell
What precious gifts are these:
Life's happiness, Soul's ease:
And how to guard them in your Child as well.

BABY! my pride in you can ne'er be told;
You're dearer far to me than pearls and gold.
Now shall I name the lovely things I see,
By which I know my Child immediately?
This little Head you find too heavy still,
So lay it in my soft hand, if you will.
Here is your Forehead, Love, and here your Eyes;
Oh! what sweet happiness within them lies.
Your Cheeks are rosy red and milky white,
How fond I am of you, my sweet Delight.
These pretty little Ears are just like shells,
They hear sweet songs and all that Mother tells.
This is your Nose, and here's your Mouth, I see;
What lovely things it tells me silently.
These are your Lips; why, roses are like this!
How many times I've given them a kiss.
And here's your Chin, so round and small;
I love that Dimple best of all.
And here's your Face, so friendly and so fair;
And here's your Forehead, nicely crowned with hair.
Here's your Throat, so plump and slender—
Plumpness makes it round and tender.
Here's Baby's lovely Neck, and here's the Nape;
How soft my cheek will find that pretty shape.
And here's your small plump Back, my Pet;
Why! what a chance of kissing it I get!
These are your Hands and Fingers; and they say,
"Already we know nicely how to play."

These are your Arms; how lovely they have grown!
I hold you, Darling, warmly in my own.
Your Chest's so broad, your breath so deep and long;
How glad I am my Baby's health is strong.
Your little Heart lies hid beneath that Chest,
I wish that grief need never be its guest;
I wish it could remain as pure and clear
As Baby's little peeping eyes are here.
That Heart will soon feel Life's deep-hidden Source;
I hope that pure and bright will be its course.
And such a Kicking Leg was never known!
Baby will soon be standing quite alone.
And this sweet little Foot knows how to kick;
It soon must learn to walk and run so quick.
This knee and calf make such a good strong limb,
You'll soon wade in the water, Dear, and swim.
These buds upon your feet are called your Toes—
Not nine, but ten, as everybody knows.
And this is the whole of you, Baby, my Dear;
You'll soon run away when you've lived quite a year.
And in that merry childish life will be
Signs of the thoughtful mind, that I can see
Stirring already in him strong and free,
That I so wish to cherish silently.

V.

A Mother who is Looking at her Growing Child.

MOTHER sees Baby's power unfold,
And says, "This power God keep and hold!
God guide him, be he young or old."
Though in this faith she rests, if she is wise
She knows that she must do what in her lies.

MY Baby's as sweet as a flower can be;
If any one doubts, let him just come and see.
His little Head's so round and bare,
So smooth and frank his Forehead there.
And with his Eyes my Child can see so far;
His Ear hears songs and knows how sweet they are.
He smells the flowers with his little Nose;
Into that little Mouth the nice soup goes.
And while he sleeps, his Cheeks get red indeed,—
What more can any little Baby need?
Baby is so fresh and bright
That he may be my delight.
His Hands he can open and shut with such ease!
You can't think how many things Baby can seize.
A little Ball he'll hold so tight—I know
He loves it, and can't bear to let it go.
His little Arms are really very strong,
Move up and down, bend short, or stretch out long.
His little legs spring up so high,
As if he'd like to reach the sky.
Baby, the strength of life in you
Is what is causing all you do.
Then let us guard this precious thing!
Strength peace and happiness will bring.
For only in a happy life you'll find
Delicious consciousness of heart and mind,
And learn to use the whole of life aright
And to enjoy your deeds with all your might.

VI.

A Mother and her Child when it Stands on her Lap and Rests in her Arms.

MOTHER, with your Child at play,
In your hearty human way,
If you feel the thing's divine,
As you cherish Darling Mine—
If you feel that there is bliss
In such simple thought as this:
"I am sun from hour to hour
To a little human flower,"—
All is well,
I can tell.
For wheresoe'er the sun's rays softly burn,
The inmost hearts of flowers and children turn.

SHOW me, Dear, your little Eyes,
They'll tell me if your Heart is wise.
Smile with those sweet rosy Lips;
Who looks at roses blessing sips,
Give me your little Mouth that is so sweet,
To kiss my blessing where the soft lips meet.
And put your tiny Hand within my own,
Hands holding hearts, and neither left alone.
Around my neck one soft weak Arm can go;
"It is so nice when Mother holds me so."
And where's your little Ear? Oh! show me where;
Show me your little Head and fluffy Hair.
Oh! that my Baby bright,
Living where Love gives light,
May bloom as lilies bloom
When they have sun and room,
Under home's sheltering eaves,
And amid life's fresh leaves.
Now let your Feet stand firm on Mother's knee;
So close to her how happy you must be!
She will gladly be the Sun
Of your life, sweet little one.
But now, my Dear, you'll softly rest
On darling Mother's faithful breast;
And you and she will both feel blest.

VII.

The Child at its Mother's Breast.

MOTHER! it is not food alone
The Baby blossom of your life would find
No, to his instinct true,
He's seeking love from you.
He seeks a loving, gentle, thoughtful mind,
That he may have it for his own.

ONLY see how happily
Baby comes to Mother's breast!
Love in him still slumb'ringly
Draws him there and bids him rest.

Just as now he sucks in food,
So her teaching he will heed;
With his heart's own silent need
Lovingly take in her Good.

He will draw from Mother kind
Strength for his own gentle mind.

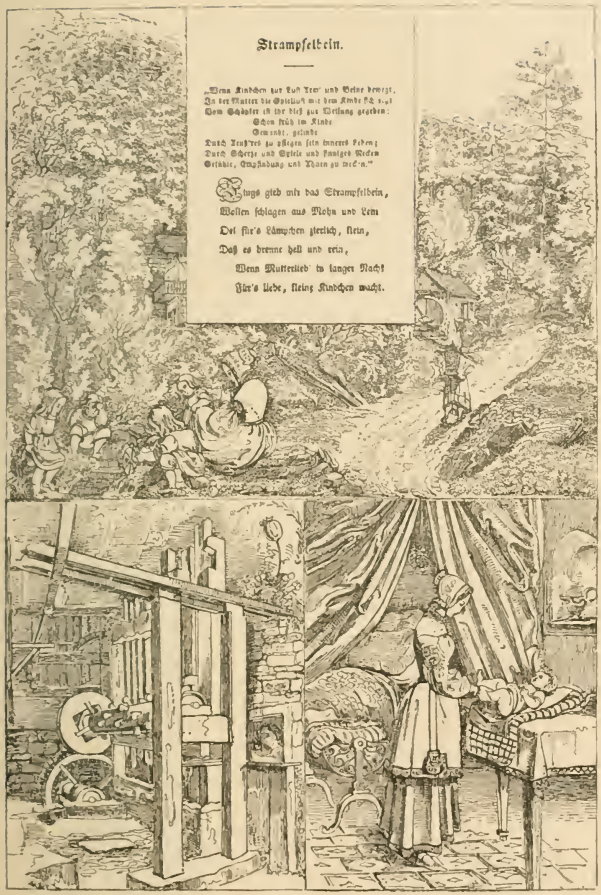
GAMES AND SONGS.

I.

Kicking Song.

WHEN happy Baby moves his arms and feet,
In Mother stirs the love of play most sweet.
God-given hint! to teach her Heaven doth send
Early and lightly,
Skilfully brightly,
Through outward things his inner life to tend;
Through games and gentle dalliance she's taught
To rouse his Feeling, Sense, and waking Thought.

COME! you little kicking toes,
Flax and hemp we will pound with blows.
Oil for Mother's lamp there flows.
See the flame! how clear it grows,
While Mother's love, so clear and bright,
Guards little Baby all the night.


Strampfelbein.
„Wenn Kindchen tut Nah' und Ferne
Sungs gieb mir das Strampfelbein,
Wollen schlagen aus Mohn und Lein
Drei fein's Lämpchen gleisch, klein,
Dass es brenne hell und rein,
Wenn Mutterlieb' in langer Nacht
Für's liebe, kleine Kindchen wacht.

Picture 1.

II.

Bump! see how my Baby's Falling!

In all she does, if she is wise,
Sweet Mother! noble meaning lies.
Even in playing "Bump! you fall!"
Some higher aim she has through all.
You'll see that, ever gay and kind,
She seeks to strengthen power and mind
In all things, that her child may find,
Although he may slip here or there,
He need not fall if he takes care.

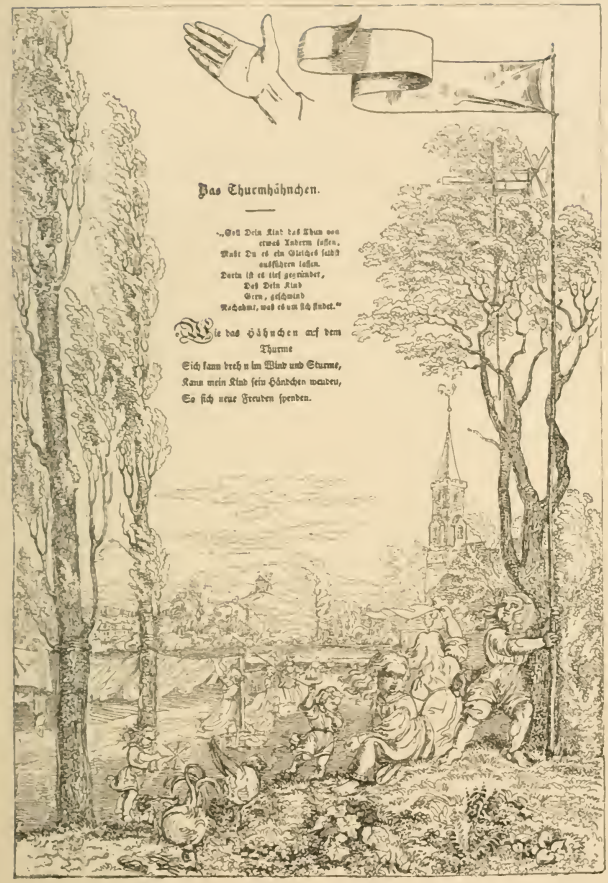
BUMP! see how my Baby's falling!
Glad Love lifts him back recalling.
How you laugh and how you smile!
Mother's eye keeps watch meanwhile,
So that nothing hurt or tease him,
So that everything may please him.
Bump! see how my Baby's falling!
Glad Love lifts him back recalling.
Mind and Body thus unfolding,
Thought is in all things wise rule holding.

III.

The Weather-cock or Vane.

If your Child's to understand
Things that other people do,
You must let his tiny hand
Carry out the same things too.
This is the reason why
Baby will,
Never still,
Imitate whatever's by.

AS the cock, up on the Tower,
Turns in wind and storm and shower,
Baby can bend his hand and learn
To get new joy at every turn.


Das Thurmhähnchen.
„Will Dein Kind das Thun von
etwas Andern lassen,
Must Du es ein Gleiches selbst
ausführen lassen.
Darin ist es tief gegründet,
Daß Dein Kind
Gern, geschwind
Nachahmt, was es um sich findet."
Wie das Hähnchen auf dem
Thurme
Sich kann dreh'n im Wind und Sturme,
Kann mein Kind sein Händchen wenden,
So sich neue Freuden spenden.

Picture 2.

IV.

"It's all Gone, Baby; all!"

How can Baby understand that anything's gone by?
He must see the sense of it, or he'd surely fret and cry.
What he saw here just now, is not here; tell me how.
What he saw up on high, is below; tell me why.
Yes, yes, all is gone that he looked upon.
Whither is it gone? oh say!
Some one's taken it away.
But one thing is in both you see;
So he thinks contentedly.

IT'S all gone, Baby; all!
There's no more soup at all.
Tell me, then, where is it gone to?
To your mouth. That's where it's gone to.
Little tongue has press'd it back.
Throat that swallowed was its track.
Well digested 'twas beneath,
Though chewed by no little teeth.
Happy Baby's nicely fed,
White as milk and rosy red.

'S ist all-all
„Wie mag das Kind sich doch das Wort all deuten? —
Sinn muß drin sein, sonst lieb ich's nicht beschreiben.
Weiß jetzt es leb,
All nicht mehr da,
Weiß eben nur,
All unten;
Weiß da jetzt wer,
Geschwunden;
Wo ist's denn hingekommen?
Die Hexerich hat's genommen.
Sieh, Mutter ist in Nöthen,
Drum laßt sich's Kind bescheiden."
All-all! mein Kind, all-all!
Das Süppchen ist nun all.
Ei! wo ist's denn hingekommen? —
Mädchen hat's zu sich genommen,
Jüngferchen hat's zurück gedrückt,
Kehlchen hat's hinabgeschluckt,
Mäglein hat es schön verdaut,
Noch vom Zähnlein nicht gekaut.
Drum ist mein Kind auch wohlgemuth,
Und weiß und roth, wie Milch und Blut!

Picture 3.

V.

Taste Song.

THROUGH the Senses, Nature plainly speaks to Baby here:
Mother, see that he finds Nature through their accents clear.
Through the Senses, there's a pathway to the inmost door;
But the mind must light this pathway, light on darkness pour.
In the Senses, Baby's soul lies open, fair and pure;
Train the Senses truly, Mother, with a hope that's sure.
You may hope that little Baby will avoid much pain,
And for clearness, joy and gladness may prepare the reign.
For in Nature's every word
God's own Father-voice is heard.
A Child's sense we must early rouse to trace
The inner meaning in the outward face.
Once let a Baby this connection seize,
He'll find his own way to his goal with ease.
He to whom Nature Law and God reveals,
Finds that about him God's own peace he feels.

I.

OPEN your mouth, my little Pet!
Something very nice you'll get.
Bite this soft, ripe, purple plum;
Use your tongue in tasting some.
What's the taste? Dza, dza! it's nice!
Sweet things will the tongue entice.

II.

Bite this rosy apple here!
It is also eaten, Dear.
Oh! your mouth is drawn like paper,
When it's burnt in fire or taper.
"Sour!" you say. "'Tis sour, I find.
Give me sweet things, Mother kind!"

III.

Bitter almond kernel try;
You will like it by-and-by.
Bitter things do good, I think,
Though your mouth will rather shrink.
Bitter things you'll often meet,
But Life soon will make them sweet.

IV.

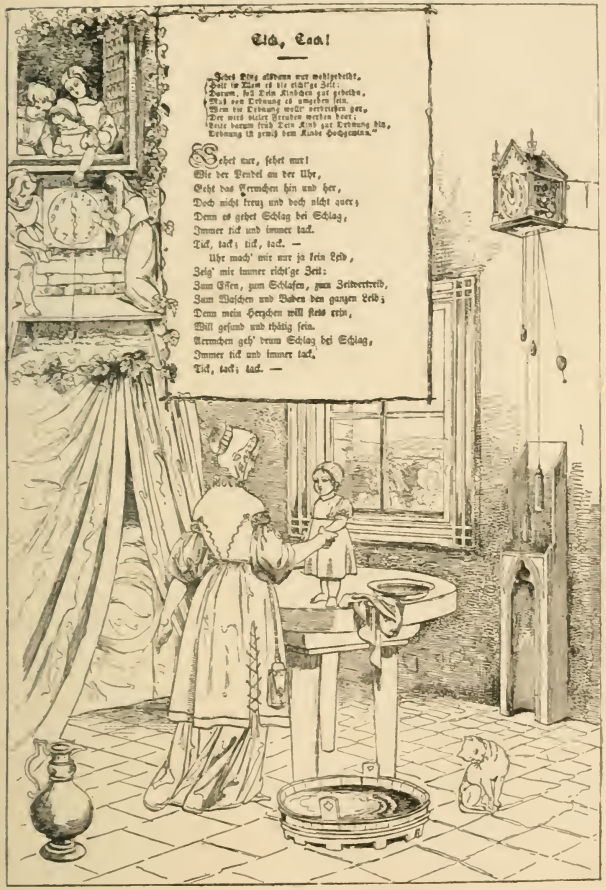
If you eat harsh, unripe things,
Pleasure after-evil brings.
Unripe things you must not touch, Dear;
They will hurt you very much, Dear.
Nothing, Dear, is good for you,
That is not quite ripe all through.

VI.

Tick-Tack.

WHATEVER thing is prosperous and sound
Will keep within itself good time and true.
Your child must find good order all around,
If you would see him well and prosperous, too.
A man, whom clear, good order does annoy,
Loses through life full many a precious joy.
Lead your child on to Order, Mother wise,
He'll soon find what great gain in Order lies.

ONLY see! only see!
Like a Pendulum go we.
For our arms go to and fro,
Not too fast and not too slow;
For their stroke goes there and back,
Always Tick and always Tack.
Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack!

Clock! please never tell me wrong,
But the right time by your song.
Say when my child must sleep and eat,
Play, bathe in water fresh and sweet.
He'll be clean then as he should,
Strong and always doing good.
See our arms go there and back,
Always Tick and always Tack.
Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack!

Tick, Tack!
„Sehet Kind, allerwärts wird mahnend laut,
Daß die Zeit die richt'ge Zeit:
Darum, daß Dein Kindchen gut gedeihe,
Muß von Ordnung es umgeben sein.
Wem die Ordnung weise vorgestanden hat,
Der wird vieler Freuden werden heut;
Heute darum früh Dein Kind zur Ordnung hin,
Ordnung ist gemäß dem Kinde Hochgewinn."
Sehet nur, sehet nur!
Hin der Pendel an der Uhr,
Geht das Zeigerchen hin und her,
Doch nicht krumm und doch nicht quer;
Denn es gehet Schlag bei Schlag,
Immer tick und immer tack.
Tick, tack; tick, tack. —
Uhr mach' mir nur ja kein Leid,
Zeig' mir immer richt'ge Zeit:
Zum Essen, zum Schlafen, zum Zeitvertreib,
Zum Waschen und Baden den ganzen Leib;
Denn mein Herzchen will stets rein,
Will gesund und thätig sein.
Zeigerchen geh' drum Schlag bei Schlag,
Immer tick und immer tack,
Tick, tack; tack. —

Picture 4.

VII.

Mowing Grass.

Whatever, Mother, with a Child you do,
Remain in union with Life all through.
Do nothing aimlessly, or you'll create
A Child whose mind you cannot educate.
What these words mean, you'll quickly understand
When you have seen the game for arm and hand:
Mow grass to-day when you're at play.

PETER, go the Meadows over;
Mow, and homeward bring the clover.
By it our good Cow is living,
Milk and Butter so she's giving.
Milk the Cow, at once please, Jenny.
Bring the Milk home. Don't spill any.
Cows must give us Milk for making
Those nice rolls the baker's baking.
Stronger grows my Baby tender
By the service people render.
Peter! go the Meadows over,
Mow and homeward bring the Clover.
Thanks to you for your good mowing,
To our Cow for Milk are owing,
Thanks for milking to our Jenny.
Baker baked us Rolls. How many?
Mother's made your porridge, Dear.
Nobody's forgotten here.

Grasmähen.
Was immer mit dem Kinde Du auch treibst,
Bleib', daß in Lehrenleichtgang Du verbleibst,
Treib' mit dem Kinde nichts Begehrungsloses,
Stets wird es dadurch leicht gelangweilet.
Wie dieses eigentlich ist zu verstehen,
Magst Du jetzt gleich am Beispiel hier Acht sehen,
Wenn sie soeben Gras zu mähen.
Peter! gehe auf die Wiese,
Mähe schnell das Gras, das süße;
Bringe heim das gute Futter,
Für die Küh' zu Milch und Butter.
Lenchen! melch die Küh' alsbalde,
Bring' die Milch ohn' Aufenthalte;
Kuh muß ja die Milch uns reichen
Zu dem guten Semmelbrechen,
Daß das Kindchen sich recht labe
An so vieler süßen Gabe. —
Peter! gehe auf die Wiese,
Mähe schnell das Gras, das süße.
Danke Dir dann für Dein Mähen,
Und der Kuh für's Milchergeben;
Dann der Lenchen für das Melchen,
Auch dem Bäcker für's Semmelchen,
Und der Mutter für den Brei,
Daß kein Dank vergessen sei.

Picture 5.

VIII.

Beckoning the Chickens.

WHERE is a lovelier thing to-day
Than a Child's own childish way
Of beckoning with his hand in play?
Life's living feeling there is shown:
He would not be in life alone.

BECKON the Chickens! they'll draw near;
Say, "I'm glad to see you here."

Hühnchenwinken.
„Was kann lieblicher sein
Als des Kindes kindliches Spiel,
Zu winken mit dem Händchen lieb!
Es ist das schönst schönste Gefühl,
Nicht allein
Im Leben zu sein."
Ruft den Hühnchen, doch sie kommen,
Sag': „Ihr seid mir schön willkommen."

Picture 6.

IX.

Beckoning the Pigeons.

By watching what makes Baby's eyes so bright,
Mother can tell just what will give delight.
When Thought is stirring faint and dim,
With care she fosters it in him.

THE Pigeons are wishing to come near and see you Beckon and say, "I am so glad to see you."

Täubchenwinken.
„Was tas Kind erfreuen kann,
Mutter sieht's am Aug' ihm an;
Was im Kind sich dunkel regt,
Mutter sinnend gern erwägt."
Die Täubchen*) wollen zum Kindchen kommen;
Winkt ihnen und sagt: — Seid schön mir willkommen.
*) Vögelein.

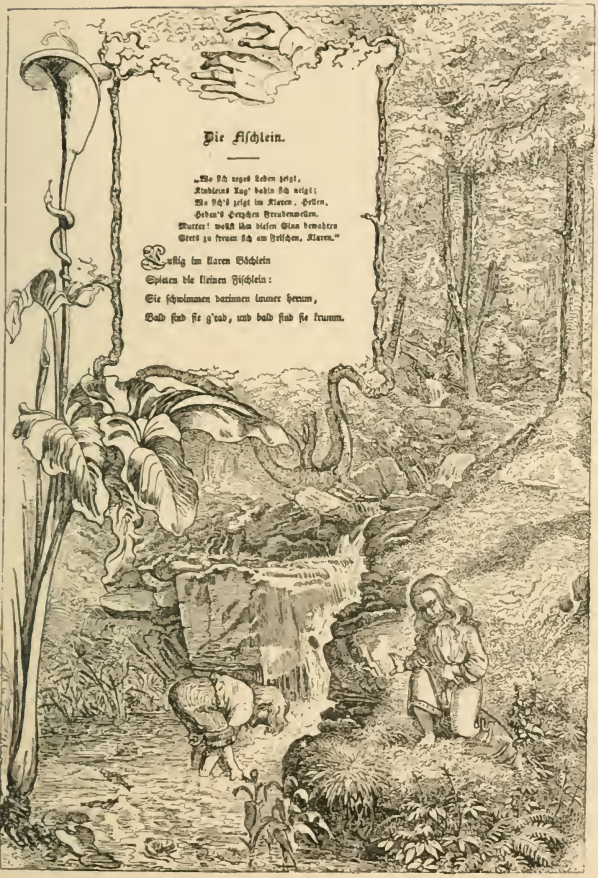
Picture 7.

X.

The Fish in the Brook.

WHERE Life's astir, a Child will turn his eyes;
When it shows bright and clear,
Oh! then it is so dear,
Great waves of joy will in his heart arise.
Mother, you want to cherish this delight
In all things that are sparkling, clear and bright.

HERE in the little sparkling brook,
These Fish are playing: come and look.
They swim up; they swim down; none seem to wait.
See! some are bent; oh! now they are straight.


Die Fischlein.
„Wo sich regen Leben zeigt,
Kindlein! Aug' dahin sich neigt;
Wo sich's zeigt im klaren, hellen,
Heben's Herzchen Freudenwellen.
Mutter! wollt ihm diesen Plan bewähren
Stets zu freuen sich am frischen, klaren."
Lustig im klaren Bächlein
Spielen die kleinen Fischlein:
Sie schwimmen darinnen immer herum,
Bald sind sie g'rad, und bald sind sie krumm.

Picture 8.

XI.

Longways—Crossways.

THOUGH meaningless this game may seem,
There's more in it than you would dream ;
It's like the red of ruby's gleam,
That cut and polished shines so bright,
One mass of colour and delight
To all who see the lovely sight.
How different things in Union feel at ease,
Or what lie far apart
Will join with willing heart,
And how to trust much else beside all these,
Pray let this simple game
To any one proclaim
Whom Truth when garlanded with play can please.
This truth that you could scarce express
A Child's own sense will swiftly guess ;
And it will be a precious gain,
And make the way to Insight plain.
That all activity does lead
Up to some Whole in thought or deed,
That work deserves a workman's pay,
That nothing's chance in any way,
But all things tend to show on every side
An equilibrium that will abide,—
All this, make your Baby know,
Through his feelings as they grow ;
And if this truth he guess,
Which you can scarce express,
In life he will not let just measure go.

SEE! one stick now I lay along,
And then across I lay a stick ;
Through both I bore with a gimlet strong ;
And then drive a peg in, long and thick.
Your palm will form a board quite well.
The target's ready now to sell.
"What's the price?" Just three pence clear.
"Why such a price, Sir? It's far too dear, Sir!"
Just a penny cost you the bars cross-way ;
And a penny cost you that nice flat board ;
And a penny for workman's skill you pay.
Don't buy, if this you can't afford.

Fangweis-kreuzweis.

„Wie kurzweilig dieß Spiel
Es liegt darin doch viel,
Es gleicht dem edlen Spiele,
Erfordert alle Perden-Ziu,
Wit auch Geistesmuths dem
Hat auch viel Ab'reds traun?
Wie der, der liebt zu schaun
Die doch des Kindes Sinn
Was ihm zum Fechtwam
Doch alle Thätigkeit
Und daß der Arbeit auch
Daß nichts müßiglich sei;
Daß Ehrenmeß hervor
Dieß mach' dem Kirchen schön,
Daß ahnend, was's das Werk

Ich immer mag' erfinnen,
Mehr als man mag meinen.
Der, wenn er nun gefunden,
Dem Zeug' mit Lust ergründen.
In Ein ganz Ich wohl bekeh;
In Einem Ich verbinde;
Läßt dieses Spiel erfinden
Mathehrt dem Spiel umwunden;
Es wundert'der sich oberst,
Den Weg zum Einem bahnet. —
In einem Ganzen führt,
Ein richt'ger Lohn gebührt;
Die Sachen sich belangen,
Zum Einen gern will zeigen;
Und im Gestalt, gestalten;
Zu loben auch nicht lassen."

Das Hölzchen leg' ich fangeweis,
Das Stäbchen darauf kreuzeweis;
In beide bohr' ich ein Loch hinein,
Und schlag' einen hölzern Nagel drein;
Die Patschhand ist das Brettchen drauf;
Die Scheid' ist feertig zum Verkauf. —
„Wie theuer?"
Drei Dreier!
„Warum drei Dreier?" —
„'S ist gar zu theuer!"
Einen Dreier kosten die Hölzchen gerad,
Einen Dreier kostet das Brettchen glatt,
Einen Dreier beträgt der Arbeitslohn,
Wer das nicht zahlt, der geh davon!

Picture 9.

XII.

Pat-a-Cake.

Can such a simple game
Some deeper meaning claim?
Yes; and the meaning's here—
A meaning wise and clear.
So many things must join with free good-will,
At the right moment task and share fulfil;
If the good work is to succeed and win
The joy we hope when we fresh work begin.

BABY wants to try and make us
Such a cake as he can bake us.
Pat your cake; I'll show you how.
Baker says, "It's quite time now;
Bring the dough, as you are told,
Ere my oven gets too cold."
Baker, here is a nice large cake
You for Baby so kindly will bake.
Deep in the oven, my little one,
Push in your cake; it will soon be done.

Patsche-Kuchen.

„Mag auch wohl ein höhrer Sinn
In dem Patsche-Kuchen liegen? –
Doch wohl liegt er klar darin:
Willig muß sich Jedes fügen,
Jeder auch zu rechter Zeit
Sein zu seinem Theil bereit,
Soll das Werk gelingen
Und uns Freude bringen."

Kindchen! wollen es versuchen,
Uns zu backen einen Kuchen:
Patsche, patsch' den Kuchen glatt,
Der Bäcker sagt: „Nun ist es satt;
Bringt mir doch den Kuchen bald,
Sonst wird ja der Ofen kalt." —
„„Bäcker! hier ist mein Kuchen fein,
Back' ihn schön für mein Kindchen klein.""
„Bald soll der Kuchen gebacken sein,"
Tief in den Ofen schieb' ich ihn ein."

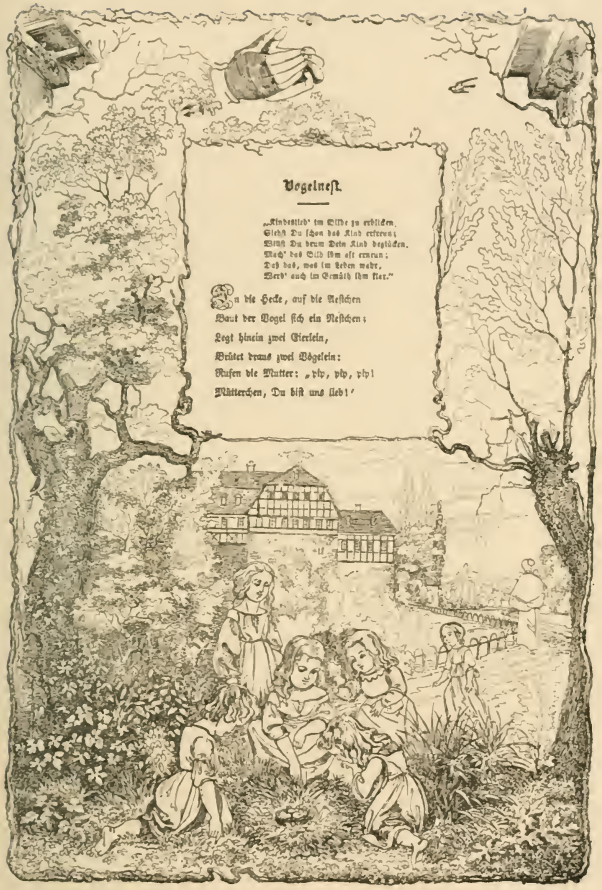
Picture 10.

XIII.

The Nest.

ALREADY Baby loves to see
Pictures of Mother's loving care,
And children gathering round her there,
And how they all live happily.
If you would have him think you kind,
Pray let him often have this treat;
That what in after life he'll meet,
May become clear within his mind.

IN the hedge, just where it's best,
Little bird has built her nest.
There two tiny eggs she lays;
Then she sits there many days.
Now they are hatched, and we can hear
Two tiny birds cry, "Mother dear!
Peep, peep, peep, peep!
We love you; peep!"

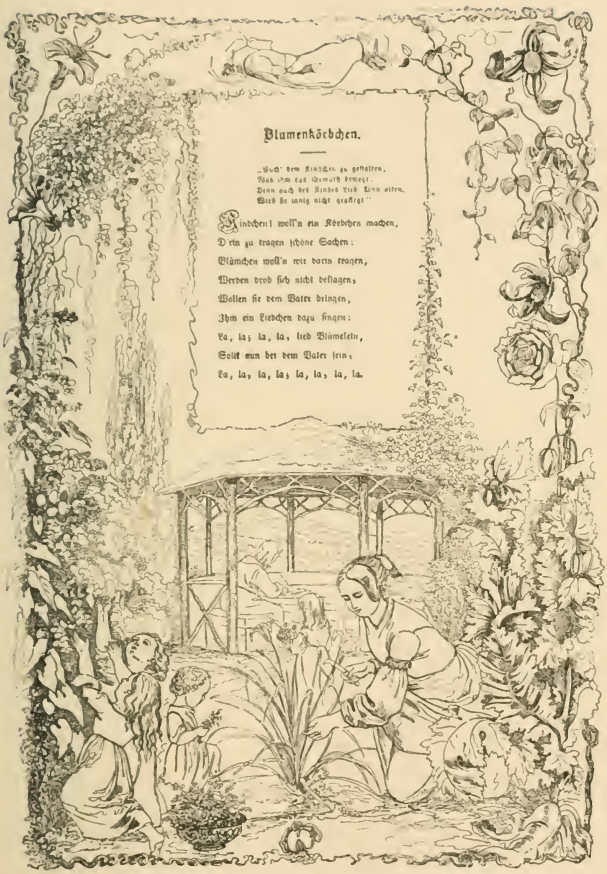

Vogelnest.
„Kindlich' im Stille zu erblicken.
Sieht Du schon das Kind entzücken;
Willst Du drum Dein Kind beglücken,
Mach' das Still um oft einmal;
Thu das, was im Leben mehr,
Werd' auch im Gemüth ihm klar."
An die Hecke, auf die Aestchen
Baut der Vogel sich ein Nestchen;
Legt hinein zwei Eierlein,
Brütet drauf zwei Vögelein:
Rufen die Mutter: „pip, pip, pip!
Mütterchen, Du bist uns lieb!"

Picture 11.

XIV.

The Flower Basket.

TRY to give outward form, to Thought
That stirs a Child's heart, day by day;
For even a Child's love left unsought,
Unfostered, droops and dies away.

MAKE a Basket! We'll begin it;
Pretty things we'll put within it;
Flowers we'll carry, you shall see,
And they'll be glad as well as we.
Father! see what flowers we're bringing
They're for you; and hear us singing,
La, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!
Dear little flowers.
La, la, la, la! la, la, la, la!
Father's now, not ours.

Blumenkörbchen.
„Buch dem Kindchen zu gestalten,
Was ihm Lust und Gemüth erfreut;
Denn auch des Kindes Lieb' Lehn alten,
Wird sie innig nicht gereuet."
Kindchen! woll'n ein Körbchen machen,
Drein zu tragen schöne Sachen:
Blümchen woll'n wir darin tragen,
Werden drob sich nicht beklagen,
Wollen sie dem Vater bringen,
Ihm ein Liedchen dazu singen:
La, la, la, la, lieb Blümelein,
Sollt nun bei dem Vater sein,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

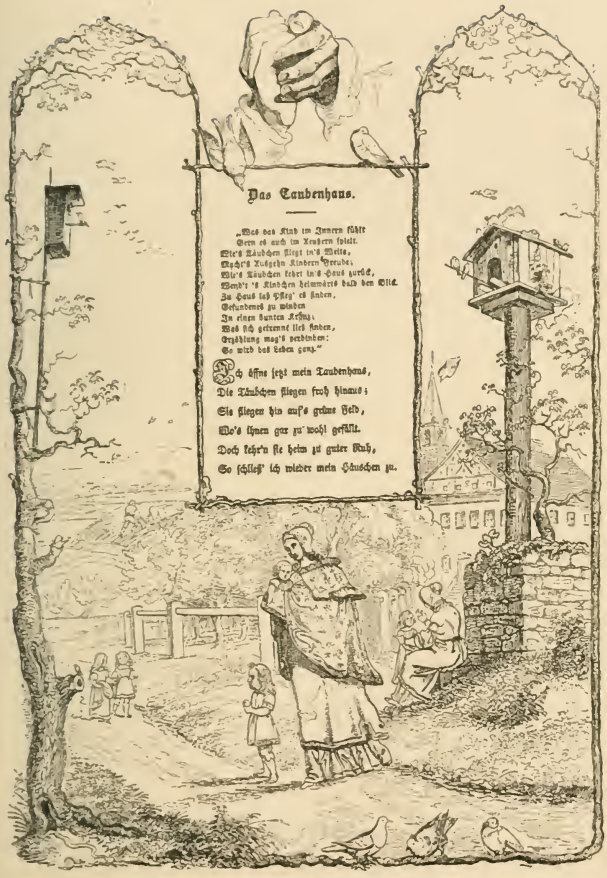
Picture 12.

XV.

The Pigeon House.

A CHILD will gladly show in Play
His inner life, from day to day.
A walk will give him such delight
As Pigeons get from distant flight.
And just as Pigeons homeward fly,
Children turn homewards, by-and-by.
And in their home be sure they find
Encouragement and help to wind
In one fair garland all they've found,
Scattered and parted all around.
A story may well join these precious links—
Life as a whole grows clear to him who thinks.

I OPEN wide my Dovecote door,
The Pigeons fly out, and away they soar.
They fly to green field and spreading tree,
Where little birds are glad to be.
But soon to their roost they come once more,
And then I close tightly my Pigeon-house door.


Das Taubenhaus.
„Was das Kind im Innern fühlt
Gern es auch im Aeußern spielt.
Wie's Täubchen fliegt in's Weite,
Macht's Jugenden Kindern Freude;
Wie's Täubchen kehrt in's Haus zurück,
Wendt's Kindchen heimwärts bald den Blick.
Zu Haus ist Ruh' es finden,
Gesundness zu binden
In einen bunten Kranz;
Was sich gesammt lieb finden,
Erzählung mag's verbinden:
So wird das Leben ganz."
Ich öffne jetzt mein Taubenhaus,
Die Täubchen fliegen froh hinaus;
Sie fliegen hin auf's grüne Feld,
Wo's ihnen gar zu wohl gefällt.
Doch kehr'n sie heim zu guter Ruh,
So schließ' ich wieder mein Häuschen zu.

Picture 13.

XVI.

The Thumb a Plum.

TEACH your Child each limb to know,
Each by its proper name to tell;
But more than this, their right use show,
That what he does he may do well.

THIS is?
This is your little round Thumb, dear;
It's just like a little ripe plum, dear.

And this?
First Finger points and stands upright,
Though it can bow and be polite.

And this?
This finger's tallest on your hand
Though it but in the Middle stand.

And this?
Ring Finger little rings can hold;
It should be clean and bright as gold.

And this?
This Little Finger's least of all,
It ends their row both great and small.

It's true, oh, yes! it's true,
For me as well as you.
However diff'rent may be
The Fingers' gifts, you see
They all live and agree,
Together and yet free!

Das Däumchen ein Pflaumchen.
„Lehr' Dein Kind früh seine Glieder kennen,
Lehr es sie deutlich auch benennen.
Doch noch mehr, lehr recht es sie gebrauchen,
Daß, was es stark macht, auch mag taugen."
Dieß ist das runde Däumchen,
Es sieht aus wie Pflaumchen.
Dieß Fingerchen gerade zeigt,
Doch aber auch gar schön sich neigt.
Dieß Fingerchen das größte ist,
Obgleich es nur in mittelst ist.
Dieß Fingerchen trägt's Ringelein,
Drum ist es auch wie Gold so rein.
Dieß Fingerchen das kleinste ist,
Die Fingerzahl gar fein beschließt.
Und wie verschieden nun auch ihre Gaben sind,
So sind sie einig doch beisammen, liebes Kind.
22

Picture 14.

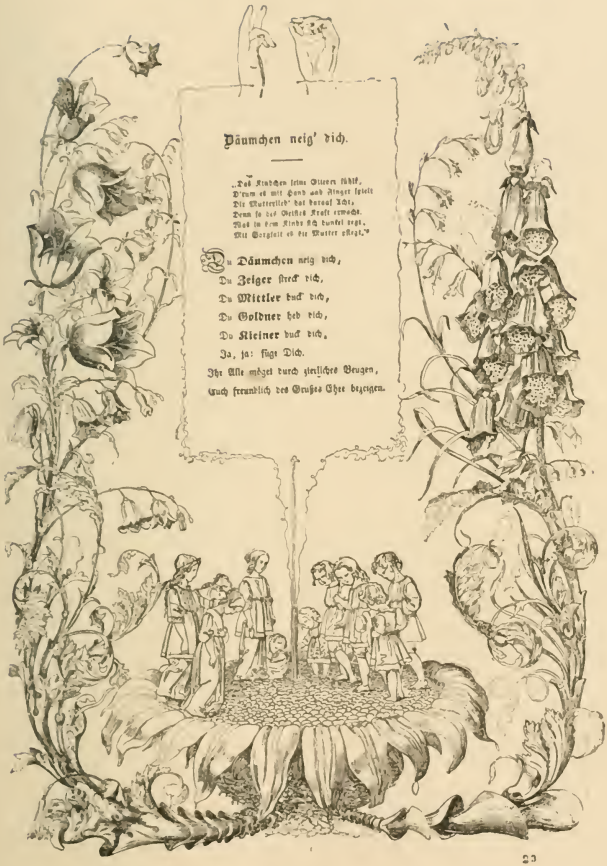
XVII.

Bend your Head, Thumb!

BABY feels his limbs indeed;
So his hands and fingers play.
Mother's love will give good heed,
As his mind wakes day by day.
What is stirring faintly there
Mother fosters with her care.

BEND your head, *Thumb!*
First finger, stretch now.
Middle, you bow.
Up, *Ring finger*, come!
Little finger, bend.
Be obedient, friend!

The bow you all make at your graceful, kind greeting,
Shows just how good friends should behave when they're meeting.


Däumchen neig' dich.
„Das Kindchen kennt Mutters Gefühl,
Drum es mit Hand und Finger spielt
Die Mutterlieb' hat darauf Acht,
Denn so des Herzens Kraft erwacht
Was in dem Kindes Herz dunkel regt,
Mit Vergnügt es die Mutter pflegt."
Du Däumchen neig dich,
Du Zeiger streck dich,
Du Mittler buck dich,
Du Goldner heb dich,
Du Kleiner buck dich,
Ja, ja: sagt Dich.
Ihr Alle mögt durch zierliches Beugen,
Euch freundlich des Grußes Ehre bezeigen.

Picture 15.

XVIII.

Grandmother and Mother Kind and Dear

(The Family).

That many things make up a whole
Soon dawns upon a childish soul;
Therefore let Mother teach him carefully
To know the circle of the Family.

SEE, here is Grandmamma! and here is Grandpapa!
And here is Father! and here is Mother!
This is little Baby dear;
See! the whole happy Family here.

See Mother, always so kind and dear,
See Father, brave and merry here;
See Brother, grown so tall and stout,
See Sister, taking Dolly out.
And here is the Baby, still little and fair.
We've seen such a nice, happy Family there.
They're wise and good, and all unite
In gladly doing what is right.

Die Großmama und Mutter lieb und gut.
Das Mehrere ein Ganzes sind,
Lich Kind wohl schon früh zu Kind;
Drum ehret die Mutter auch mit Fleiß
Die Frauen der Familien-Kreis.
Das ist die Großmama,
Das ist der Großpapa,
Das ist der Vater,
Das ist die Mutter,
Das ist's kleine Kindchen ja;
Seht die ganze Familie da.
✲
Das ist die Mutter, lieb und gut;
Das ist der Vater mit frohem Muth;
Das ist der Bruder, lang und groß;
Das ist die Schwester, mit Püppchen im Schooß;
Und dieß ist das Kindchen, noch klein und zart,
Und dieß die Familie von guter Art,
Die mit sinn'ger, einträchtiger Kraft
Das Rechte und Gute in Ehren schafft.

Picture 16.

XIX.

Thumb! I say "One" to You.

WHAT a great art Counting shows
No man measures, no man knows!
What an art he scarce descries
Is the finding space and size!
If our Counting is but true,
We learn how to choose aright:
How bad things we may eschew,
How gain what gives real delight.

THUMB! I say *One* to you,
And my FOREFINGER'S *Two*.
My MIDDLE FINGER'S *Three*,
RING FINGER *Four* must be.
My LITTLE FINGER must be *Five*—that I know.
Now they all to bed must go;
Not one stirs while sleeping so.
Hush! lest one too soon be waking.

Beim Däumchen sag' ich Eins.
„Welche große Kunst hat Zählen ist,
Wenn' der Mensch es nicht vermißt.
Welche Kunst, es abnet's kaum,
Sich zu finden in dem Raum.
Ja, das richtige Zahlen
Lehret uns Rechtes wählen,
Lehret uns Schlechtes meiden;
Gibt so echte Freuden.
Beim Däumchen sag' ich Eins,
Beim Zeigefinger: Zwei,
Beim Mittelfinger: Drei,
Beim Ringfinger: Vier,
Beim kleinen Finger Fünf ich sage.
Hab' in's Bettchen all' gelegt,
Schlafen, keines sich mehr regt:
Still, daß keins zu früh erwache.

Picture 17.

XX.

The Finger Piano.

WHAT things a Child's quick eye may see
His heart is very glad to hear.
But many voices there will be
All unheard by the outer ear.
Add this truth early to his store,
If you would make his Life-joy more.

SEE! my Baby dear;
Your hand's a Piano here.
Press each finger down alone;
You will hear a pretty tone.

*[1]La,[2]la,[3]la,[4]la,[5]la; [5]La,[4]la,[3]la,[2]la,[1]la.
[1]La,[2]la,[3]la,[4]la;
[2]La,[3]la,[4]la,[5]la; [5]La,[4]la,[3]la,[2]la;
[4]La,[3]la,[2]la,[1]la.
[1]La,[2]la,[3]la;
[2]La,[3]la,[4]la;
[3]La,[4]la,[5]la; [5]La,[4]la,[3]la;
[4]La,[3]la,[2]la;
[3]La,[2]la,[1]la.
[1]La,[2]la;
[2]La,[3]la;
[3]La,[4]la;
[4]La,[5]la; [5]La,[4]la;
[4]La,[3]la;
[3]La,[2]la;
[2]La,[1]la.
[1]La, [3]la;
[2]La, [4]la;
[3]La, [5]la; [5]La, [3]la;
[4]La, [2]la;
[3]La, [1]la.

[1] [3] [2] [4] [3] [5] [3]
Well alone my Child can play,
[5] [3] [4] [2] [1] [3] [1]
Sing him too a song to-day.

[1] [2] [2] [3] [3] [4]
Quietly my child's at play,
[5] [5] [4] [4] [3] [2] [1]
Sing him too a song to-day.

[1] [2] [3] [1] [3] [4] [5]
Up and down the fingers go;
[5] [4] [3] [4 3] [2] [3 2] [1]
Walking and then trotting so.

I.

[1] [2] [8 2] [1] [5] [2] [3]
When the Lark his glad song sings,
[2] [2] [5] [5] [5 4 3 4] [5]
Wide he spreads his fluttering wings.
[3] [2] [4] [3] [5] [4] [3]
See our Finger-Game begin,
[2] [3] [5 4] [3 2] [1] [3 2 1]
When Song stirs the heart within.

II.

[5] [3] [2 1] [2] [3] [2]
But my Baby's fingers all
[4] [2] [1] [2] [3] [4] [3]
Still are weak and still are small;
[2] [2] [4] [2] [3] [4 3]
Yet how well they move along.
[2] [3] [4 2] [1] [3 2] [1]
Plays the better for our Song.

* The figures indicate the notes and their intervals.

Liedchen dazu.

Freylich spielt mein Kind allein.
Einzig ihm dabey ein Liedchen fehlt.

Wie des Lerchleins Lied erklingt,
Gleich es seine Flügel schwinget.
Eh das Fingerspiel sich regt,
Wenn Gesang das Herz bewegt.

Spielt mein Herz in Ruh,
Einzig ihm dazu ein Lied dazu

Kleines Kindchens Fingerlein
Sind noch schwach und flug noch fein:
Dennoch, schaut: schon spielt es schön,
Kindchen will das Spiel erhöhn.

Flieget gehen auf und ab,
Bald in Ernst und bald in Trab.

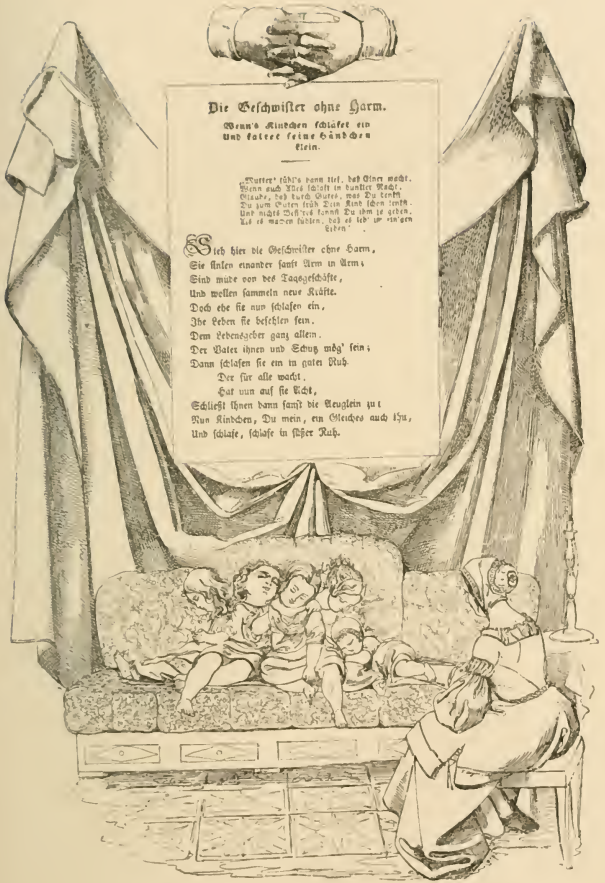
Picture 18.

XXI.

The Happy Brothers and Sisters.

LITTLE Baby go to sleep;
Little hands now folded keep.

Dear Mother, feel that Someone watch will keep,
When dark the night and all else lies asleep.
Believe that through the good things which you think,
You bind your Child to good by many a link.
No better gift is in your hand,
Than that you make him understand:
His life is part of that great All,
Wherein we live, both great and small.

JUST see these happy girls and boys!
They've run, jumped, skipped and made a noise;
A long day's work has quite tired them out;
They want some rest after running about.
But being tired won't do them harm;
Each sinks upon another's arm;
And soon quite fast asleep they'll be,
And wake to-morrow, you will see.
But ere they lay them down to sleep,
They ask that God their lives will keep;
That He who gives them life and rest,
Will guard them just as He knows best.
And then they close their tired eyes;
—God is everywhere;
He will take good care—
And in sweet rest each sleeper lies.
And now, Baby, you
May shut your eyes, too,
And sleep, Dear! sleep, Dear!
For Mother is here.

Die Geschwister ohne Harm.
Wenn's Kindchen schläfet ein
Und kützet seine Händchen
klein.
„Mutter! sähn's denn viel, daß Einer macht,
Wenn auch Alles schläft in dunkler Nacht,
Glaube, daß durch Gottes, was Du denkst
Du zum Guten seist Dein Kind schon lenkst.
Und nichts Bessres kannst Du ihm je geben,
Als es mögen haben, daß es leb' in ew'gen
Leben."
Sieh hier die Geschwister ohne Harm,
Sie stützen einander sanft Arm in Arm;
Sind mude von des Tagesgeschäfte,
Und wollen sammeln neue Kräfte.
Doch ehe sie nun schlafen ein,
Ihr Leben sie befehlen sein.
Dem Lebensgeber ganz allein.
Der Vater ihnen und Schutz mög' sein;
Dann schlafen sie ein in guter Ruh.
Der für alle wacht.
Hat nun auf sie Acht,
Schließt ihnen dann sanft die Aeuglein zu!
Nun Kindchen, Du mein, ein Gleiches auch Ihu,
Und schlafe, schlafe in süßer Ruh.

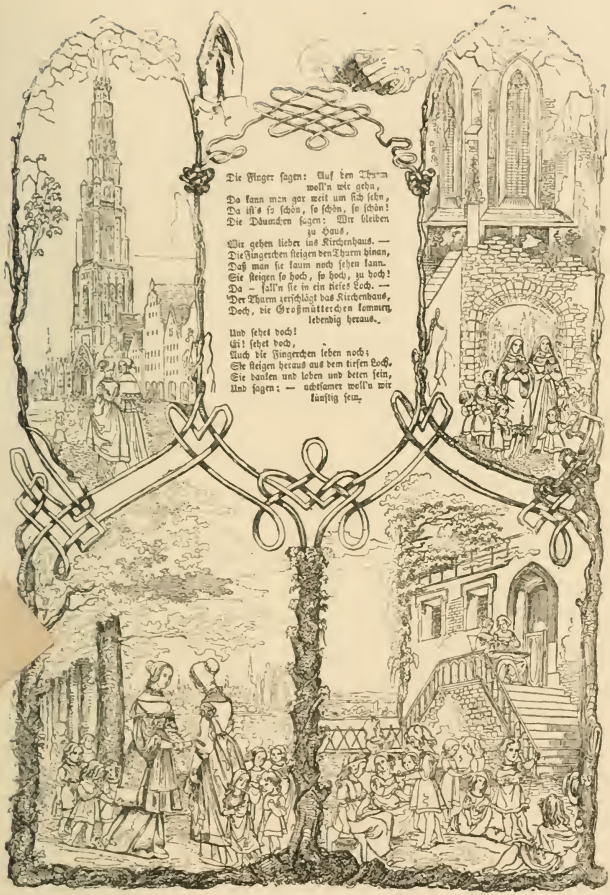
Picture 19.

XXII.

The Children on the Tower.

WHATEVER singly with a Child you've played,
Weave it together till a whole you've made.
A Child at play alone is very sweet;
We think play sweeter still where many meet.
He loves a single flower, but more, by far,
A wreath where many lovely flowers are.
Thus it will dawn upon his childish soul:
The smallest thing belongs to some great whole.

TWO little Hands and Fingers eight I see;
The little Thumbs two Grandmothers must be.
It's a long time since they've met at all,
So they are very glad to pay a call.
And when they see each other come,
They all say, "Welcome! every one!"
See them meeting, bowing, greeting,
How merrily each takes the other's hand;
And then to chat a moment, still they stand.
You hear them telling all the rest
About the Basket, Eggs and Nest,
The Pigeon-house and Pigeons grey,
How they fly in and out all day,—
And how the Fishes gleam
In that bright, little Stream;
About the Weather-cock, the Coloured Ball,
And then the Games,—they'll mention all!
But what is the next thing they'll do to-day?
"Let's go on the Tower," the Fingers say;
"'Tis nice when we far around can see."
The Thumbs say, "At home we would rather stay,
And perhaps we may go to church to-day."
So up on the Tower the Fingers will go,
We scarcely can see them at all from below.
They climb up higher still, so very high,
To where they hear the deep bells toll,
And higher,—till they seem to touch the sky,
Then—fall into a deep, dark hole.
The Tower's knocked the Church down, there's no doubt;
Unhurt the Grandmothers come running out.
And see! oh see! the Fingers eight
Are still alive, and stand up straight.
They step out of that deep, dark hole,
They pray and praise with thankful soul.
Then if you listen, you will hear them say:
"We must be much more careful from to-day."

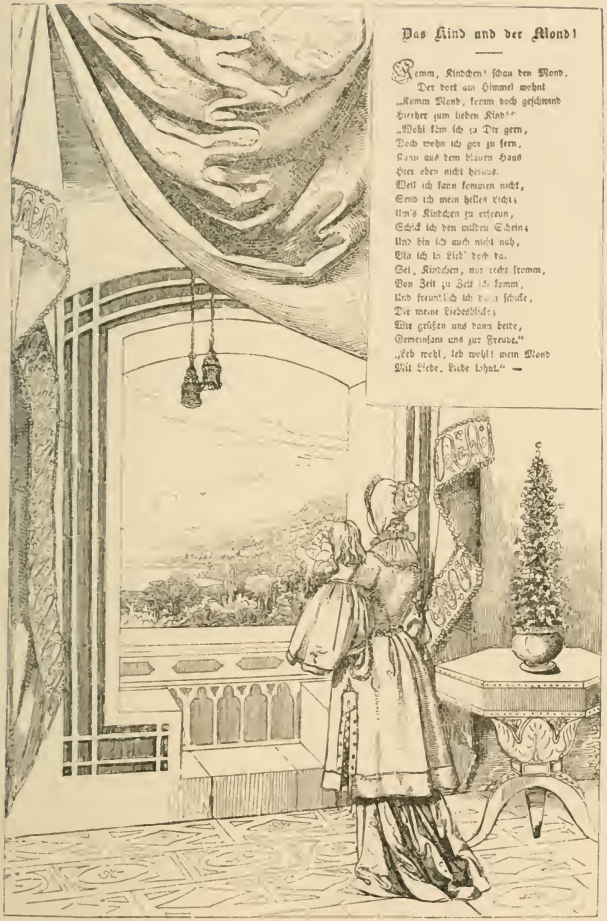

Die Finger sagen: Auf den Thurm
woll'n wir gehn,
Da kann man gar weit um sich sehn,
Da ist's so schön, so schön, so schön!
Die Däumchen sagen: Wir bleiben
zu Haus,
Wir gehen lieber ins Kirchenhaus. —
Die Fingerchen steigen den Thurm hinan,
Daß man sie kaum noch sehen kann.
Sie steigen so hoch, so hoch, zu hoch!
Da – fall'n sie in ein tiefes Loch. —
Der Thurm zerschlägt das Kirchendach,
Doch, die Großmütterchen kommen
lebendig heraus.
Und sehet doch!
Ei! sehet doch,
Auch die Fingerchen leben noch;
Sie steigen heraus aus dem tiefen Loch,
Sie danken und loben und beten fein,
Und sagen: — achtsamer woll'n wir
künftig sein.

Picture 20.

XXIII.

The Child and the Moon.

COME, Baby, see the Moon,
Up yonder in the Sky!
Come quickly down, sweet Moon,
To little Baby nigh.
"Yes, I should like to come,
But far off is my home;
From this house, dark and blue,
I cannot come to you.
Because I cannot come to-night,
I send my clear and silvery Light;
To make you glad, my little Child,
I send my rays, so soft and mild.
Though I am not close by,
Near you in Love am I.
If you are good at home,
From time to time I'll come,
And such kind looks I'll send
To you, my little friend;
And we will both say, 'How do you do?'
And I shall be as pleased as you."
Good-bye, dear Moon, good-bye; you know
That in return I love you so.



Das Kind und der Mond.

Komm, Kindchen, schau den Mond,
Der dort am Himmel wohnt
„Komm Mond, komm doch geschwind
Hierher zum lieben Kind!“
„Wohl käm ich zu Dir gern,
Doch wohn ich gar zu fern,
Kann aus dem blauen Haus
Hier oben nicht heraus.
Weil ich kann kommen nicht,
Send ich mein helles Licht;
Um's Kindchen zu erfreun,
Schick ich den milden Schein;
Und bin ich auch nicht noh,
Bin ich in Lieb' doch da.
Sei, Kindchen, nur recht fromm,
Von Zeit zu Zeit ich komm',
Und freundlich ich dann schicke,
Dir meine Liebesblicke;
Wir grüßen uns dann beide,
Gemeinsam uns zur Freude.“
„Leb wohl, leb wohl! mein Mond
Mit Liebe, Liebe lohnt.“ —

Picture 21.

XXIV.

The Little Boy and the Moon.

How is it that so many things that lie far off in space,
At first seem to a little Child, to lie quite near his face?
How is it that he wishes, yearns, with wistful earnest eye,
That Distance were but something meant to bring the Distant nigh?
Look closely, Mother, at this truth and see what it contains,
That we may not disturb this growth, but help its daily gains;
So that before all things in space their path from Baby wind,
Some bond of union with them the little Child may find,
That we this *One-ness* of them all may cherish and may know,
Before the outward face of things change, and from Baby go.
It is by thus observing well, that we, by care and time,
A ladder can to Baby give, that he may upwards climb.
Therefore do not disturb the Child from his sweet dreams.
Happy, at one with all the Universe he seems.
Let him stretch out his arm towards the Light.
He knows no limit yet
'Twixt him and Heaven set.
Don't rouse him from this dream's most holy might.

"TO the Moon," said Baby dear,
Stretching out his little hand;
For he saw the full Moon near,
Shining over all the land.
But Mother said, "To go up, we should need
A Ladder, Baby, very long indeed."
To drag her, then, Baby is trying
Towards where a long Ladder is lying.
He trusts her words. "Fetch Ladder" is his cry,
And eager he looks upward to the sky.
Firm is his purpose, earnest little Child,
He longs to visit that white Moon so mild.

„Mutter! Mond gehn!“ Sprach das Kind auf Mutterarme,
Weit ausstreckend seine kleinen Arme,
Als am klaren Himmel es den Vollmond sah;
Denn es glaubte sich demselben nötig nah. —
„Eine Leiter müßte sein, zum Mond zu steigen,
Wollten wir so doch trotz oben ihn erreichen!“
Gleich das Kindchen bei der Mutter sicherm Wort
Nach der nahen Scheune, als der Leiter Ort,
Seine Arme wendet, und vertrauend sagt:
(Denn zum Mond zu gehen ihm gar sehr behagt)
„Leiter holen!“ Und fest war sein Sinn
Zum Besuch des Monds gewendet hin.

Picture 22

XXV.

The Little Girl and the Stars.

WHATEVER things a Baby sees around
He loves to think by human ties are bound;
Whatever fills his heart he sees again
In life, as in a picture that is plain.
Parents, don't wound this sense if he's to live
By all the loving lessons that you give.
For Doing only will important be,
And Children live their lives out thoroughly,
When, clear and deep, the feeling thrills them through,
Whose silent strength is moving Nature too;
That soft but faithful Work in all they see,
Is a kind spirit moving, hoveringly.
Thus inwardly at peace, on life they gaze,
And life with inner love their glance repays.

CHILD eyes look up on high
To the clear evening sky.
Two great Stars, shining fair,
Twinkle through silent air.
The Child cries, "Father—Mother Star."
Mother's words show what they are.
"No doubt the double Star's clear light
Does seem like Love, Dear, to your sight.
That's what they mean by shining so,
Love is just what they wish to show.
In joy and peace you'll always see
Them wander on quite quietly.
But look around and see this little Star
And that—how many little Stars there are.
The children of the double Stars are they.
They shine less than their parents by the way;
But you will always see them clear and bright,
That it may not be very dark at night.
Their rays are always clear, as you will find,
—The picture of those parent Stars, so kind.
And as they move there, happy, bright and clear,
So should be everything we do down here.
Thus in the Stars so steady, clear and kind,
A picture of our life we ought to find.

Mutterworte so ihm dieses deuten:
„Wohl richtig will Dir deuchten
Der Doppelsterne Leuchten:
Was sie so strahlend zeigen,
Ist ihrer Liebe Neigen;
In freudig-freud'gem Handeln
Siehst Du sie stille wandeln. —
Doch schaue auch umhee
Der kleinen Sterne Heer,
Der Doppelsterne Kinder,
Sie strahlen zwar wohl minder,
Doch immer hell und rein,
Daß klar die Nacht nicht sei;
Sie strahlen hell und mild
Der lieben Eltern Bild.
Wie sie dort leuchtend wandeln,
So sei hier unser Handeln.
Drum sind die Sterne mild
Hier unsers Lebens Bild."

Picture 23.

XXVI.

The Light-Bird on the Wall.

MOTHER says, "My little Pet,
Listen now, and don't forget;
All the things that you can see
You must not snatch immediately."

Child.

O BIRDIE dear! O Birdie dear!
You Birdie on the wall!
O Birdie dear! O Birdie dear!
Won't you stand still at all?
Oh! please be caught at last, Bird;
Don't fly about so fast, Bird.
O Birdie dear! O Birdie dear!
Won't you stand still at all?

Mother.

The Bird is only shining bright,
You cannot catch it with your little hands;
But by your eyes you seize the light,
Your heart is glad, and it understands.
It's true of so much that we see while we're living,
Hands cannot hold what great pleasure is giving;
But a finer sense easily holds it tight,
And that's a great gain to both hands and sight.

Lichtröglein an der Wand.
„Da Mutter zu dem Kinde spricht:
„Mein liebes Kind vergiß es nicht,
Nicht Alles, was Du hast
Auch gleich zu greifen ist.“
Kind:
Lieb Vöglein! Lieb Vöglein!
Lieb Vöglein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal Stand!
Laß dich doch von mir greifen!
Fliegst nicht immer so schweifen!
Lieb Vöglein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal Stand!
Mutter:
Das Vöglein ist nur heller Schein,
Den sonnen nicht greifen die Händchen klein,
Der will mit Aeuglein erfaßt nur sein,
Durch sie erfreut er das Herzchen rein.
Es ist es im Leben bei vielen Gestalten,
Sie lassen sich fest mit der Hand nicht halten;
Doch fasset sie leicht ein getreuer Sinn,
Und drüben ist es dann hoher Gewinn.

Picture 24.

XXVII.

The Hare.

Mother's loving hand, with care,
On the wall can make a Hare.

If we shed equal light
Round these hands, clasped and white,
No picture they can throw
Upon the wall, we know.
It's only when Man's hand with Art is deft,
And forms some shape amid the light by skill,
That then a picture on the wall is left,
Which Baby's heart with great delight can fill.
Use, then, a Child's creative power in play;
So that as growth that power shall unite
With power from the Eternal Light, he may
Make pictures from Life's shadows, dim and dark;
And thus in play you strike Life's eager spark.

JUMPING comes the little Hare
Upon the wall so fast;
In your hand you'd catch him there,
But look! he has run past.
See! his long ears up he's pricking,
Does he hear us pass?
Now upright you see him sitting,
Munching fresh green grass.
Puss's short blunt nose is wrinkling,
His shy little eyes are twinkling.
On the ground you see him cower,
For he's in the Hunter's power.
Bang! the cruel Hunter's shot him;
Scared him but not really got him,
See how fast away he's springing!—
Puss's song I've finished singing.

Das Häschen.
Der Mutter liebe Hand.
Macht's Häschen an die Wand.
Erhellt von Licht euch gleich die weiße Wand,
Es kommt danach auf ihr sein Bild zu Stand.
Oft wenn des Menschen Hand mit kundigwandter Kraft
Im Schein des Lichts vor der Wand Lustspiele schafft;
Seht dann erscheint ein thieres Lebensbild
Das Deines Kindes Herz mit froher Lust erfüllt. —
Drum ob im Spiele schon den Kinder Bildnerkraft,
Lieb, einst verweist mit des ewigen Lichtes Macht.
Des Lebenslichtes Spiele, die schon Gebilde schafft,
Und Du im Kinderspiel schon Mannesthun betracht. —
Es ein Häschen kommt gegangen
An der Wand daher;
Kinderchen! Wollen schnell es fangen,
Doch es läuft gar sehr.
Sieh! Wie's seine Löffelchen spitzet,
Glaubt, es hör' Etwas.
Wie es jetzt schön aufrecht sitzet,
Speist sein grünes Gras.
Schau, jetzt rümpft's sein stumpfes Näschen
Dieses kleines munteres Häschen. —
Jetzt, sich's ganz hinwieder kauert,
Denn es sieht, der Jäger lauert:
Rauf! — der Jäger hat geschossen,
Das hat's Häschen sehr verdrossen:
Nun ist es davon gesprungen,
Häschen's Lied ist ausgesungen.

Picture 25.

XXVIII.

The Wolf and the Boar.

A CHILD is always glad when pictures show
Whatever things in life he learns to know;
A grizzly Wolf it may be, or a hungry Boar,—
Animal-life will please him more and more.
He'll listen eagerly and sit so still,
Tell him these stories often as you will.
But oh! take care in all you say or do,
His spirit's purity is dear to you.

I. THE WOLF.

IN the pine woods, dark and wide,
Where wild animals can hide,
See! a Wolf comes wandering by,
Up and down. How fierce his eye!
For he's pressed by hunger sore,—
He thinks fruits are not good eating,
Animals he'll soon be meeting—
So he wanders round once more.
This the Hunter will not bear,
And Wolf's a thief who does not care.
The Hunter shoots; hark! hear his gun!
But the Wolf away has run.

Wolf und Schwein.
Was nur das Kind umgiebt,
Das Kind im Bilde liebt.
Sei Wolf es, sei es Schwein.
Das Kind kann es erfreun,
Zu sein des Thieres Beste.
Deutsch Kind gar gern und viele,
Doch theure Thiere haben
Des Kindes Kindheit sat."
1. Wolf.
Aus dem dunklen Tannenwald,
Wo des Wildes Aufenthalt,
Sieh! kommt auch ein Wolf daher,
Läuft die Kreuz und läuft die Quer;
Hart ihn wohl der Hunger plagt;
Doch, er will nicht Früchte essen,
Möchte gern ein Thierchen fressen;
Darum macht er auf sie Jagd.
Jäger aber will's nicht leiden,
Wolf das Rauben auch nicht meiden:
Schießt der Jäger, daß es knallt,
Doch, der Wolf ist schon im Wald.

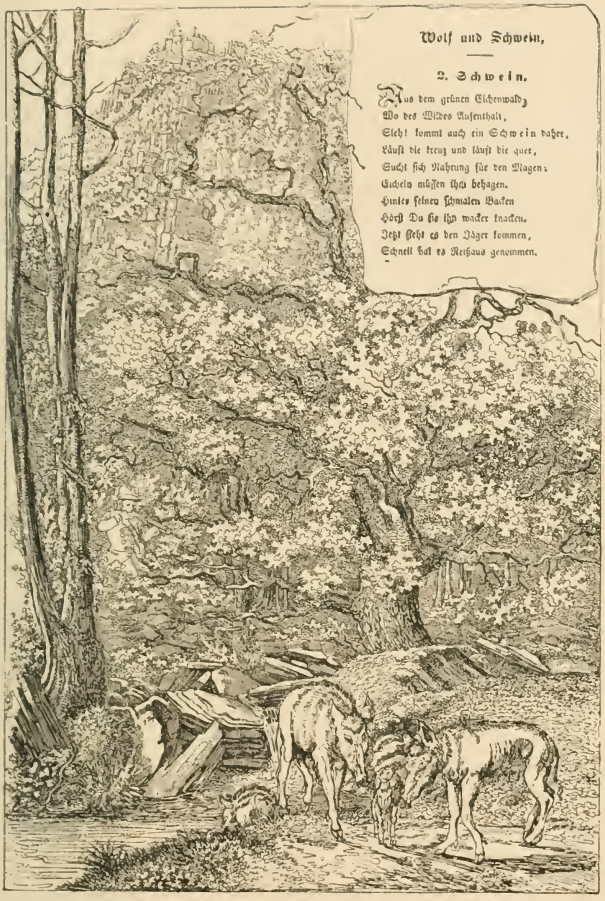
Picture 26.

XXIX.

The Wolf and the Boar.

II. THE BOAR.

FROM the oak wood, green and wide,
Where wild animals can hide,
See! a Boar comes wandering by,
Up and down. How fierce his eye!
He's so hungry, he's quite pining,
So on acorns he is dining.
Watch his cheeks, and hear him crunching:
He would stand and go on munching;
But he sees the Hunter yonder,
So he's off again to wander.


Wolf und Schwein.
2. Schwein.
Aus dem grünen Eichenwald,
Wo des Wildes Aufenthalt,
Sieh! kommt auch ein Schwein daher,
Läuft die kreuz und läuft die quer,
Sucht sich Nahrung für den Magen:
Eicheln müssen ihm behagen.
Hinter seinen schmalen Backen
Hörst Du sie ihn wacker knacken.
Jetzt sieht es den Jäger kommen,
Schnell hat es Reißaus genommen.

Picture 27.

XXX.

The Little Window.

WHY does Baby love the Light,
Streaming through the window there?
Life blooms forth from what is bright:
Mother, let Life fresh and fair
Be about him everywhere.

SEE, Baby! through my windows clear
The Light peeps through to us in here.
Would you delight in what is bright?
Always be sure you're good and pure.

Das Fensterlein.
„Wie kann, durch's Fenster das Licht zu erblicken,
Des Kindes Herz doch so früh schon beglücken? –
Aus Klarheit ist das Leben erblüht:
Mit klarem Leben
Das Kind zu umgeben,
Sei Mutters Gemüht."
Kind, schau' mein klares Fensterlein,
Dadurch scheint's Licht in's Stübchen klein.
Soll Dich stets freun
Des Lichtes Schein,
Mußt Du auch sein
Recht lieb und rein.

Picture 28.

XXXI.

The Window.

SILENTLY cherish your Baby's dim thought,
That Life in itself is as unity wrought.
Make paths through which he may feel and may think,
That of this great whole he, too, is a link.
Make him see inner things through outer crust,
And to the inner, not outer things, trust.
Let him feel sure, though apart things may stand,
Life has its unity, inner and grand;
That each thing, though soundless it be to the ear,
A message can give, emblematic but clear;
And all who will follow this language aright
Walk a Life-pathway, still, joyful and bright.

SEE, how through the Window clear,
Light comes peeping to us here!
It says, "To Baby I will go;
I should like to please him so."

"Shine, pretty Light! within this place;
Look kindly in my little face."

"Baby! I have come so fast,
From the Sun to you at last;
Quickly, all that long, long way,
That I might see my Child to-day.
Love me, Dear, with all your might;
Never shrink away from Light!"

„Pflege treu des Kindes dunkles Ahnen,
Daß ein in sich einig Leben sei,
Wache höherem Gefühle Bahnen,
Daß es selbst von ihm ein Glück in sei.
Brache es im tiefsten Herzens schauern,
Auf das Innre, nicht auf Trug es trauen.
Laß es fühlen, was auch weit getrennt erscheine,
In sich berg ein innig einig Leben eine,
Und das Licht, man auch bisher nicht,
In dem Menschen doch handlich leuchtet:
Ach, wer viele Gnade recht erreicht,
Priche irrubig durch das Leben selbst."

Ach, durch's helle Fensterlein,
Kindchen! kommt das Licht herein;
Sagt: „Mächt' gern beim Kinde sein,
Mächt' daselbe gern erfreun."
„Guckuck, Guckuck! du liebes Licht,
Schau freundlich mir in's Angesicht."
„Kindchen! bin gelaufen schnell,
Kumm eben von der Sonne hell;
Hab den Weg gar bald vollbracht,
Weil ich an mein Kind gedacht;
Kindchen liebt ja helles Licht,
Weich' davon mein Kindchen nicht."

Picture 29.

XXXII.

The Charcoal-burner's Hut.

How to form many things from what is mean,
How what is hard to move he may control,
How often worth may dwell in what's unseen,—
Show Baby, Mother! To this raise his soul.

THE Charcoal-burner's Hut is small,
It holds two men, and that is all;
Yet there, oh! so happily, they can dwell,
The Father and both his Sons as well.
They fetch all the wood, to charcoal they burn it,
And into the Blacksmith's great waggon they turn it.
Think! how could we ever make horse-shoes and knives,
Spoons, forks, and such things as we need all our lives,
If the good Charcoal-burner, with soot on his cheek,
Did not burn us wood carefully, week after week?
Come, Baby, and let us, then, give him our greeting;
Without spoons, the soup would be useless for eating.
Though sooty his face you often will find,
His heart's always warm and his manner is kind.

Die Köhlerhütte.

„Wie auf Montgem es Vieh gehalte,
Wie es Schwerdwegisches bemalte,
Wie im Unschuldsn'n oft Lüchtges lebet
Mutter zeig's, zu ihm Dein Kind erhebe."

Klein ist die Köhlerhütte, kaum
Nur für zwei Menschen hat sie Raum;
Doch wohnen d'rinnen wohlgemuth,
Der Köhler mit seinen Söhnen gut.
Sie holen das Holz, sie brennens zu Kohlen;
Und diese die Schmiede auf Wagen
abholen.
Wie könnte man Messer, Gabeln,
Löffel sonst machen
Und noch die nützlichen anderen Sachen,
Wenn — brennte, mit Kohle und Ruß
im Gesicht,
Der Köhler mit Sorgfalt die Kohlen
mis nicht. —
Komm, Kindchen, wollen den Köhler
begrüßen
Ohn'n Löffel könnt' Kind ja kein Süpp-
chen genießen;
Und ist er auch schwarz in seinem Gesicht,
So schadet dies seinem Herzen doch nicht.

Picture 30.

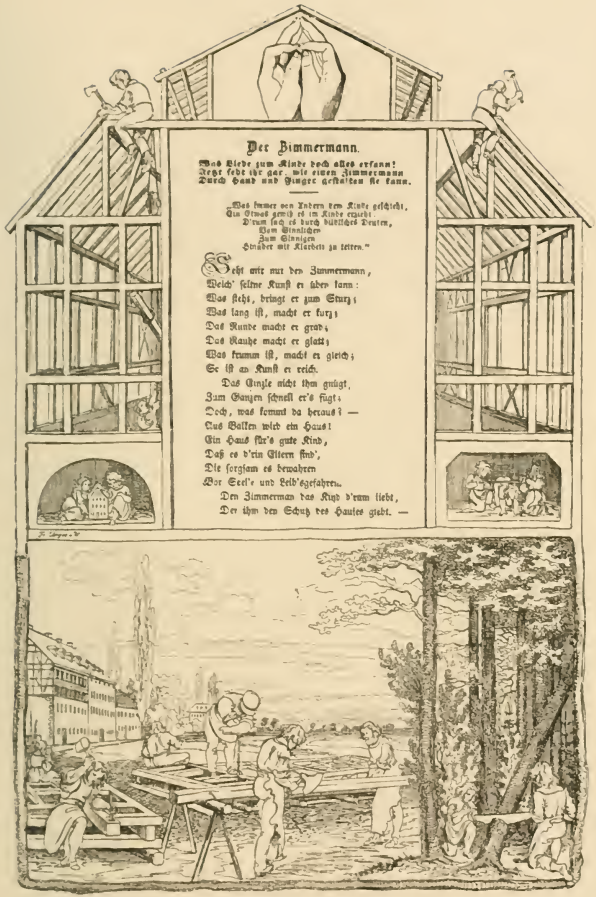
XXXIII.

The Carpenter.

See how love can all things for Baby devise!
For with our two hands, we can please and surprise,
By making a Carpenter clever and wise.

Our actions and our words will educate
A something in the Child that is innate.
By giving Thought some outward shape, we try
To lead a Child from matter dull and dry,
To Matter's deeper meaning, by-and-by.

THE Carpenter now come and see!
A very clever man is he.
The Upright he lays low,
What's Long he shortens,—so.
A Round thing he makes flat,
A Rough thing smooth,—like that;
And Crooked things straight he can bend;
His cleverness has no end.
But things apart won't do;
He wants a Whole quite clear.
I wonder what. Don't you?
From beams, a house stands here.
A good Child there may dwell,
Its Parents kind, as well,
Who guard him with such loving care,
From hurt to soul and body there.
We love the Carpenter; and why?
He makes a House quite warm and dry.


Der Zimmermann.
Was Liebe zum Kinde doch alles erfann!
Seht ihr es gar, wie einen Zimmermann
Durch Hand und Finger geftalten ſie kann.
Was immer von Andern dem Kinde geſchieht,
Ihn Etwas gemiß es im Kinde erquickt:
Darum ſucht es durch häuslichen Troſtem,
Dem Dienſtlichen
Zum Dienſtlichen
Stündlich mit Klarheit zu lehren."
Seht mir nur den Zimmermann,
Weich' ſeine Kunſt er üben kann:
Was ſteht, bringt er zum Sturz;
Was lang iſt, macht er kurz;
Das Runde macht er grad,
Das Rauhe macht er glatt;
Was krumm iſt, macht er gleich;
So iſt an Kunſt er reich.
Das Einzle nicht ihm genügt,
Zum Ganzen ſchnell er's fügt;
Doch, was kommt da heraus? —
Das Gütten wird ein Haus!
Ein Haus für's gute Kind,
Daß es d'rin Eltern find',
Die ſorgſam es bewahren
Vor Seel'- und Leibsgefahren.
Den Zimmerman das Kind d'rum liebt,
Der ihm den Schutz des Hauſes giebt. —

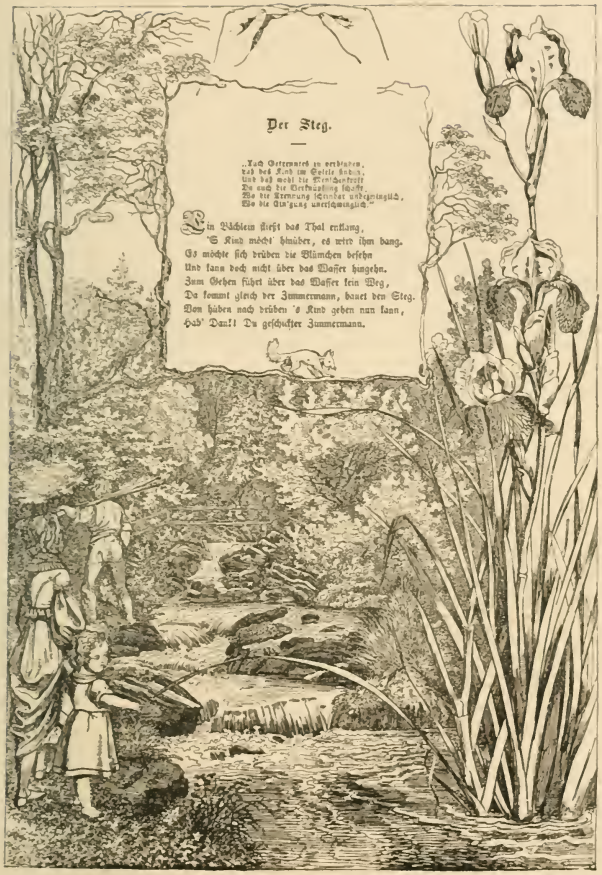
Picture 31.

XXXIV.

The Bridge.

LET your Baby learn in play
How to join things far apart;
For a kindly human heart
Always can find out the way,
Although the things seem far beyond control;
Although the fragments will not make a whole.

BY Brooklet fresh flowing,
The Flowers are growing;
This Child wants to cross,
To gather green Moss.
He's longing to gather the flowers on the edge,
But deep is the water and thick is the sedge.
Please, Carpenter, build me a Bridge if you can—
I'll thank you, I'll thank you, you kind, clever man.
How nice! I can go
Right across, to and fro.
What lovely flowers I can find!
Oh, Carpenter! you're good and kind


Der Steg.
„Laß Gottesmacht zu ordnen,
was dich und Kind im Leide bindet,
und daß wohl die Verständigkeit
Du auch der Verbindung suchst,
Wo die Trennung schmerzhaft unvermeidlich,
Wo die Umgang unerschwinglich."
Ein Bächlein fließt das Thal entlang,
's Kind möcht' hinüber, es wird ihm bang.
Es möchte sich drüben die Blümchen besehn
Und kann doch nicht über das Wasser hingehn.
Zum Gehen führt über das Wasser kein Weg,
Da kommt gleich der Zimmermann, baut den Steg.
Von hüben nach drüben 's Kind gehen nun kann,
Hab' Dank! Du geschickter Zimmermann.

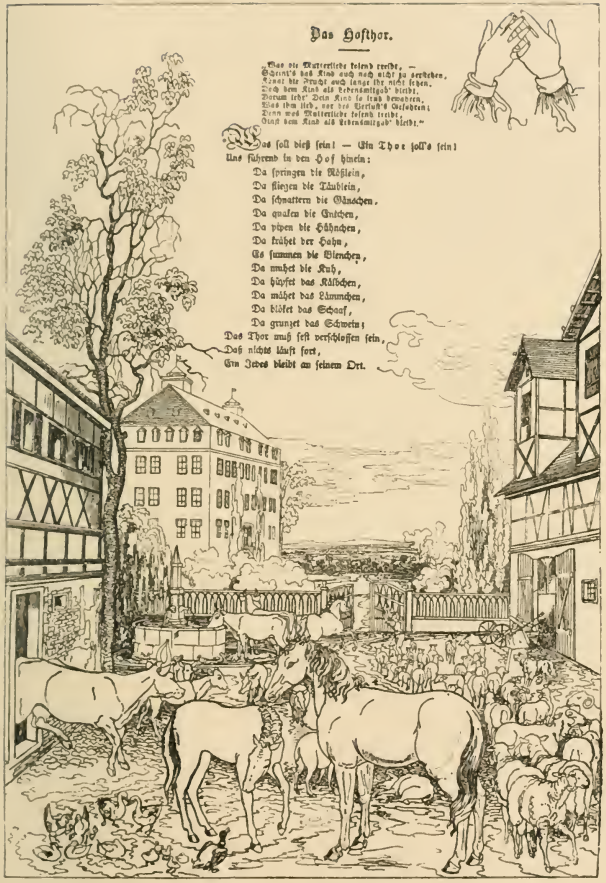
Picture 32.

XXXV.

The Yard Gate.

WHAT Mother's love, in talking to her Child, may say,
He does not seem at first to understand.
Fruit may be long in growing from seed sown to-day:
But he's received a Life-gift from her hand.
And, therefore, early teach your Child to take good care
Of what he loves, to keep it pure and fair;
So that what Mother's petting love may say
Can be a Life-gift to her Child to-day.

WHAT can this be? A gate, I see;
Within the yard it's leading me.
The young Colts are prancing—hop, hop, hi, hi;
The Pigeons are flying, koorr,—koorr, koorr, koorr;
The Geese loudly cackling,
The Ducks are all quacking,
Just hear the Hens clucking,
And hear the Cock crow—cock-a-doodle-doo.
The Bees are all humming—summ, summ, summ.
And hear the Cow low—moo, moo.
The Calf there is leaping,
The Lamb there is baa-ing.
The Sheep yonder bleats,
The Pig grunts and eats.
We'll close our Farmyard for to-day.
"Oh why? Please say."
Not one will run away.
But each in its right place will stay.


Das Hofthor.
„Was die Mutterliebe keimend treibe, —
Kannt's das Kind auch noch nicht zu ergründen,
Kannt die Frucht auch lange ihr nicht sehen,
Doch dem Kind als Lebensmitgab' bleibt.
Darum ehre Dein Kind so früh bewahren,
Was ihm lieb, vor des Verlust's Gefahren;
Denn was Mutterliebe keimend treibe,
Auch dem Kind als Lebensmitgab' bleibt."
Was soll dieß sein! — Ein Thor soll's sein!
Uns führend in den Hof hinein:
Da springen die Rößlein,
Da fliegen die Täublein,
Da schnattern die Gänschen,
Da quaken die Gnätschen,
Da pipen die Hühnchen,
Da krähet der Hahn,
Es summen die Bienchen,
Da muhet die Kuh,
Da hüpfet das Kälbchen,
Da mähet das Lämmchen,
Da blöket das Schaaf,
Da grunzet das Schwein;
Das Thor muß fest verschlossen sein,
Daß nichts läuft fort,
Ein Jedes bleibt an seinem Ort.

Picture 33.

XXXVI.

The Garden Gate.

WHAT can this be?
A door to the Garden, I see.
Through its tall, arching gateway we will go
And see how all our pretty flowers grow.
There are so many, and they're very sweet,
Fresh ones on every upright stalk we meet;
Each little bud in its green cup is set.
See! here are some not quite unfolded yet.
Sometimes the little Buds grow two and two,
Or hold each other's hands, as Children do.
And now let us shut tight this door of ours,
That no one may disturb our pretty flowers.

Das Gartenthor.
Was soll das sein? —
Ein Thor in den Garten,
Worinne die Gärtner
Die Blümelein warten,
Von mancherlei Arten:
Die duftigen und zarten,
Oft sanfte beharten,
In Knöspchen verwahrten,
Auch paarweis gepaarten,
Gleich Schätzchen geschaarten.
Das Thor muß wohl verschlossen sein,
Daß nichts mir stört die Blümchen fein.

Picture 34.

XXXVII.

The Little Gardener.

If your Child's to love and cherish
  Life that needs him day by day,
Give him things to tend, that perish
  If he ever stays away.
To cherish inner life your child prepare,
By making joy arise from "taking care."

LET us to the Garden go;
  All the Plants want tending so.
Water from the can we're holding
Soon will help the bud's unfolding.
Each undoes its little hood,
  And greets you with a spicy smell,
  And fills the whole air round as well;
There's sweet reward in doing good.

Der kleine Gärtner.
„Willst Du des Kindes Sinn für
Lehrhaftig' entwalten,
Es macht, daß es nicht für lehrhaf-
tiges wollen,
Willst Du Dein Kind für unsre
Lehrhaftig' bereiten,
Versuch es nur, wie Du kannst, der
Lehrhaftigkeit Fesseln!"
Komm, wir wollen in den Garten,
All' die Pflänzchen dort zu warten:
Wollen sie gar schon begossen,
Daß die Knöspchen sich erschließen.
Die Knöspchen sich entfalten nun:
Sie grüßen Dich mit süßem Duft,
Womit sie durchwürzen die ganze Luft.,
Belohnend ist es, wohlgethan!
43

Picture 35.

XXXVIII.

Smell Song.

LET a little Baby find
In all living things a mind ;
For existence struggle—strife.
Colour, form and spicy smell,
That One ruling Hand forthtell,
Which called all that lives to Life.

COME, my little Pet! and see
Flowers, fair as fair can be.
Oh, how very sweet they smell!
What's the cause? You cannot tell.
Some kind angel time has spent,
To delight you with the scent.

"Though you can't see me," hear it say;
"I spread the scent for you to-day."

Now, Baby, let me smell it too, Dear;
I like it just as much as you, Dear.

XXXIX.

The Wheelwright.

How many things man's hands can do
A Child soon learns, and gladly too.

LET us to the Wheelwright go;
What he's doing we will know.
Only come and see, what great pains takes he,
That by boring straight and fast,
He may get a hole at last.
He has done the hardest part;
Put the Cartwheel on the Cart.

Now see it go!
Turn round, just so,
Turn round, round, round.
It turns round, just so.
Turn round, round, round, round,
Turn round, round, round, round, so.

Der Wagner.
„Doß der Mensch die Hände viel
gebrauchen kann,
Sieht ein Kind auch bald mit Lust
und Freuden an."
Kind, wir woll'n zum Wagner gehn,
Was er macht, genau besehn:
Sieh nur, sieh nur, sieht
Viel giebt er sich Mühʼ,
Daß der Bohrer grade gehʼ
Und ein schönes Loch entstehʼ. –
Was er wollt', ist fertig nun,
Kann das Rad zur Werke thun!
Die gehet nun immer: rund um,
Rund um, rund um, rund um!

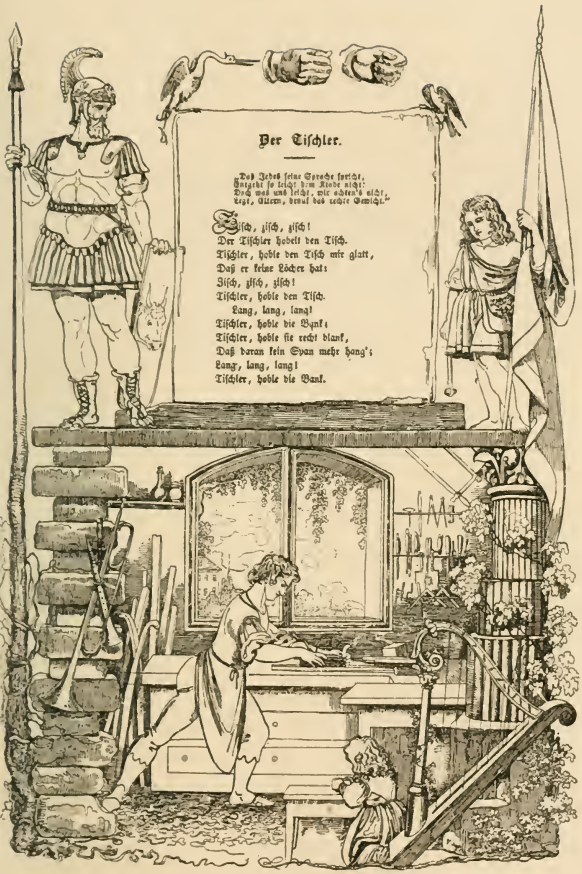
Picture 36.

XL.

The Joiner.

ALL the dumb things that Baby lives among
Do speak, as he can hear, in their own tongue.
But easy things we often do not prize;
Let this one have due value in your eyes.

ZISH! Zish! Zish!
The Joiner's working his plane!
Joiner, plane the table flat;
Leave no holes, be sure of that.
Zish! Zish! Zish!
Hear the Joiner's plane.

Long strokes send,
Straight from end to end;
Working always with the grain,
Forwards and then back again.
Long strokes send!
Plane the bench, my Friend.

Der Tischler.
„Daß Jedes seine Sprache spricht,
Empfiehlt so leicht dem Kinde nicht:
Drum weil uns leicht, wie achten's nicht,
Lagt, Alten, heut das leichte Gewicht."
Fisch, fisch, fisch!
Der Tischler hobelt den Tisch.
Tischler, hoble den Tisch mir glatt,
Daß er keine Löcher hat:
Fisch, fisch, fisch!
Tischler, hoble den Tisch.
Lang, lang, lang!
Tischler, hoble die Bank:
Tischler, hoble sie recht blank,
Daß daran kein Span mehr hang';
Lang, lang, lang!
Tischler, hoble die Bank.

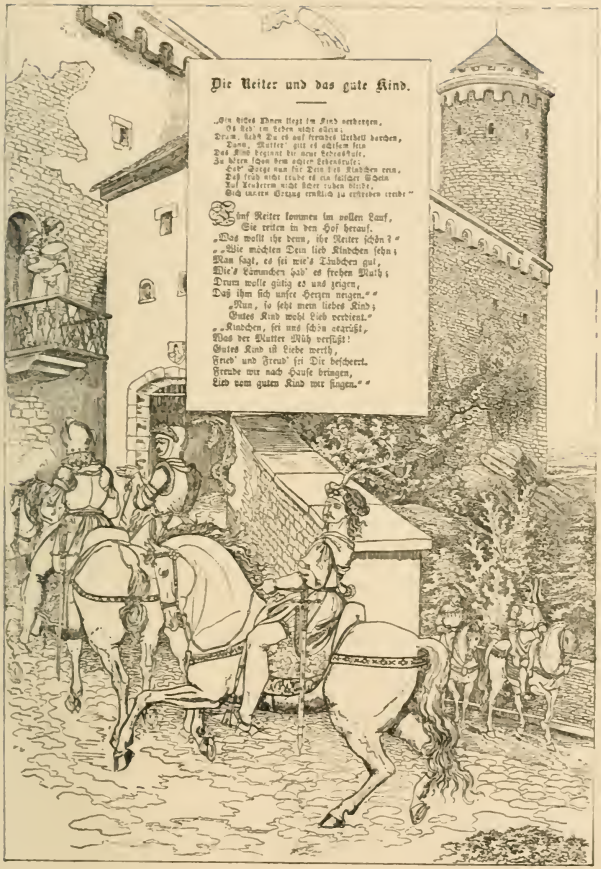
Picture 37.

XLI.

The Horsemen and the Good Child.

A SILENT Thought lies dim and hid in Baby's Mind :
He's not alone in Life : he's one amid Mankind.
Dear Mother, use your best and your most watchful care,
When first he listens to some stranger, who is there.
Life's truest voice has struck upon his ear,
A new Life-stage begins, but do not fear.
Keep guard lest Baby's heart, so young and pure,
Sadness of false Fair-seeming may endure ;
Lest he be satisfied by outer sense,
And leave unsought some inner excellence.

FIVE Horsemen come riding with all their speed!
At our Courtyard, each stops his steed.
"And what do you wish, you Horsemen bold?"
"To see your Child. He's good, we're told.
He's gentle as a Dove, they say,
And frisky as a Lamb at play.
So bring him down to us, dear Mother,
That we may learn to love each other."
"Here he is ; you've heard what's true,
He deserves much love from you."
"Child, we're glad to see you here ;
Mother's made you sweet and dear.
Peace and happiness preserve
You, who love from us deserve !
Homewards ride we, glad news bringing—
'Baby's good,' you'll hear us singing."


Die Reiter und das gute Kind.
„Ein liebes Kind liegt im Kind verborgen,
Ob sich im Leben nicht offen;
Drum, Kind! Du es auf fremdes Urtheil borchen,
Dann, Mutter! gilt es achten frin
Das Kind spricht die neue Lehrsprüche:
Ich bitte Euch dem echter Lehrsprüche:
Ich bitte Euch dem echter Lehrsprüche:
Das sind nicht Leute es ein saftiger Schein
Im Leichtern nicht Leben haben Kinder,
Sich unsren Gang ernstlich zu erfreuen trenbe."
Fünf Reiter kommen im vollen Lauf,
Sie reiten in den Hof heraus.
„Was wollt ihr denn, ihr Reiter schön?"
„Wir möchten Dein lieb Kindchen sehn;
Man sagt, es sei wie's Lämchen gut,
Wie's Lämmchen hab' es frohen Muth;
Drum wolle gütig es uns zeigen,
Daß ihm sich unser Herzen neigen."
„Nun, so seht mein liebes Kind;
Gutes Kind wohl Lieb verdient."
„Kindchen, sei uns schön gegrüßt,
Was der Blatter Müh versüßt!
Gutes Kind ist Liebe werth,
Fried' und Freud' sei Dir beschert.
Freude wir nach Hause bringen,
Lied vom guten Kind wir singen."

Picture 38.

XLII.

The Horsemen and the Cross Child.

THAT Men are drawn by what is good
And fly from evil, as they should,
Let your Baby early see,
And he will live happily.

FIVE Horsemen come riding with all their speed;
At our Courtyard each stops his steed.
"And what's your wish, you Horsemen bold?"
"To see your Child; he's good, we are told."
"He cries so much, I am sorry to say,
I cannot bring him down to-day.
He's sulky, and so cross, I fear
The house will soon not hold us here."
"Oh, how sad! that grieves us so.
We came to sing the pretty songs we know.
We'll ride away and seek elsewhere
Some Children much worthier of our care."

Die Reiter und das missgelaunte Kind.
„Das hab Gute die Menschen liebe,
Das das Schlechte der Gute liebe:
Lehr' dem Kind dich früh erkennen,
Lebensglück ist zu erkennen."
Es reiten die Reiter im vollen Lauf,
Sie reiten in den Hof herauf.
„Was wollt ihr denn ihr Reiter schön?"
„„Wir möchten gern Dein Kindchen sehn!""
„Ach, liebe Reiter, es schreit gar sehr,
Ich bring's nicht zu Euch Reitern her;
Es ist so mürrisch, es ist so kraus,
Es macht uns bald zu eng das Haus." —
„„O, dieß thut uns ja gar zu leid,
Mit schönen Liedchen wir's gern erfreut;
Doch jetzt wir reiten fort im Lauf
Und suchen uns frömmere Kinder auf.""

Picture 39.

XLIII.

Hide! Baby.

"We must guard the things we prize;"
Teach your Baby, Mother wise.
It will gladden him to know
That you prize and guard them so.

FIVE Horsemen are coming full gallop here,
They want to get hold of my Baby dear.
"Hide your head, Darling. They won't guess
That you're hiding beneath my dress."
"Riders! I advise. . . .
Ride on, if you're wise.
A word will speak my mind:
My Child you will not find."
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!
They ride fast away and don't stop.
Now look up, my Baby Dear,
The Horsemen are no longer near.

Kindchen verstecke Dich!
„Daß man Gutes müsse wahren,
Lob auch bald Dein Kind erfahren;
Daß Du Gutes nicht zu scheuen,
Deinen lieb Dein Kind sich freuen."
Fünf Reiter kommen im vollen Traben,
Sie woll'n so gern mein Kindchen haben.
„Du, mein Kindchen, verstecke Dich,
Daß die Reiter nicht finden Dich."
„Reiter, liebe Reiter,
Reitet immer weiter;
Will's Euch kurz verkünden,
Könnt mein Kind nicht finden."
Hopp, hopp; hopp, hopp; hopp, hopp.
So reiten sie fort im Galopp.
„Kindchen, schau nun fröhlich auf,
Die Reiter reiten davon im Lauf."

Picture 40.

XLIV.

Hide-and-Seek.

You wonder why a game at Hide-and-Seek
Brings a glad flush of joy to Baby's cheek?
The sense of his own personality
Is causing all this joy that you can see.
When people call him, say, "Where's Baby been?"
He feels that it is he, himself, they mean.
When joy in playing Hide-and-Seek he showed,
He'd taken a fresh step on Life's long road.
Take good care when this you've found;
Dangers hover all around.
Common Sense and Gentle Breeding,
Trust and Candour, Truth well heeding,
You can thus early make your Baby feel.
They will abide, rooted and tried.
His actions from you he will never conceal.

BABY, my Baby dear,
Where are you? far or near?
Where's Baby? do you know?
We all do miss him so.
We've searched. . . . I fear to-day
That he is gone away.
If you found my Child for me,
Oh! how grateful I should be.
Why! my Darling, there you are!
All the time you were not far.
It often happens in life, my Dear,
We overlook what is very near.

Verstecken des Kindes.

„Warum mag wohl das Kindchen mein
Versteckenspiel so sehr erfreun? — "
„Es ist das Gefühl der Persönlichkeit,
Was jetzt schon Dein Kindchen so hoch erfreut:
Es ist das Gefühl, sich selbst zu erkennen,
Wenn's höret seinen Namen nennen;
Drum wenn zum Versteckspiel Dein Kindchen sich
reizt,
Hat's neue Entwickelungsstufe erreicht.

Von jetzt an mußt Du es nun sorglich bewahren;
Denn diese Gefühle umschweben Gefahren. —
Kannst Sinnigkeit und Sittigkeit
Und so Vertraun und Offenheit
Du jetzt schon in dem Kind erwecken,
Daß sie bleiben,
Würzlein ironen,
Nie wird es je sein Thun vor Dir verstecken."

Kindchen, lieb Kindchen Du!
Sag mir, wo weilest Du? —
Wer sagt mir, wo mein Kindchen ist? —
Ich hab' so lang es schon vermißt;
Ich find es nicht am alten Ort:
Fort ist es, fort; fort fort, fort fort.
Wer mir kann mein Kindchen zeigen,
Schönsten Dank will ich ihm reichen.
Da ist's nun da, das Kindchen ja;
War dem Herzen ja so nah! —
„So kann's im Leben oft geschehn,
Daß man das Nächste nicht kann sehn."

Picture 41.

XLV.

Bo-peep.

WHAT a little Baby hears
In his Mother's call "Bo-peep!"
Is, in all his later years,
Conscience, calling clear and deep.
Heed this soft pulse beating still;
Let it lead you and it will.
Then Baby will not feel alone,
For Conscience will be all his own,
And their double life be one.

BO-PEEP! The Cuckoo's calling. Hear him!
Bo-peep! Let's seek him! Let's get near him!
Bo-peep! For Cuckoo's lonely all the day.
Bo-peep! He'll come to Baby if he may.
And now my Child's found him, how glad they'll be.
They'll stay both together so happily.
Bo-peep! my little Child!
Bo-peep! my Child!

Cuckuck!
Was auf dieser Kindesbrust
Ist dem Kind der Mutter Guckguckuck,
Ist auf höherer Entwicklungsstufe
Fürs dem Kindchen der Gemütsmensch:
Hört's den leisen Schlag,
Folgt ihm willig nach,
Fühlt's sein Herzchen nicht allein;
Friedlich wird's dann stets mit ihm beisammen sein,
Als das schönste Lebens-Ziu."
„Guckguck! Guckguck!"
Der Kuckuck ruft das Kindchen;
„Guckguck! Guckguck!"
Ruft ihn doch auch geschwinde hen;
„Guckguck! Guckguck!"
Der Kuckuck ist so ganz allein,
„Guckguck! Guckguck!"
Er möchte gern beim Kindchen sein,
„Guckguck! Guckguck!"
Jetzt hat ihn gefunden mein Kindchen klein,
Nun können sie fröhlich beisammen sein.

Picture 42.

XLVI.

The Shopman and the Girl.

How much a Mother does enjoy
To get her Child some little toy,
Or useful thing from Shopman's Store,
That may delight her more and more.

"MOTHER, do come, Mother dear,
Take me to the Shopman here.
Cupboards, Cradles, Dolls, I know,
He has and will always show.
Household things of every kind,
Tables, Chairs, Dolls' Beds you'll find.
It is Christmas Fair to-day—
That's why everything's so gay.
Mother, come with me, and stop
While I buy at this nice Shop."

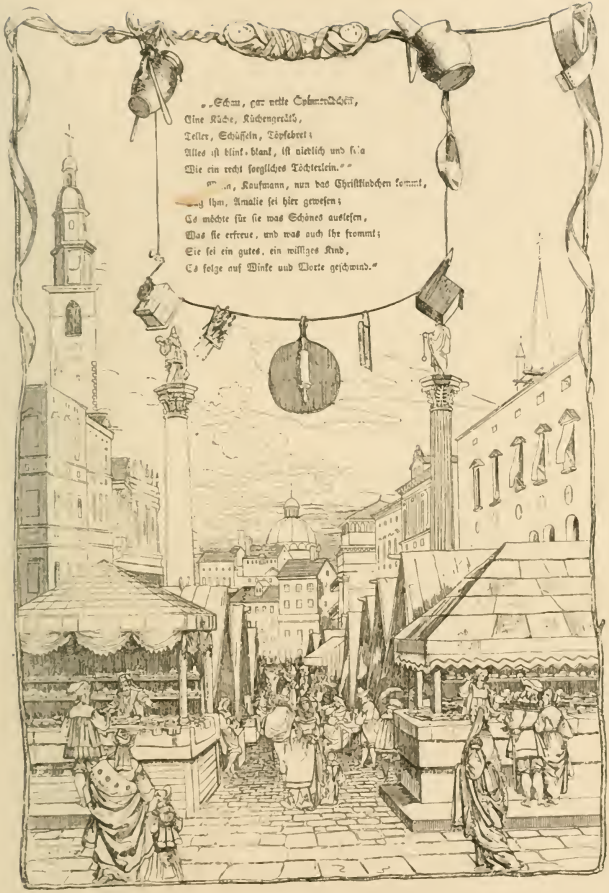
"Yes, my little Girl, we'll go,
Pretty things there'll be, I know.
But a little secret hear,
I will whisper in your ear.
Things in Mother's face will smile
Only if she feels the while
That her little Daughter's good,
And does everything she should.
But if she should sulk and cry,
That would close up Mother's eye,
So that nothing, large or small,
Could tempt her to buy at all;
And if a Mother will not buy, you'll see
That Santa Claus forgets to buy, like me."

"Oh! Mother come! and I will try
To be so good, and I'll not cry."

"Please, Mr. Shopman, will you tell me
What nice things you have to sell me?
What have you for good Girls to-day?"

"See, Madam; Spinning-wheels, a Tray,
Spoons, Forks and Knives, and here's a Dish,
Some Plates and all that Cook can wish;
All spick and span, all clean and new,
To suit a Daughter good, like you."

"Please, Sir, when Santa Claus you see,
Tell him my Daughter came with me;
And that I hope he'll take good care
To choose her good and nice things there;
For she's a good Child, eager to obey,
And tries to do still better every day."


„Schau, gar nette Spielmädchen,
Eine Küche, Küchengeräth,
Teller, Schüsseln, Töpferei;
Alles ist blink, blank, ist niedlich und fein
Wie ein recht sorgliches Töchterlein.“
[illegible], Kaufmann, nun das Christkindchen kommt,
[illegible] ihm, Amalie sei hier gewesen;
Es möchte für sie was Schönes auslesen,
Was sie erfreue, und was auch ihr frommt;
Sie sei ein gutes, ein williges Kind,
Es folge auf Winke und Worte geschwind.“

Picture 43.

XLVII.

The Shopman and the Boy.

THE Shopman seems to have a skilful hand,
And this attraction Children understand;
If kindly, cleverly, this hand can guide
The Children's hearts to skill and good beside.

"FATHER dear, do please be quick;
Take your hat and walking-stick,
There are splendid things, I know,
That the Shopman has to show—
Cows, Sheep, Shepherd, Fold and Stall,
And swift Horses, best of all!
Father, please; O Father dear!
Take me to the Shopman here.
It is Christmas Fair to-day;
That's why everything's so gay."
"Yes, my little Boy, we'll go;
Pretty things there'll be, I know.
But this little secret hear,
I will whisper in your ear:
Things look dark to Father's eye,
If the Boy who's standing by
Can't obey, or evil shun,
Is not all a little Son
Ought to be—so glad and free,
Merry, earnest, good with me.
And if there's nothing Father likes for you,
Then Santa Claus will choose you nothing too."
"O Father, come; I'll try to be
The good Boy that you want to see."
"Shopman, I hear you've got for Boys
Such useful things for Christmas toys.
Please show them me, that I may try
If they can make me wish to buy."
"Carriage, Barrow, Truck, good Sir,
Help Boys heavy weights to stir.
And these Horses, swift and wild,
Try the courage of a Child.
If Quiver, Arrows, Bow, you buy,
You stretch the bow and arrows fly!
But, Sir, how can I show you all
The many things on my Shop-stall?
Just look round for yourself to-day,
And then choose something while you stay."
"Shopman, when Santa Claus you see,
Please say, My Son came here with me,
And that I hope he'll take great care
To choose him good and nice things there;
For he's a good Child, eager to obey,
And tries to grow still better every day."

Der Kaufmann und der Knabe.

„Die Hand den Kaufmann jetzt gewandt,
Ergreift sie das Kind auch mit Hand.
Wenn Er sich freut mit Liebesbrust
Das Knäblein küßt zum Guten hat."

„Vater, Vater! sei so gut,
Nimm doch Deinen Stock und Hut;
Laß uns schnell zum Kaufmann gehn,
Als' sein Schönes zu besehn:
Schafe, Rinder, Hirt und Herde,
Und vor allem rothe Pferde;
Vater, Vater! bitte, bitt',
Nimm mich doch zum Kaufmann mit.
Christkindchen war da: ist ja heut,
Der so schöne Sachen beut.
„Knabe, sorgst wohl mit mir gehen
Auf sein Schönes zu besehen;
Eins doch muß ich Dir vertraun:
Die Sachen den Vater gar finster anschaun,
Wenn ihn ein Neuer Knabe begleitet,
Welcher nicht folgt, das Schönste nicht
bietet;
Welcher nicht immer ist fleißig und gut,
Der nicht hat sinnigen, frohen Muth.
Und wenn dem Vater sein Kind nichts gefällt,
Das Christkindchen auch für den Knaben
nicht wählt."

Vater, mein Vater! o komm nur und
komm!
Will schon recht tüchtig sein, wacker und
fromm.
„Kaufmann, ich höre Du habest für Knaben
Schöne und nützliche Weihnachtsgaben;
Zeige mir nun Deine lieblichen Sachen,
Ob sie wohl Euch zum Kaufen mir machen?"
„Hier ist Wagen, Kanonen, Schildwachen,
Drauf kann der Knabe viel Kriegslust haben:
Hier sind Pferde mit rothem Blut,
Drein kann der Knabe üben den Muth.
Hier sind Degen und Küchen mit Pistolen,
Spannt Degen die Kraft, die Pferde entreißen,
Wie kommt's Dir all' meinen Kram her ergehen,
Schau darum selbst, Du magst Dir dann wählen."
„Wenn, Kaufmann, nun das Christkind kommt,
So sag ihm: mein Adolf sei hier gewesen,
Es möchte für ihn was Gutes auslesen,
Was ihn erfreut und was ihm auch frommt;
Er sei ein gutes, ein williges Kind,
Er folge auf Winke und Worte geschwind."

Picture 44.

XLVIII.

The Church Door and Window.

WHERE Harmony appears in divers things,
In form, and colour and the words they say,
Thither a Child will turn, and there he clings;
Cherish this clinging, Mother dear, I pray.
First among childish guesses should be this:
Supreme endeavour can make all things one.
Prepare this royal way to lifelong bliss;
It is not hard, if once you have begun.
But this great truth must also dwell in you,
And it must be the soul of all you do;
And then the gift you've given will prove the best;
Your Child will keep it, in himself at rest.
Nothing can rob him of this precious thought,
His heart and mind to unity are wrought;
Give him this faith, dear Mother, and you'll see,
He'll thank you all his life most lovingly.
You should not think your Child is far too small;
The smallest Child a magnet in him bears,
That shows him how life binds together all,
And shows which sense, by parting things, ensnares.
If you would bind your Child's heart to your own,
Your heart's own Oneness should in all be shown.

SEE! through that window, Darling mine,
Peeps into Church the bright sunshine.
And see those great, tall doors unclose;
It's through them into Church one goes.
But all who enter, take good care
To be attentive while they're there;
For all that's stirring in your heart, my Dear,
Is helped in Church by all that you will hear.
And there you'll learn the way that you must go
To find out all you most desire to know.
You'll learn why flowers bloom and birdies sing,
And why we still remember Christmas Day;
And why you feel so happy when you play
With flowers and the little lambs, in spring;
Or see the moon, and stars, and sunset-glow,
Or trust dear Father and dear Mother so.
When you are older, we'll go hand in hand;
You'll like the organ, deep and grand—
Lu, lo, la! La, lu, lo, la!
And when the bells ring out their peal
From yonder tower, how glad we feel!
Ding, dong, bell! Ding, dong, bell!
To your heart, through listening ear,
Joy will come to you, my Dear.
Ding, dong, bell!
La, lu, la!
La, lu, lo, la!
La, lu, lo!

Kirchenthür mit Fenster.
Wo sich Einfalt in der Mehrheit zeigt,
Wo er in Gebeth und Thorheit schlicht,
Da hab' frah des Kindes Sinn hinzugesetzt,
Dich zu pflegen, Eltern, Hummer nicht:
Lobt vor allem früh das Kindgen ehrlich,
Daß ein höchstes Streben alle rint,
Höchstes Lebensglück früh anzubahnen,
Nicht so schwer ist's, wie Ihr meint
Drum wohl hoher Sinn leicht in Euch sehen,
Gerne sein, vor allem, was Ihr thut;
Höchstes habe Ihr so dem Kind gegeben,
Wogegen nun ich so selber rede. —
Nicht ist mehr im Stand, etwas zu rauben,
Ganz und ist im Frieden und Gott.
Wirst Du nun Dein Kind Dir innig ein n,
Los in Ihm Deine Eingang mit dem Einigen durchscheinen."
Schau's Fenster mit dem klaren Schein
Dadurch scheint's Licht in's Kirchlein klein.
Auch sieh die große Thür hier stehn,
Durch sie kann man in's Kirchlein gehn.
Doch wer durch sie eintreten will,
Der muß auch sein achtsam und still.
Denn was sich tief im Herzen regt,
Wird da mit Sorgsamkeit gepflegt;
Ja finden wird Dein Herzchen ahnt,
Wird Dir der Weg hier angedeutet:
Wie Blum' und Vöglein erhält,
Und vom Ehestünchen wird erzählt;
Gedeutet was im Herzen fühlst,
Geh dem Kinde, Eltern! solchen Glauben,
Ob Ihr Euch sein ganzes eben freut.
Meinet nicht, daß in's Kind zu kleine,
Ein Magnet im Herzchen, Liebe liegt.
Der ihm zieht, wo Lebenskraft sind,
Und auch welchen Sinn durch Trennung
Wenn Du mit Blum' und Lämmchen spielst;
Wenn Mond und Stern mit Lust Du schaust,
Dem Vater und der Mutter traust,
Bist groß Du, geht Du auch hinein,
Da wird Dich Orgelton erfreun:
Te, te, te; te, te, te, te!
Auch der Gläslein klar Gestein
Klingt vom Thürmchen, o wie schön!
Pim, pam, paum!
Pim, pim, paum.
Dringt durch's Ehe in's Herz hinein:
Gut was wird das Freude sein.
Pim, pim, paum!
Te, te, te; te, te, te, te, te, te!

Picture 45.

XLIX.

The Little Artist.

This Child would like to be
A Draughtsman, as you see.

CHILD-STRENGTH seems nothing, or but very small,
But least things always some great out-come show.
All things around, the greatest things we know,
Came forth from germs, hid in the World's great All.
From Nothing, came the River, Waterfall,
The Sun and Stars with all their light and glow,
When God's voice bade unlovely darkness go,
And cease to wrap the world in misty pall.
Be faithful in the least, did He not say?
And would you turn a dull or deafened ear
Unto a Truth that is your child's Heart-cry?
Or do you think that Truth is otherwise to-day?
Let it be work to you most grave and dear,
To cherish forces that unseen do lie.

If your Child learns, from anything he makes,
To study, somewhat, things that lie around—
Follow creative voice whene'er it wakes,—
The building of a rich new world he's found.

PLACE your little hand in mine;
We will draw; that will be fine.
See the little Birdie fly
Over this low Hill close by.
From this Tree we're making,
Nice ripe Plums hang shaking.
What's in this Bough's fork?
Nest! Hush, as we walk.
Out of this wee House, see!
Comes a little Mousey;
To the Door, some Steps—not steep;
At the Window, someone peep.
On the Roof, see red Tiling;
On the Walls, Mirrors smiling;
In the Room, a Table flat;
We'll place a Fish on that.
This slight Bridge will go
Across the Brook, you know.
Here's the Ladder for the Sailor,
Here are Scissors for the Tailor.
Here's the Pigeon House close by;
In and out the Pigeons fly.
Chicken! Here you have it,
Sitting by the Rabbit.
See the Hare! He shows
Such a short, blunt Nose.
Here's the Saw, long, sharp and narrow.
In the Road, here, lies the Harrow.
Here's the Plough that Horses pull;
Here's the Farmer's brown jug, full;
Here's a Cart where he can ride,
And carry many things inside.
The Wheel you admire,
With Axle and Spoke and a Tire.
The Sun is rising over there;
His rays shed gladness everywhere;
And the Star above,
Just the one you love.
You'll see it with your Eye;
Night shows it in the Sky;
Or in the flakes of Snow,
That hide the fields where flowers grow.
Draw the Moon's kind Smile,
It is well worth while.
As she's young or old you'll see
What quite different shapes she'll be.
And the Church's little Door
Let us make, and then no more.

But how can I name all I see?—
The pretty things my child can draw for me.
What you have made will not last long,
But power of making them grows strong.

Reich mir doch Dein Fingerlein,
Wollen zeichnen Tiergrieva:
Sieh hier diese Vögelein
Fliegen über's Hügelein,
Und an diesem Bäumelein
Hängt ein kleines Pflümelein,
Zwischen diesen Aestchen
Ist ein kleines Nestchen,
Hier aus diesem Häuschen
Kömmt ein kleines Mäschen,
Eine Treppe führt in's Haus,
Jemand schaut zum Fenster raus
Auf dem Dach sieht man die Ziegel,
An der Wand den schönen Spiegel:
In der Stube auch den Tisch,
Darauf einen großen Fisch.
Dieser lange schmale Steg
Führet über's Bächlein weg.
Hier ist eine lange Leiter,
Auch die Scheere für den Schneider,
Hier das hohe Taubenhaus,
Täubchen fliegen ein und aus:

Schau! beim Linken Häuschen
Sitzt noch ein Kaninchen:
Und ein kleines Häschen
Mit dem kurzen Aeschen.
Dort die lange, scharfe Säge,
Hier die Egge an dem Wege:
Doch vorher der Pflug
Für den Knecht der Krug,
Nun auch einen Wagen
Vierleicl zu tragen;
Darum ist das Rad,
Raben, Felgen und Speichen en hat.
Dort liegt auf die Scheune,
Stralen straln Bionne;
Auch den lieben Stern
Siehst Du vielfach gern:
Auge strahlt ihn fern,
Nacht zeigt seinen Schein:
Auch im Schnee ihn schau,

Auf der Blumen Aug
Zeichne auch den Mond,
Wohl sich's Ruhe lehnt
Zeigt verschiedene Gestalt,
Ob er jung ist oder alt.
Nach das Thor zur Kirche klein
Zeiget sich hier fern.

Doch wie nennt' ich all' die schönen Sachen,
Die mein Kindchen zeichnend schon kann machen! —
Was entsteht, zwar alles wieder schwindet,
Doch die Schaffens-Kraft sich ihm verbindet.

„Wenn Dein Kind von dem, was es sich schuf,
Auch nur wenig um sich her erschaut,
Hält's doch, folgend seinem Schaffens-Ruf,
Eine reiche Welt in sich erbaut." —

Picture 46.

L.

Closing Thoughts.

COME, let us make a wreath of flowers sweet,
That single ones in one Life-whole may meet.
Now let us see what we have done
For our sweet Child, our little one;
What we ourselves, by skill in play,
Have come to recognise to-day;
And what—when many things are bound up so—
Life has revealed to us and let us know.
For if we really wish to bless
A childish life with happiness,
Build safely on what we've begun,
And lead it till its goal be won—
Life's future harmony prepare, I mean—
We often must examine all that's been;
For if you do not sift your grains,
You're ill prepared for future gains.
And thus I hope the wreath may now appear
Where we are to unite our flowers here.

Life's forces Baby felt astir in him;
More easily could move each little Limb;
You saw his Senses freely used as well
To suck in mental food where'er they fell.
Things and their qualities he learnt to know,
But on to naming them he could not go.
You saw he'd try all sorts of plans to bring
Within his little grasp some far-off thing;
And how to part from all that's near he tries,
That its real being he may recognise.

You saw him parted things together bind;
For differing things some point of Union find.
The difference grew much more clear
Between himself and strangers near;
How to get pleasant things he knew,
And shirk the disagreeables, too.

You saw his childish deeds and play make known
How very soon he felt his Being his own.
He sees the Cause, the Effect he wants to see:
Event and "reason why" must different be;
Shows trace of Thought, and can conclusions draw;
Chose what he liked where many things he saw;
This further power has been given him, too:
He links himself with all that people do.
And all you kindly show him he will fit
Within his world and make a part of it.

And thus, although with many a wound he's met,
This certain knowledge out of life he'll get:
Life has no room for Wilfulness and Whims.
Though certainly he's free in Mind and Limbs,
Yet he depends on every one outside;
In short, some ruling Power does abide,
Which gives and makes true freedom, far and wide.
And thus a little Child is sure to care
What grown-up people think about him there.
On you, now, Mother, is the power bestowed
Of leading Baby on the righteous road.
Already you may link him so with good
That he would not think evil if he could.
Yes, a new thing is growing in him here;
It seems just like a Voice, or like an Ear;
It is what teaches him the right and good,
And to avoid the Evil as he should.
His sense inclines—its guidance rests with you—
To make him choose the better, purer, true.
Teach him to act on this in every way,
And watch it in what others do and say.
Thus, though that Sense he cannot name alone,
Nor so far recognise it for his own,
Still he will always use the precious sense
In others, too, will love its excellence.
If now you've led your Child so far along
That of himself he'll shrink from what is wrong,
And that the sense of pure, sweet goodness flows
And is his very Life-blood, too, he knows,
Oh, then in future you can clearly teach
"This is the way Man's goal in life to reach."

But tell me what your skill in play
Has made you recognise to-day?
Just tell me what within yourself you've won,
Since such kind care of children you've begun?
You've seen Man's Being is meant to be a Whole,
You read your own in that small childish soul;
How out of States where imperfection clings,
You, too, were striving up to perfect things.
You must press on through Darkness unto Light,
If you would surely reach the greatest height.
Within himself's the life of every man,
To tend and keep as truly as he can.
To do this work he feels an inner force;
Trouble or danger shall not turn his course.

And now so many things you've bound,
Collected from the world around,
Just tell me what it is you've found?
Within's the link that diff'rent things will bind,
And parted things their union can find.
One helps the other towards development,
By each to all support is kindly lent.
So one Life works in All however riven,
Because this Life to All one God has given.

* His Parents' life is Baby's looking-glass;
To do as they do is his favourite play;
His Father stamps it; and the Child would pass
His life in following Father's noble way.

Father's kind spirit wakes and sheds its rays,
On every childish deed a living beam;
He is the sunlight of his boy's young days;
To be like Father is his utmost dream.

But more, the light from Father's thoughtful mind
Beams just ahead, and makes him choose the more
To do the highest duties he can find,
And now will lead the Boy to Heaven's door.

* Inserted in Lange's Edition of 1865.

FRÖBEL'S EXPLANATIONS

EXPLANATIONS OF MOTHER'S SONGS.

Illustrated Title Page.

A MOTHER is sitting surrounded by her Children. She feels the dignity and importance of what she has to do, and her loyal, loving heart is full of the call, "Come, let us live for our Children" and its high meaning. By Song she is trying to interest them in Life's significance and all-sided harmony.

Her motherly ways have attracted a troop of other Children, doubtless those of relatives or friends, to join in the cheery, friendly Song. Although they are sure to be welcome in the pretty garland of childish forms, still they are coming forward with a modest hesitation. Harmonious development of Life is the enlivening Spirit that hovers here; and where it is at work, who would not enter shyly?

This Spirit of Harmony in life heeds whatever exists, fosters whatever is coming into being, and takes care of whatever is possessed; in this spirit the girl has grown up, and it is prompting her to cherish the Plants thoughtfully. The Plant she is tending and watering most carefully is a Lily, the flower of Childhood and Childhood's Innocence.

The same enlivening spirit is prompting the strong Boy, also, to take care of life he sees stirring round him; and his attention has been fascinated by his admiration for a bird's nest, with all the strength that is unfolding in it for future flights upwards on airy wings.

What both Boy and Girl used to play at in their earliest childish doings, while Mother was talking so prettily all the while, has now become a beautiful reality to them. They have blossomed into strong and lovely youth; they are looking around them for some object that will adequately represent their clear, thoughtful, inner

life. The longing of the young man's heart is satisfied by the Lily's sweet scent; the Girl's by its form, delicate and yet strong. The Girl, who is just blooming into Womanhood, rests safely in her own harmoniously-developed disposition, just as she stands safely on the Ball, which is at rest in itself on all sides. The Boy, who has just grown into a young Man, rests firmly in his thoughtful mind that is striving to be clear about everything, just as he rests upon the Cube which reveals simple laws so clearly.

While the Boy and Girl have been thus absorbed, Innocence and Mirth, Love and Joy, are blossoming unobserved, from the Lily which the Child's thought took care of, and are striving upward to their high source, the Sun, clinging the while to the stem which carries their Flowers.

Nature, as she appears by day and night, is sending her blessing upon such deeds and such care; it is streaming down on the Sun's rays by day, and at night from Ariadne's crown;* and it calls to all Mothers, and awakens the same truth in every womanly heart, "Think, and educate a happy coming race, for you alone can do it."

The Angels and dwellers in Heaven are sending their messenger to give the Olive Branch of Peace as a reward for a Mother's life so thoroughly human and so devoted to fostering Childhood. God's Spirit is hovering near, as the heavenly Dove, to give the highest consecration to this faithful, motherly action. From out of the clouds the voice resounds: "This is the care of my Children in the Garden of Life, in which I am well pleased."

Songs between Mother and Child.

Pages 3-10.

MOTHER, rest and be happy, lost in contemplating your Child, and glowing with the feeling that—in the Child who has been given you by the Father of all Being as a revelation of His own Being—a being has been entrusted to you, for your thoughtful observation and anxious care, a being who is one, and therefore one within itself.

Your gaze is fixed upon him as upon a great gift of God.

Ideas come pouring through your heart, Mother, which fill you with blessedness, that this being will develope most rich in variety, in details and individuality, to be a joy to you, as well as a mirror of your own being.

*See the *Sonntagsblatt*, published by F. Fröbel. Vol. I. 10. 13, page 101, "Ariadne," and Herder's "Ariadne Libera."

As this variety of the signs of life in your Child presents more and more differences and contrasts, and evokes them, your heart begins to feel unspeakable joy in the anticipation that they will all resolve themselves into beautiful forms as Life.

You feel sure that if Life be kept undisturbed and clear, and held firmly as a single Whole, all these differing things will melt into each other, as drops in a clear lake of peace, or as things seen in the outer world blend peacefully in your eye's clear gaze.

It is in your Child's soul, Mother, that the smoothing out of all difference and contrast in his life, as well as the unity of his Being, will make itself known to you.

You can see how his love of moving his body, the movement and use of his limbs, the activity of his senses, all turn towards and relate to the one point: Life must be grasped, experienced and viewed in oneself as a single thing amid all its diversity, and through all apparent differences and contrasts. He wants to feel his own Self in himself, and represent it outside himself; he wants to take what is outer up into himself, in order to look it through as a single thing, and form it into a fresh shape; just as a healthy tree takes up the variety of natural elements and earthy materials, absorbs them over as its own being and law dictate, and gives them out again formed into leaves, flowers and fruit. This dim notion that all that exists is in harmony and inner oneness as though it were a single thing, is an idea which a Child gives expression to in all he does: it evidently pleases him; and it is in this idea that his being declares itself as a Mind.

Singleness in being; Life, Soul, Mind; to guess, feel, become sensitive to, become conscious of, manifoldness, even opposition of the most various expressions of Life, where a Child is rightly understood and treated, yet in the end all things smoothed out, and even lovely harmony: all this is what so deeply delights you as a thoughtful and observing Mother, and it delights you because it is a clear reflection of your own Being and Life.

And thus, gazing at your Child, tending and noticing him, watching his strength and development in every utterance of his life, step by step, you arrive at the distinct conviction that not only does the Child guess in each thing the unity that he feels in himself beyond all doubt; but the guess is also developing in him, and becoming a living feeling, that just as he perceives in himself a single source of all life, so all things originate in this source as in unity; or, as you would piously and believingly express it, Mother, recognising it as clearly, and feeling as gladly about it as you do: your Child's being is a spark from God, is divine: just as all that exists, and all life, is only a manifestation of the living God.

Now, Mother, it is in accordance with all this, that, as you are a loving Mother who feels one with your Child as well as with God, the task of your life is before you; and it is to rear your Child as one who is, and is to be, a Child of God—a Child who is one in himself, in living connection with the outside world, with man and nature, but, above all, in union with God, the Source and Father of all things; this is the highest task of your life, and its highest happiness.

How and through what is this to be done, you ask? The answer, Mother, is written in your heart, and is expressed unconsciously and artlessly in all your simple, motherly ways; you actually do give yourself the answer in them.

To this you reply: "In what, and through what else, could it be done, except by and in the manifoldness that is single, and yet the wholeness of his body, limbs and senses; his noticing and attending to things, his deeds and strivings, his lively feeling of himself that is already astir in him, even his already distinguishing that there is a difference between his personal relation to me and to other people—all which things affect his life intensely. How could I work except on the perceptions of his Mind, though it be but dawning?"

And you are quite right, Mother, so thoughtful, so observant, and so careful as you are to follow and not lead his life; for your Child must be recognised, tended and treated as in the midst of a life that is all connected into a single whole, and yet you must be faithful to the laws of his own being, as well as to the laws of this greater life around him. For his body connects him with the materials of the earth, his limbs connect him with his surroundings that are for ever forming afresh from their own midst, just as his senses connect him with the entire world of sense that is at work on him; his dawning feeling of Self, his glimmering power of guessing at things, his growing mind connect him with all that appears as life, and manifests itself as such; yes, and not only connects him with it, but shows that he is already in inner union with the whole world of life and mind.

Your task in the Education of your Child consists, faithful Mother, in this: With due regard to his being, and his ways of expressing it, you must grasp your Child in this connection; nay, more, in this original oneness that is indissoluble—in his independence, and in his love of being active; and then, in accordance with all these ruling laws and demands of his being, you must wait on him, cherish, develope and form him.

But what are the ways, now, in which your Child's being expresses itself, in manifoldness and contrasts, as well as in harmony? In

what other ways should it be than in those which everywhere press for utterance where life manifests itself in detail, where Being takes form, whether it be in the world where things live, or where they are truly alive—the vegetable or animal kingdom, or in human life?

Whether we are looking at a seed or an egg, whether we are watching feeling or thought, what is definite proceeds everywhere from what is indefinite; and this is the way your Child's life is sure to show itself to you, Mother. But in this indefiniteness, which is about life as husk about grain, there lies the fulness of life; and it will reveal itself, just as life's fulness manifests itself in the germinating plant or the young of animals as they develope. Now, just as the fulness of life in your Child delights you so much, so his receptivity for all that gives and takes up life will strike you as something that elevates his life in every way; even as young plants and animals are receptive of the faintest working of light and warmth, or the impressions of their environment, however unnoticeable (delicate). This receptivity is, moreover, closely akin to high, general excitability and power of being charmed; just as in nature, the tenderest plant or the youngest animal allows itself to be affected by the slightest change in its condition, or the softest movement.

This susceptibility and excitability often bring in their train grief and pain for the Child himself, as well as for his surroundings, and, above all, for you, Mother, so faithful and careful as you are; yet it is in this susceptibility and excitability that we, nevertheless, see the Child developing easily as to his bodily frame, and true to nature. We see him attain the stature that is most suitable to his nature with real ease, just as every plant and every young animal easily attains its most natural growth by such expressions of its life.

But, above all, there is struggle towards development that shall be free, and according to the laws of life; this struggle declares itself in all the signs of the Child's life, in his entire bodily activity, as well as in all separate activities that belong to senses, limbs and body; and it is this struggle which, in spite of the purity of its deepest basis, practically causes so much misunderstanding and cloudiness, grief and pain, in life.

Thus a child proceeds from strengthening and developing body, limbs and senses to using them; from seeing things to perceiving them; from noticing to observing and studying; from knowing and the knowledge of the detail to connecting it all by discovering some common principle; from a life of body, senses and limbs which is thus healthy upwards to a healthy mental life; from experience of a thing joined with thought about it up to pure thinking: thus from healthy, powerful feeling to a disposition that sees inner meaning in

things; from outward study to inward grasp; from outward putting things together to inner comparison and judgment; from the outer connection to the inner conclusion drawn about things; from outward understanding to inner comprehension; to the development and formation of the Intellect; from the outside grasp of something that is seen, to the inner taking in of its basis, its cause; to the development and formation of the Reason; and thus, when his Education is finished, will appear to him, and thus will there shape itself before him in his inner self, the transparent and clear mental picture of each Being as a detail, first separately, but then as part of the Whole, in which it is a link, but always as in itself a single idea.

And so you will lead your Child from the thing to the Picture, from the Picture to the emblem, from the emblem to grasping the being of the thing, as an intellectual Whole. Thus is developed the Idea, the Ideas of Detail and Whole; it is thus that, at the goal of his education and formation, your Child will glance over his life as a part of the Whole of Life, as a mental picture, clear within itself as the life of his Family, his people, humanity, the being, life, and working of God in all and through all.

Bearing within him this clearly formed life of the Whole, the task of his life is to represent it outside himself, in all his feeling and thought, deeds and relationships; and thus there are united in him Guessing, Life and Nature as appearance, experience and revelation. Life is to him a life of nature and humanity, but also a Life, one in God, and hence a life of peace and joy; and your wishes, dear Mother, for your Child, whom you bore, and whom you cherish in heart and life, are fulfilled.

Glance at a Mother who is absorbed in Looking at her Child.

WHAT is it that lights up and warms your whole being; what is it that streams through you like a soft glow, Mother dear, when you look at your lovely Child, who lies at rest before you? What is it that gives such meaning and importance to the most trifling thing you do to help him; what is it that teaches you to do the most disagreeable things that people are only too glad to spare their senses, and that you, nevertheless, go through most carefully? What is it that gives you rest, forethought, perseverance, courage, devotion, even amid events in your Child's life that cause pain and anxiety?

It is that every trifle, whether it concern order, cleanliness, food, or anything else, is something that you see in its connection and union with the great Whole of life, and in its counter effect on this: it is that your glance takes in your Child's life as a Whole, though your guess be but dim about it—a Whole, in which every detail, even the most trifling, continues to operate with a power that developes as it goes on; it is that in the present you already see the future. Thus it is the dim guess and the attempt to grasp, the grip and study of life as a Whole, in which every detail is recognised in its right place and true meaning, which gives your own life and doing all the rich gifts and high qualities I mentioned above. And there is, moreover, another thing that you see and recognise through it all, and through your own life and character, your own experience and working. It is that, if you want to make your dear Child, in his future life, attain his destiny and fulfil his calling, as you have attained your woman's destiny, and are fulfilling your Mother's calling, by duly honouring and recognising what is small, by conquering what is disagreeable, by forethought, perseverance and courage, you must, from the first, treat your Child's life as a Whole.

It is a Whole in which even the smallest thing has its meaning, and an importance that is full of fresh development. You must not only guess and feel this, but you must study and recognise it, and hold it firmly in the life within the Child, as well as in action outside him. Then your Child's life will show at every step, and throughout the whole of his development, the same signs and all the splendid qualities which your own life, Mother, manifests to us. Mother, when our later life displays so much that is unsatisfactory to us and in us, this is the sole reason. It is because, even as Children, we are torn away so sadly soon from our guess after that high, inward and close connection between all life that includes even the smallest thing, and exhibits it in all its importance; and therefore we never come to knowledge and a clear view of life's connectedness, still less to a firm grasp of it; or if we do come to honouring it, it is only very late in the day, when the loveliest and richest part of our life has been wasted.

What sight is lovelier to us or more important, what do we rest on with more joy, and what is Art never weary of putting in Pictures over and over again, down to the minutest details?

This sight is Childhood; it is the sight of Motherhood and Childishness in the Babyhood of our lives, in the closest union and full of each other. Yet it is but a single aspect of all this that Art ever brings before us, however ideally it be presented. But where are the hundreds and hundreds of other aspects and shapes in which Mother-love tended and developed our lives? They have sunk into

the sea of forgetfulness, and yet they are the very waves which were meant to tide our Ship of Life along the stream of life and safely into port; and they would have done so, had we recognised them and held firmly to them.

These MOTHER'S SONGS, GAMES AND STORIES are meant to furnish you with a small and incomplete beginning of all you want to do, and the Pictures round them will help you even more than the rest. You want to get a firm hold over the earliest life of Childhood, while your Child is a baby in arms; and you are willing to regard this as a real seedtime, as the earliest period of development for all future human life. And I hope the Songs and Pictures will not only help you to do all this, but to a general knowledge, a true and deeper recognition of all you do for your dear Child,—with what motives, with what view, to what end, and above all in what spirit you do it. Take the book, Mother, take it kindly and considerately; do not dwell too critically on the style of Art in the Pictures; it is the first attempt of the kind made with such an aim and in such a spirit: it was sure to be imperfect; but it will make clear to you what hitherto, in your dim idea of your great destiny, you have been used to doing—often very lovingly, it is true, but usually more as a matter of feeling than of insight or knowledge; and therefore you have often wavered or not understood what you were about.

If it leads you to become aware of all these great things, you will easily excuse the imperfection of this first attempt; the Children themselves certainly do so. And just as these Songs and Pictures make the present clear, and bring the future within your range of sight, so, united, they should become a Picture-book for your dear little Child in his earliest years, Mother, when he so enjoys passing from anything to the picture of it, and even sees the symbolical idea or emblem in the picture; and in your hands it can become such a Picture-book to him, if you make it seem alive by your way of talking about it, and warm it all by your own heart. Such a Picture-book will always carry him back to his furthest past, his first and earliest Childhood; that he may keep firm hold over it, not only as an outside basis, but rather as the germ of his whole future life.

> "For what a Mother wakes and tends and thinks,
> In early, thoughtful Games and Song and Sound,
> And what her love protecting hedges round,
> Works on with blessing through a thousand links."

Dear Mother, is not this the case with all the feelings your first born Child, and each Child afterwards, awoke in you when you sat

watching all its first gentle stirrings of life as it lay in your lap or in your arms? Do not these feelings, which led you, so gently and yet so pressingly, to worthy and loving care of your Child, not so much for its own comfort as to soothe you and give you peace, deserve in their turn the most delicate observation, anxiety, and, above all, culture like this? Do they not demand it? Ought such feelings to be merely transitory? Were they not feelings of unspeakable happiness, sensations of utter blessedness which then streamed through you, which seemed to make you into a higher kind of being?—as your appearance gave the impression of some higher and more inward perfection, even of heavenly gentleness and brightness. Could any one who saw you fail to observe it? Now, how could your consciousness that you had given life and existence to a Child, how could your thoughtfully looking at him bring this about? It is your dim feeling that there is something inexpressibly blessed which is given, together with human existence and life.

But, Mother, is it not also true, that anxiety about maintaining the bodily life of the child God has sent you causes those feelings and sensations to fall more and more into the background, to cool off, or only too often to vanish altogether? Ought it really to be so? Are those feelings merely the sweet, high reward for the unspeakable woe and the deep pain which gave earthly existence to that gift from Heaven? or is it rather the mind's hovering feeling of a higher kind of motherly rearing which, later on, as a consciousness that comes to you from your Child, should accompany you all through life, at any rate so long as he is being educated, and until he is ripe for independence?

I believe the latter. May I try to show you what I mean by a Picture? Let me do so in a true and faithful Picture from life, one that gives an actual occurrence.

When I was a Boy, and my sense for what is in nature was all awakening within me, I discovered a little flower, under a hedge of white roses in my Father's garden; it was very difficult to see it at all; it had five petals and was red, with five golden points in the middle of it. It was a simple child of nature, and a hundred far more beautiful flowers were to be found all over the garden, tended by my Father's careful hand, while that one had been allowed to bloom unnoticed, in a corner out of sight. Yet it was just this flower which riveted my attention more than all the rest; for when I looked down into its coronet, and between the little golden stars, I could fancy I was looking down into endless depths. I have looked into it for hours at a time, during months and years when the flower was in bloom: it seemed to me always to be wishing to say

something, and yet I could not understand it; yet I never got in the least tired of looking into it; I thought I should be sure to see something in it presently. Dear Mother, it is with just such love, such longing, such a guessing feeling as this, that I mean you would regard your Child, like a flower that has blossomed from yourself; you would look into his face that is so full of his soul, and into his eyes' clear gaze; you, too, would like to see something, ay, and a heaven, in the star and outlook of your Child's face. My gaze into the flower is like yours at your Baby, and thus I think I understand you and you me. Only we understand each other already, without any other help than one look from our Darling. But the Boy wandered away from his Father's house, and left the lovely garden, and the flower was forgotten. Now only think what his joy must have been when, as a youth, who by this time was on closer terms with nature, he found the flower again; he found it in the company of the nut tree that was pressing forward its blossoms in earliest spring as significantly as ever; and he looked at it again with all his old intense love and longing; but now it spoke to him in its own tongue, now it taught him how to guess the secrets of its existence, and the mysterious law of its development; but again it vanished in the stream of life that whirls everything down into itself.

When I was a Man, busy at work in my chosen calling, the flower met my eye again; what it had suggested to me as a stray little flower, I had now found in the Tree which lasts ten, a hundred, a thousand years: an emblem for distinguishing good from evil, right from wrong, what is from what seems to be. Now, fifty years later, I can see clearly why, as a thoughtful Boy, I used to look so longingly into the Flower's depths, and it was the Genius of Life who let me dimly see life's depths in it, life's law and life's meaning. Look, Mother, what I used to see in it emblematically, your eye really sees in your dear Child. Must fifty years and more pass over your head as they did over mine, before you explain clearly to yourself what his life says to you about himself, and about life in general?

Why! life is almost over by that time, and your recognition of truth will not do him or you much good then. What does a longing look into a Flower's star or a Child's eye teach us? "Whatever is unfolding, whether as a Flower, or Tree, or a Human Being, is given as the condition for the whole of its existence; and perfect human Being is as much involved in a Child's first appearance and glance, as the Flower's or Tree's first appearance involves a perfect Flower, or a perfect Tree."

Mother, it is through this guess and longing that an entire human being, who is meant to be completed and perfected, may slumber

within your Child, that his glance at you throws so much light on it all. What, then, is that exclusively human being which expresses itself so brightly in your Child, untroubled, and without being cut short in any way?

Your Child, just because it is yours, that is to say, because it is a human Child, is intended to live in the Past and Future, as well as in the Present. The one heaven of the Past he brings with him into his present existence, just as by his very appearance on earth he brought one heaven into the Present, and encompasses another within him. Mother, this threefold heaven which you bear within you, shines out to you from your Child too.

The animal lives only in the Present; its horizon knows nothing of Past or Future. But a glance into the Future, heaven in the Future, is what Hope contains;—the heaven of the Present, the feeling of the intense oneness of all life, pain and joy, is what Love opens, and Faith comes to meet the glance from the Past. For, Mother, whose heart would not be filled with firmest faith, divinest faith in all that is good, true, holy, human and godlike, if he did but look thoughtfully with a clear eye into his own Past, or the Past of the World? And where is the man in whose mind such a look into the facts of the Past would not become a believing glance, and one of faith—a glance at Truth itself? And is it not the Spirit of Truth which leads us into life that is true and real?

Mother, these angles and points of juncture in our highest and holiest human Life—Present, Past and Future—these three good genii of human life, Faith, Love and Hope, come beaming towards you already from your Child. It is this dim guess which so lights up your being as you look at your first-born Child, and each new-born Child; it is that you think, all that is highest in humanity lies already in your Child. Cherish the thought, Mother, for you know that it is through this that you unite your Child's being in faithful bonds with the Unity of all life, in the threefold harmony of his being with the source of all Light, all Love, and all Life—God.

"For Faith, and Love, and Hope lay bare
Heaven already opening there.
By Him Light, Love, and Life are given,
The sacredness that comes from Heaven."

EXPLANATIONS OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE GAMES AND SONGS.

Kicking Song.

(Picture 1.)

MOTHER, as you are carefully rearing your child, Life is the central point of all your feeling, your emotions and thoughts; Life is the central point to which all your working, your arrangements, your actions relate. This is why your feeling and working, your thought and action, always form something that is intensely one within itself, and why all signs of life in your much loved child excite both thought and action in their inner oneness. Nothing, therefore, gives you more joy than the appearance and observation of quiet and vigorous signs of Life in your child,—signs that, so far as bodily strength goes, are of powerful and energetic life,—provided only that they be according to the laws of nature and of life; and where these signs thus meet you, you feel—unless prejudice, habit and false knowledge hold you back from doing so—that you are at once challenged to immediate nurture of the life stirring within your child, to wait upon it, to strengthen it by culture, to develope, exercise and form it, so as to bring your child to self-knowledge as soon as possible. Your child is lying before you on a clean fresh mattress, in the strengthening bath of air, after a bath of pure water has already strengthened him; he lies before you with a comfortable feeling of health throughout his whole body, and strikes out with his small arms as he kicks with his legs. He wants, you feel that he wants, to find some object by and through which he can measure his strength and enjoy its growth; and what you read in your child's action as a necessity or wish, your fostering mother-love comes forward to meet.

Your hands or your chest, against which he treads with alternate feet, serve as a gauge and as a strengthener of power. You follow the law of the movement shown in his expression of power. But it is not

only outward bodily life that you wish thus to foster, but also his inner life—the life of feeling, emotion and soul. It is not only his strength that he is to learn through yours, but he is to feel your love as well—the motives from which you do all this; and thus melody comes to help action and words.

You ought to let your little child feel even thus early, and at any rate he ought to recognise later on, how his awakening and growing powers are to you like oil for feeding your love and its sacred fire. The suggestion and picture of it are given by the small night-lamp, which stood beside you through all the long nights that are past, as carrying on your love for your child. It was strength, well developed and suitably exercised, that made the oil-yielding plants, rape seed, flax, hemp, or whatever they may be called, and however they may be used in different districts, furnish oil to keep alive the little lamp which watches all night.

In the same way the child should feel later on that the fostering care of your mother-love comes to him out of the harmonious development and suitable exercise and use of all his powers. The oil mill to the left, where a seed of poppy and of hemp have found a quiet nook to strike root and grow up, ought to give you means of explaining all this to your child with regard to oil and hemp, when he is old enough to understand it, until some opportunity occurs of showing him such a mill in reality. Let us suppose this has now taken place.

Whatever your boy and girl may have seen in the picture they are now carrying out in their play after their own fashion. The mother has taken her troop of children into the valley close by, in order to suggest to them and make them feel, if they cannot know, the power in nature that works in all things, and seems to love us. Yonder, at the head of the mountain stream, the boy has found room to set up his toy oil-mill, that the water may keep it merrily going. His younger brother is sitting by amazed, shading his face from the dazzling sun, that it may not hinder him from admiring his brother's work. The eldest sister is trying to reach her end by a shorter plan: with her sturdy feet she is wading in the clear brook, where she is trying to knead the fine sand into plastic dough. Surrounded by her dear ones, the mother sits thinking about it all: "How from the same care of children and of their childhood, such different forms of child-life arise." In the mirror of their childish play, she sees the later life of all the three children who are now so fascinated by the water and its power. The eldest boy, she fancies, will some day bend the power of life to gain his own end by means of his intelligence, which will tell him how to employ whatever leads to that end. The girl will reach her end directly

through her own life and action, keeping her end steadily in view, and devoted to it with all her might; the younger boy will reach his aim because he tries to find out the nature of the force he is dealing with and the laws of its working. Just as each one of the children at play mentally lives a rich life in the present, so their mother lives it in the present and the future as well as in the past. Then to the question, "Where is the good woman going to?" the woman, who is passing with a basket, and is already some way up the hill, answers, "Up to the rich miller. I want to see if I can get some oil in return for what I am taking him, for my little child is so ill, and I have to watch all night beside it. I want bread too; for I cannot earn anything now, and yet the poor child must eat." This answer brings back to the mother's mind the kicking-game she used to play in days gone by; and as she looks at her children and thinks about them, she says: "Will the children's future life thankfully reward their mother's love?"

Bump! see how my Baby's falling!

A GAME TO STRENGTHEN THE WHOLE BODY.

IT often happens in life that what lies close at hand is overlooked, and that was the case with this little song; and later on, the opinion of the artist, which deserved some consideration, was, that no border could possibly be made for it. But since the little song and game, as a game to exercise the body, could not well be allowed to drop out of the collection, they stand here without an illustrative border. But it explains itself to you, thoughtful mother, both through itself and through its motto, as easily as it is simple to carry out.

I can see you, dear mother, standing before the table whereon a cushion is spread, or before your darling's crib, holding him in your hands, which form a kind of basket for his small plump back as he is half-sitting, half-lying. You are holding him somewhat above the cushion or crib; you let your hands slip down to the cushion gently, but so that the body may really feel it as a slight shake; or the child is already lying before you on the cushion or the thick quilt. You grasp both his hands or arms, and gently raise the upper part of his body, so that he remains in a sitting posture. Now let the child's hands and arms gently slip again from your own, and let him fall back again on his mattress, so that he may really feel a slight shock.

Now, just as this slipping away, carried on under your care and love

makes the child actually stronger, and realise his strength more, so you, careful mother, will find plenty of occasions when he is a little older for making him feel and perceive, as a growing child, that slipping of this kind, without such a watchful eye, easily leads to falling. Yonder the child is gliding in his sledge down the snowy path. He has acquired neither eye nor strength to guide the sledge and see: he falls. Fortunately his leg only hurts him a little: "Strengthen your eye, strengthen your power, that in future you may escape falling."

Yonder the boy is sliding on a slide; he is looking carelessly about, and he carelessly lets his feet and legs go where they will. He falls, and, luckily enough, he has only grazed his hand a little. "Keep your wits about you, look where you are going, guide your feet and legs, that you may not fall again," his pain says to him. But oh! there the smooth plate has slipped from the girl's hand, and the polished tumbler from the boy's; yet they were carrying both so carefully, and did not let their eyes wander from either. They did not use the strength in their little hands and fingers. "Carefulness and real anxiety, accompanied by weakness and powerlessness, can lead no less easily to a fall." If you, Mother, who need the thing for your child, will piece together this picture from life, you will not miss the drawing here, but will, on the contrary, secure for your child the life-fruit of this little game.

The Weather-Cock or Vane.

A GAME FOR EXERCISING THE JOINTS OF THE HAND AND ELBOW.

(PICTURE 2.)

THE lower part of the child's arm stands as upright as possible, his hand is spread out in the same direction, so that the four spread fingers form as it were the tail, the flat hand the body, and the little thumb the throat and head of the cock. In this position you let your child's hand move to and fro. "But this game, too, is really too simple!" And yet it gives your child pleasure—fresh pleasure every time, and it is a long time before it ceases to do so.

Your child cannot speak yet; and only see, not only with what pleasure, but with what seriousness, he moves his small hand when you invite him by saying, "Show me what the weather-cock does!" (in many places weather-vane), or, "Show me the weather-cock!" What can be the cause of all this? Have you not noticed that when you move an object before your child so that the motive power is

somewhat distant from the object, it gives the child more pleasure to seek the cause of the movement than to look at the moving object? It is the same thing here; it is the feeling and controlling the reason of a consequence, the cause of an effect, which makes your child so serious as well as so happy.

Look! he is giving a practical representation of his perception that a moving cause, a moving power, is the secret of the object's moving at all; and soon he comes to the conclusion—a living, lively, and enlivening force is at the bottom of the living, lively object.

On a rather windy, almost boisterous day, your dear children go with you to the drying-ground in front of your house; for where do children not like to go with mother, who is always so active?

Listen! how the vane on the tower is creaking; the wind moves it to and fro. Here comes a hen too, accompanied by her proud cock; but they cannot turn themselves about so easily as the weather-cock, and so the wind only blows their tails from side to side. But hear how the wind flaps the linen that is hung out to dry; it seems to be chatting in a loud voice about the strong wind. How the child enjoys this flapping and chatting! In a moment, the boy has bound to a stick the towel he was just going to use for bathing, if the wind had not hindered him: and it waves on high and chatters in the air. The girl must get the same pleasure from her pocket-handkerchief and outstretched arm. A third child gives his kite more freedom than the girl gives her handkerchief, or the other boy his towel; so that it can go high up in the air, and yield him the more pleasure.

Clap, clap, clap! says something yonder. What is it, then? The wind is driving the windmill's sails round fast, so that the sails strike, Clap, clap! What is there that older people do that the little ones will not at once imitate? (Therefore be careful, you grown-up people, what you do in sight of little ones.) See! here comes a boy already with his paper windmill. Look how it turns quicker, as the boy runs quickly! Yonder the mother can scarcely shield her little daughter from the power of the storm, and the man must balance himself carefully that it may not make him stagger.

"Mother! isn't the wind very strong to-day, that it can bend everything as it likes? Only see how sister's hair is flapping, like your linen on the lines. Where does the wind come from, that moves everything in this way?"

"Well, my child, if I were to tell it you according to my way of looking at it, you would not understand it at all. It would sound to you like a strange language if I were to say to you: 'The pressure of the air, or its altered volume, or a change in its temperature, has

produced it.' You would not understand one word of that. But perhaps you can already understand: One single great power, even though it be only wind, can do a great deal—small things and great things—even if you cannot see this power. So there are many things, my child, which we can certainly perceive but not see—which we can perceive and see—but which I cannot make clear to you, or explain by words just yet. See! your hand moves, but you cannot see the power that moves it. Therefore only observe and take care of strength wherever you find it now; later, you will see more and more where it comes from, even if you do not see it."

"It's all Gone, Baby; all!"

A GAME TO EXERCISE THE JOINTS OF THE HAND.

(PICTURE 3.)

EVERYBODY knows that wave of the hand, held more or less upright, which means denial, or indicates that nothing remains of a certain thing, or that some certain person is no longer present. This little game, though, like the preceding, it improves the arm's suppleness, only in another position, is still quite a contrast to the former: and so are the representations and observations that are here connected with it. In the former case there was a widely-extended Present, here something is wanting; there was a something that endured, here is a universal stop; there was a lively reference to the Present, here is a general impression of Having-been, of the past, a distinct proof of some earlier time or Long-ago, as compared with a Now. Everywhere something was there which is not there now—the soup is done, the plate is empty, the light is burnt out, there is no salt left.

Even the dog Merry, who went with Father round the farm, has eaten his meal; he still seems hungry, but there is nothing more to eat. The boy is thirsty: "Please, sister, give me some water." "There is no more left," she says, holding the empty glass, inverted downwards, in front of him to convince him. By this unexpected and dismal news, his attention is diverted from the bread-and-butter he had laid down behind him. The sly cat seems to have noticed this; she softly glides up to it, and draws the bread-and-butter away to devour it. Presently the boy will wish for it, and turn round to look for it; then he too will have to say, "It is gone!"

But I am sorry for the girl yonder; she meant so well. She wanted to give her singing-bird food, but carelessly left the door

open because she looked down and saw her sister's empty glass. "Why! where is your bird, dear?" "Oh! it is gone; it has flown away." "Come with me, little sister," says her brother, comfortingly; "outside, in an old tree, I know there is a nest, with many little birds in it. I will get it you, so that you will have many instead of one. Come, do come!"

See! here they stand, so full of expectation that the dog, who was still hungry and followed them, is not seen eating the bread from the boy's hand; and when he turns round, he will have to say too, "It is gone!" The brother has now got up into the tree. "But just look: the nest is gone! Everything has flown away!" "I'll have one of the little birds for my own, at any rate," says the other brother. "Look there: it is caught and put under my hat! I shall love to give it to my sister; it will be as nice as my finding you, you beautiful raspberries that are here. You will taste so good. Only be patient, dear little bird, for a little while in your darkness." But the wind comes slyly or gambolling along, and turns the hat over; the bird flies away, and the boy, when he comes, says, "Oh! the bird is gone."

"Mother, I don't want to see the picture any more, because in it everything is gone, and nothing keeps what it had, and what it would like to have."

"See, my child, if people want to keep things, they must be economical and careful wherever those things are concerned; they must not let themselves be led aside by desire for other things. If they want to have a thing at a certain time, they must provide for it sufficient time beforehand. It was through a disappointed hope of quenching his thirst that the boy forgot his bread; through inattention the bird flew away from the girl. The boy had no right to take the birds out of their nest, and put them into a cage; their strength and courage kept them their freedom. The dog ate the bread belonging to the boy who was so taken up by watching them, and the other boy lost the pleasure he was thinking to give his sister, because he could not withstand the temptation of the raspberries."

"Mother, let me look again at the little bird who is escaping."

Taste Song.

WHAT happened to the "Bump! my Baby's falling" Song, has also happened to this Song and Game; so it, too, is without border-drawing. It may, however, be the more easily done without in this case, because the object itself lies so near life.

Who does not know and rejoice that you, dear mother, can carry on everything as a game with your child, and can dress up for him the most important things of life in charming Play? Even when you ask him, in play, "Let me have a bite!" or, "Bite the pear!" "Oh! how sweet, how sweet it tastes!"

"Come, Baby, take the berry bright,
A berry off the currant trees:
It draws your mouth—oh, what a sight!
Yet soon another you will seize.
The juice is what refreshes you,
Although with sweet there's sour too."

This is the way in which you, Mother, try to foster, develope and improve each sense, playfully and gaily, but especially the sense of Taste. What is more important, Mother, for your child than the improvement of the senses, and especially the improvement of the sense of Taste, in its transferred moral meaning as well? Who likes to be accused of having "common and low Taste," and who is not glad when it can be said of him: "He has fine, elevated, good Taste?"

Now, why is it that people praise the improvement of a man's Taste? Because it is Taste that proclaims and reveals the inner part, the essence, the soul, the mind of the thing, its principle of life or death.

For the business of the senses and their high meaning lie in this very showing and revealing the essence of things and their inner being to ours, without its being necessary, even in the case of Taste, for us to take physical hold of their outward form and material. It is a most remarkable characteristic of the senses, that if a person has cultivated them, and then follows their dictates, his senses will tell him what the inner being, the essence of things is, in time to prevent his hurting his health by enjoying the things, or his needing to destroy the thing itself in order to get enjoyment out of it; while the corresponding and equally important characteristic of the things themselves is, that they very frequently bear an outward stamp, showing their inner being, and this especially when their enjoyment hurts the health. Thus it is well known how, at any rate, most poisonous plants, and the most hurtful among these, have a dull, melancholy, often a shrunk, almost a confused look. Even the deadly nightshade—beautiful, round and brilliant though it be; and the spurge-laurel, with its peach-like blossoms, share this characteristic, as in a yet higher degree do the oak apple and henbane. But when the form hides the nature of a plant, the scent shows it more decidedly in the loathing it produces; and Taste itself shows it in

cases where the thing to be enjoyed is in itself wholesome, and only becomes unwholesome when excessive indulgence brings about discomfort at least, and thus nausea and disgust—as, for example, even in the case of honey.

If even at this early age, it is important to improve the senses, whether of Sight, or more especially of Smell and Taste, in order to avoid much that is harmful and unwholesome, this improvement is above all important for the development and ennobling of the disposition and mind, and for the awakening of the will for activity. For throughout all nature, the being of things reveals itself through their construction, material, smell and taste, through their form and shape, size and number, sound and colour, and the endless alternations and relations of all these with each other. Thus the improvement of all the senses should be carried on suitably, energetically, early and carefully. It is a matter of supreme importance for a human being's earlier life as well as for his childhood and his later man's life; and more especially if this improvement does not, as in the case of the savage, stop at what is bodily and physical, but is seriously applied to searching out and knowing the inner being and essence of things therein lying open before us, but only to be learnt by observing, connecting and comparing their operations. For, just as the wise man said of a human being, "Speak, and I will tell you who you are," so things and their being can only be recognised through their characteristics which present themselves to the senses. And a man of truly good and fine taste is just one who not only understands this language of things, but is guided by it, and either keeps these things, their being and spirit at a distance, or lets them work upon him, and thus, in either case, direct his action. For since it is in the senses that the soul, the very spirit's own activity, lies open, even in a child, so it is the senses which are, in their turn, like leaders to our knowledge of what is most intellectual—above all, the sense of taste, physical as well as intellectual taste.

Therefore, mother, form your child's sense of Taste.

The Taste Song, taken with its motto, strives to make clear that the improvement of the senses is by no means important solely for the sake of knowing the different ways in which things may be classified, their relations to and their effect on each other, and especially on human beings, but that the improvement of the senses is also in another relation not only equally important but even far more important. It is so in regard to the grade and stage of bodily cultivation, the degree of ripeness each thing has attained, and most certainly this has special application to human life and human relations and phenomena. A clear, frank, steady glance at these shows us that the ultimate and

certain foundation of many human ills—for the individual as well as for groups large or small, in family and citizen-life as well as in business or trade—lies in a wrong use or wrong seizing after the life of things before they have reached the maturity that would fit them to be useful at each step of human action.

Yes, it is indeed so, dear Mother, so intensely concerned for your children's good as you are. A number of the desolating evils that befall persons and families, citizen-society as well as the life of business and industry, really arise from seizing upon objects so as to disturb or destine them before they are ripe, and also from setting unripe objects to work upon other unripe objects. If therefore, Mother, you wish to secure the future good of your own family and of each one of your children, and of their future families, gain your children's attention when first they begin their free personal activity and inclinations for the products of Nature. Make a child notice not only the fixed steps of development from the unripe to the ripe, but above all that to use what is unripe is contrary to Nature in all relations and conditions of life, and often works in its turn injuriously on life, on physical, but no less on intellectual and social life. If you do so, you will be really, as a mother, one of the greatest benefactresses of the human race.

Tick-Tack!

A MOVEMENT FOR THE ARM AND ITS FORMATION.

(Picture 4.)

IT is easy to carry out. Your child, careful Mother, either stands as the drawing shows, on a table, or sits firmly on your lap, so that one arm is free and you can move it to and fro like a pendulum. It is to be understood as a matter of course, and in fact need hardly be mentioned, that this exercise is not exclusively for one arm, either for the right or left. But it may be worth while to say that you may further the all-sided improvement of your child by playing this game with the legs, and alternately with the right or left leg. All this will contribute to a healthy growth as well as to beauty, grace and litheness.

Shall we, thoughtful Mother, talk a little together about the picture? But you know all this better than I do. It was in noticing your clever mother-deeds that I learnt it first from you. You are quite right, dear Mother. It is certainly very well worth notice that children are intensely charmed by everything that is like

a clock: the Swiss in this, as in other cases, make a good distinction between Clock and Time, *Zitt* or *Zeit*.

For this reason I cannot get rid of the conviction—and it is a very good thing for the children that I cannot—that in this and in many another matter, a higher and inner relation is expressed—a certain connection of notion and kinship with the mind. It is certain that the expression of movement-law (Rhythm), as being always equal, has something very attractive in it, and you, as a well-instructed mother, will remember from your own school-days that the kind, the rate of pendulum movement, teaches us important things as to position and form on that great ball, our Earth; so that it seems as though it were from this point of view that there must arise the notion of a higher meaning in the child's liking for a clock and a pendulum's stroke. But let us admit this much: you would say that in a watch it is the movement, the works, the apparent life in the watch, the mechanism—especially the concealment, one might almost say its mystery,—that attract the child. At times it may be so, I will admit, but as a rule it is certainly not; for why used children to build sun-dials which involve no other movement than the shadow's progress, which is almost imperceptible?

Meanwhile let me hold the opinion, the belief, the conviction—call it what you please—that a deeply slumbering notion of the importance of time lies at the bottom of the pleasure children take in playing with and representing a clock. This opinion of mine hurts, as an opinion, neither the child nor anybody else, but in its application it is useful to the child and to everybody. For who does not know the importance of making good use of time in all the relations of life? I scarcely know of anything that is more important for man from his earliest appearance on the earth than to keep and grasp the right time. Does not the life of a child in its first moments depend, only too often, upon this? Hence it is essentially the tendency, the yearning towards—I might almost say the child's being charmed by—the clock, that should be made use of, in order to educate it to observe time rightly, seize it precisely, and use it as well as possible.

We, careful Mother, will in the same way use our little limb-games for the purpose of training our dear child to heed time, so that he may understand you later when he asks you, "Show me this picture;" and you say to him, "Just look what the kitten, there, is doing.

> 'Quite smooth and clean she makes her soft warm fur,
> That people may feel pleased to look at her."

She knows very well that it will soon be time now for some welcome visitors to come. "Now, darling, come and be made neat

and clean too," says Mother to Baby, "for two dear friends will soon come to call on you: Father's dear eyes, which are so clear; they must find you fresh too, child; and then the beautiful flowers and clean pigeons will come too."

> "Since such kind guests will soon be here,
> Let us take care you're fresh and clean, my dear."

But the dear child has always visitors; now come the bright rays of the sun, now the flickering stars and the shining moon, as though they wanted to see the child and talk with him.

> "My child they want so much to meet
> Because they know he's very neat.
> If not, the pure would surely keep away,
> And you, my child, would grieve as well as they.
> And therefore, child, wherever you are seen
> Let it be never said, you are not clean."

Up there five children are playing with a clock.* These five children are the five fingers who want to learn exactly how to know the time, so that they may do everything nicely at the right moment. "Come here, my baby's five fingers, and learn something from the five children."

Mowing Grass.

AN ARM GAME.

(Picture 5.)

YOUR child's hands are both at rest; the lower arms are horizontal and rather stretched forwards; the fingers are bent, their outer side turned upwards. They grasp your hands, which are held and bent in the same way, but palms uppermost, both arms being parallel. Thus a movement may be made which is like mowing grass, and is particularly good for the joints of the upper arm, and improves the child's power of standing upright.

Mother, I know you are anxious to do everything that can be done for your children's well-being and healthiness of mind. Now nothing is more hurtful to both than that objects which outwardly are often so far apart and so fenced off from each other should be

* It is characteristic of child-life to link activity so closely with the object, that children often form the active verb from the noun, together with the sign of activity. It will be admitted that through it they will easily learn later on to understand the peculiarities of other dialects. Thus, in one part of Switzerland, people say instead of "What o'clock is it?" simply "What clock's it?" And a child will say instead of "I will go and play in the road," simply "I will road."

viewed mentally, too, as detached from the great whole of life; nor does anything hinder the formation of the heart and the culture of the disposition so much as this view of things. I hope that you, careful Mother, will from the outset guard your child from this mistake. I would have you teach the lesson through childish games, such as the one before us. "Mother, I am hungry." "Go to Cook, and get her to give you some bread;" or, "There's a penny for you; run and buy a bun," we have often been obliged to say to a child in real life. But at least we ought not to do so always. Early, and whenever it is at all possible, we ought to make the chain of conditions and relations visible which must be gone through and fulfilled before it is possible to say simply, "Go away and get this or that person to give you bread or something else." This may be done by a judicious choice, series and arrangement of beautiful pictures from country and garden life, from the life of industry and business, and by linking with them very simple stories which sketch practical life briefly. You, Mother, are sure to have been trying to do this; and later on, if you will let me, we will look through a selection of pictures together and carry out the scheme.

It will now be easy for you, with the picture at hand and the song to guide you, so to lead your child who wants to know what it is all about, that he may know he has to thank not only Mother, Peter, the cow, Betty, and the baker, for his bread and milk, but above all the Giver and Sustainer of life, the Father of all, Being, who has arranged that the earth, by the combined effect of dew and rain, sunshine and night, winter and summer, shall bring forth grass and herb to nourish the cattle, and often only through them, to nourish mankind.

Your child will certainly understand you, and will understand all the better if you make him take a part—though it be only by way of imitation, like the boy in the picture—in what grown-up people are doing in their anxiety to maintain life; if later on, you make him plant his own garden, gather in his own little harvest of fruit and flowers, and thus let him feel for himself the working of sun, dew and rain, and the eternal laws that God has laid in earth and nature.

Though a child may be so far no more able to completely close the chain of life than the two children can, who are sitting in the two corners below, making a chain of juicy dandelions, he will, nevertheless, no more despair of ultimate success than the diligent boy and thoughtful girl despair of delightedly joining their life-chains by dint of quiet progressive growth. But the tree on the left, where the boy is sitting, says to him, and therefore to all educators, by its outer appearance, "Take care not to graft anything ignoble, base, false and mad upon the originally good stem, or a gnarled and stunted tree

will grow up, which only yields bitter, worthless fruit. The tree on the right, under which the girl is sitting, says to her, and therefore to all educators, by its form, "Take care not to injure the branch-tips and crest, the inclinations of life and its crest, the crown of your children's lives, by ignorance or thoughtlessness, or you will have bush, wood and foliage, but no flowers, and still less fruit for your reward." Now I see, Mother, why both the children are sitting so deep in thought under the two trees. May the weighty truths, which the trees are expressing to them, not re-echo in their hearts from their own experience! Mother, Mother, may you never need to fear anything of this sort for your children. Happy boy, mowing so vigorously, and sturdy girl, merrily following the hay cart, it is certainly not the case with you.

Beckoning the Chickens.

(Picture 6.)

THE mother's beckoning hand and the child's hand, beckoning with all its fingers prettily bent, need no further explanation, so far as the outside part of this childish game is concerned. The strengthening and exercise of the fingers' movement by it is self-evident.

But the mother here has doubtless heard what we were just saying about the preceding picture. Just look how the strong, healthy child keeps his eyes fixed on the chickens who are conversing so cheerily. His mother must have brought him out into the fresh air that he may see his own fresh, stirring, inner life, in the looking-glass of outer life, and feel how really strong it is within him. Several groups of children, some of whom are certainly her own, have followed her out of doors; for who would not like to follow where children are taken such care of, and above all, what children would not?

Do just look for a moment at these children—their faces and movements are full of health, fun and meaning. See the three children on the right where the middle one is kneeling. How attractively, like a magnet, the fresh life of nature is working; and so strongly is it working on the hearty boy who is behind the two girls, that it is not enough for him to enjoy it with them—no, he turns round to beckon down the three other children who are looking so merrily through the tree. But they do not seem inclined to follow him; the view that lies before them is too powerful an attraction; and here, on the left, how the child is cowering so that no sign of

life in the chicken family may escape him. The girl, on the contrary, starts up, all her care of things stirred, in order to beckon or call the hens and cock not to forget their chickens.

Each child thus sees its own inner life mirrored in nature, and strengthens it by this looking, just as the child sees his life mirrored in his mother's eye, and grows strong by looking; and all these children are all sure to grow up as happily as the hop, which grows up so juicy and luxuriant in the fresh air, near the girl, and in their later years they will all stand up, powerful as the tree under whose shadow the little children are now enjoying the life of nature.

Beckoning the Pigeons.

(Picture 7.)

WHATEVER a child has often seen out of doors while in his mother's arms or her lap, she is glad to please him by imitating indoors, sitting by a table. Her fingers, which then come pattering towards him, are the doves or birds which fluttered by, out of doors. If the child's physical strength prompts him to imitate his mother's action, the exercise of his finger-joints comes in as the fingers move along. Such is the outward part of this little game.

Life attracts life; just as in the preceding picture the life of nature attracted the life of the children, so in this case it is the life of children who are merry and who care for animals, that attracts life in nature, and especially the life of pigeons or birds.

See how trustingly all the pigeons come to the children, as though they had a common language. From all sides, the pigeons come fluttering along, as though they understood each other all the better for not understanding each other's language. And is it not so, Mother, in most cases throughout your life with your children? Did they not oftener follow your words formerly, when they did not understand them, than they do now, when the meaning and sense are quite clear? What is it? Why? Must animals give us a lesson on this? "Word and thing, thing and word, deed and word, and word and deed is to them, in their language, always the same thing."

The Fish in the Brook.

(Picture 8.)

THE child sits either on his Mother's lap, with her left arm gently round him, or before her on the table. Her hands are placed horizontally, almost parallel, and turned outwards from herself. The fingers move independently, now stretched out, now bent, in a movement imitating swimming. The game is before us, so far as its outer form goes.

Little birds and fishes, and fishes and little birds—these are what always give a child the same pleasure. Why? Both bird and fish seem to move quite independently, at any rate quite unhindered in what surrounds them; and this constitutes their ineffable worth and charm for a child. Clearness and freedom, cleanliness and unhindered movement of oneself—these are the foundations of that enjoyment of life which makes a child feel so at ease, grow so strong, and develope so merrily.

And yet there is nothing a child likes doing better than running after the little bird or catching the little fish. Is this not a contradiction? Well, Mother, it does not seem to me so. The child wants to get the bird's glad flight, and the fish's merry swimming for his own, and so gain from both the free and eager power of moving himself, and guiding himself in what is clean and clear. Now, Mother, that is what gives your child so much pleasure in catching and seizing the fish and the bird. But this catching and seizing from the outside do no good, however often he succeeds. It is from within that the free being must be won; from within alone can the fresh and pure atmosphere be attained, in which it gives a child so much pleasure to move. Try, Mother, to bring this near to your child, even though it be at first as the faintest notion. By so doing, you found for your children inner peace and true joy for ever. To this end, use your child's early delight in what is clean and clear, and in joyful excitement and merry movements.

"Brother, do catch me a fish too; it is swimming so merrily in the brook; now it is here, and now it is gone; sometimes it is straight and sometimes it is bent; it is so pretty whatever it does. Oh, if I could swim so, turn and bend, wind and dip, go along so straight and fly away so fast, and hide myself so easily, how I would tease you, brother! O brother! do catch me a fish."

"There, little sister; there's one for you; but hold it firmly, or it will slip away."

"But, brother, it doesn't move any more, it only lies stretched out

straight; but it is still gasping. I will lay it on the grass; it will be sure to begin moving happily there again. Oh! even there it is lying straight; where did it get its merry movement from?"

"Don't you know, sister?—

> "It's only in their world—the water—little fish
> Enjoy themselves as much as you can wish;
> It's only when they're in their proper place
> That they can swim along at their own pace.
> By using all the strength they have aright—
> They make their lives so merry and so bright.
> According as they like they swim on straight,
> Or bend and jump. You'll see them if you wait."

Crooked and straight! how important it is, Mother, for the whole life of the child you love so much, to know the difference between them. "This is a straightforward man," "a straight piece of business," "a downright character," "he is going a straight road," "he has an upright mind," "a direct word;" to whom do these words not give a feeling of comfort, even though the hearer be only a child still? But "he is walking in crooked ways," "don't beat about the bush so," "I don't like crooked business;" whose pure mind is not saddened by these words? It is therefore important that your dear child should early distinguish straight from crooked.

This seems to have been present in the artist's mind when he was designing the picture. The fishes are swimming straight and bent, the water is flowing straight and curved, the tree is growing straight and bent, and round the straight slim Arum Lily (*Calla*) the serpents are dismally wreathing. If you have thus early given your little child an abiding impression of the difference between straight and crooked, of dreariness in the feeling of crookedness, and of comfort in the feeling of straightness in action and life, in thought and speech, then directness and all that goes along with it will be the mark of all he does, and he will move free and joyfully in the right use of his well-developed strength in whatever is the right place for his working and activity, just like the merry fish in the brook.

Longways—Crossways.

(Picture 9.)

WITH this game we enter upon a new and quite peculiar stage. But this little game must take an essential place, whatever it be, in the course of a child's development; for I have found it over

and over again in its barest form in the most different districts and dialects of Germany, high and low. It seems to me to be important for the child's whole life; it leads him by the gentlest steps into the life of knowledge and business.

The outside part of the game is already known to you, Mother. Your child stands or sits in any position before you, and holds one of his hands out towards you flat, and the palm uppermost. You take either the first finger of his other hand or your own, make with it on the free hand two lines which intersect at right angles, and then with the middle finger, at the point where the lines cross, seem to bore a hole, as though with a gimlet, and to drive a nail in and lay your free hand flat upon it; all this you do while you are singing the song above given.

It is true that the motto has already attempted to embody the inner meaning of the game, but I may be allowed to explain it a little more clearly. The game is, as we have said, so very widely spread in most varying forms. Why should this be so?

Plainly because it contains, as I see it, the first trace of an endeavour to make a child notice position and form, and the phenomena that are necessarily connected therewith. The one line is the line of length, the other of breadth; when the two are combined the one appears vertical, the other horizontal; they cut each other in their halves or centres. Whichever you regard as the contrasting line unites and links these centres, as in it lie the four equal and therefore right angles which are formed by the two lines cutting each other into two equal parts. But both lines with their four ends lie in one plane surface; the hands give a double proof of this; the one hand lying beneath, on which you drew the lines; and the other clapped down over it when you had done drawing.

"Well now, I must confess I do not understand a single word," you say, "and how is my child to understand it, either?" You are right, Mother; your child would not understand a word of all that has been said above, were it spoken to him; but, Mother, he must have some notion of the thing itself, or the game would give him no pleasure. And so you see, closely observing mother that you are, knowledge of things must lie much nearer to your child, and deeper in him; must be much more original, natural and impressive, than the knowledge of words. Do you wish to teach it naturally and impressively? teach it through direct looking at things and experience of them.

"Why should this way of picturing things be so very abiding?" you ask. What we see for ourselves makes a deep impression; three things are always connected in it—the child seems already to have a

notion of this: the thing, the detail, the general, and the relation of both to the child.

> "Three things close bound together here you get;
> And though a child cannot name each as yet,
> The thought they stir in him is surely strong,
> Or he would never gaze at them so long.
> Unto one end they lead, all three;
> An end, too, where the child would gladly be:
> He wants to have things in his own control
> By Size, by Number and by Form. This is his goal."

The artist seems to wish to bring this home to the child; the three Tyrolean shooters have the very same mark to aim at, and in the heart of all three, as well as in the heart of the three boys who are going off with the target, there is the same pleasure.

Pat-a-Cake.

(Picture 10.)

THIS little game, too, must be, from what I hear, very generally known, and would seem to be the only game in use in England among finger games of a kind which are in Germany so widely used and in such different forms.

Here is a proof that simple mother-wit was sure not to miss giving the natural movement of the limbs, in the exercise they seek, an immediate and distinct relation to life; and thus, as soon as the child's activity begins, placing him in the middle of his life and its complexity. This gives clear and definite proof, and shows that the demand has now arisen, that what natural mother-wit and human common sense, left to themselves, have hitherto been doing by chance and piece-meal, ought now to be brought to the front by an intellect whose business it is to see deep into things and to harmonise them; and that it ought all to be recognised in that inner connection that is at the bottom of it all, and is so important for humanity and for childhood; and that in accordance with this, it ought to be further improved upon by clever and tender thought.

For the mind of humanity as a whole, which often finds such very lively and childlike expression in the life that goes on between mother and children, ought not to remain for ever imperfect, permanently fragmentary. It ought to develope as a single thing in a childhood that is on all sides bright, well-formed, and full of ideas, and in a conscious motherliness, the true principle of a noble, powerful humanity, rich in virtue and in action.

The outside of the game is so well known and so easy, that in order to play it only a few words are necessary with special regard to the double representation in the drawing. The child sits or stands, as already described in the preceding little game, in front of her who is tending his childish life. You take hold of both his hands, so that they are upright and the palms touch. Then you begin the game by clapping them energetically together. Its object is to form and exercise the way in which the arms and the whole body are held, and the movement of the joints of the upper arm.

I have already said that this little game arose because people felt that the cultivation of a child's love of activity, and his striving to get the use of his limbs, ought to be carried on in such a way as to lift him at once into the complexity of his outside life. Thus we have here the bread and the rusks, which children like better than anything else, and which Mother dear is always so willing to give them;—or call it briefly a cake, which must be baked before the child can take it from his mother's kind hand, and enjoy it; and someone stands in this matter intermediate between the mother's love and the child's longing—it is the baker. This is beautiful and right; it is a link in the great chain of life's inner dependence, but it is not a mere solitary link, and still less is it a final one. Whenever opportunity occurs, make this inner dependence of life clear, visible, impressive, tangible and perceptible to your child, even though it be in only a few of the essential links of this great chain, until you come to the last ring that holds all the rest, God's Father-love for all.

The baker cannot bake if the miller grinds him no meal; the miller can grind no meal if the farmer brings him no corn; the farmer can bring no corn if the field yields him no grain; the field can yield no crop if nature does not work towards it in inner harmony; she could not work in this inner harmony if God did not place in her power and material, and if His love did not guide everything to its fulfilment.

It is doubtless with these ideas that the children are brought up, who are playing at baking and feasting on bread in the upper part of the picture. Pray do not disturb them in their ingenious, charming play, but rather avoid noticing it, if you cannot identify yourself with the deep charm that underlies it. It is no drawing down of the sacred into outer life; no, this is the germ which gives the outside actions of life the inner meaning and higher consecration which life so much needs. For how is your child to cultivate innocently in himself, now and all through life, a lively feeling of what is holy, if you will not grant that it takes form for him in all its purity even in his innocent games? But it must be done, in this very innocence,

which has been called forth by unaccustomed glance and speech from the sacredness of childhood's life, and not for show.

The Nest.

(PLATE II.)

THIS is a little game which you, careful nurse that you are, will only at first play alone, and later you can let your child play it, when he feels prompted to do so by his love of imitation.

The outside of the game and the position of the hands are given in the picture so clearly that it needs but one remark in addition. In the beginning of the game, the two thumbs are so closed that only the lower part of them can be seen, as though two eggs were there. It is only at the words, "The eggs are hatched," that the tips of the thumbs rise, so as to resemble the throats and heads of two little birds; at the words, "Mother dear, peep!" the thumbs move, as though the little birds were seeking their mother.

You are a mother who is intelligently watching a child's life and slowly following its unfolding, step by step. You feel that it is not directly and at one blow, that it is in no such immediate way as this, that you can awaken in your child's mind the foreshadowing, the feeling, that life is connected together by an inner and higher bond, however deep and sure within him may lie the necessary condition for grasping such an idea; and still less can he be roused the anticipation and feeling of that source of life which is ever one, and is nothing but good in and for itself—God. This must come about by very small advances, with very gentle steps, to begin with. The way lies through our imaginative, tender and emotional observation of nature and of man's life, and through the child's affectionately taking their most intimate meaning into the life of his own heart and expressing by representation what he thus takes in.

In and through this little game, you, Mother, with real mother-wit, will find the first of these paths. You will be led to tread this path by your idea that your child should feel nature's close inter-dependence, and feel it within himself.

What makes this inter-dependence felt in a way more full of life, more vivid and in lovelier form,—what makes it more really visible than a bird's nest, a nest of young birds? Consider the Time of nest-building; it is the time when nature begins unfolding—spring; how just as the whole beautiful season, spring and summer, lies before the young birds for their development and strengthening, so nature

furnishes increasingly the nourishment that becomes necessary for this development; and when the damp autumn and frosty winter come, the little birds are strong enough to seek for their own food during those seasons, and either to bear or fly from the cold. Consider, too, the Place where the nest is. It is just where the old birds find the most food to satisfy their love of their young, and to quiet their hunger. Near human dwellings, there are so many insects, flies, gnats and spiders; yonder on one of the houses you see the sparrow's nest between two of the rafters, and on the other house the swallow's nest; in the hedge, which is so rich in insects, the robin's nest and the hedge-sparrow's. The titmouse builds in hollow trees where there are plenty of worms; the stork near a spot where frogs abound. The peculiar Style of building each nest is just as important as the Time and Place. The finch's nest, between the branches of the apple tree, is scarcely to be distinguished from its bark. The nest of the long-tailed titmouse is like a bundle of moss, in order that this appearance may turn aside danger so far as possible. But the child's sympathy is roused by the young creatures' necessities, more than by anything else, and among these chiefly by their nakedness and softness. It seems to the child that all nature comes forth lovingly in the wish to feed and shelter them.

"Mother, mother, only see the nest full of little birds, which these children have found here; but it is a good thing the children have come, for the little birds were really so lonely; their parents had actually left them. I am so sorry for the poor little things."

"You are mistaken, child; their mother has only gone to find some seeds and gnats and worms to feed her little children, and she will soon come back. And see, there is their father! He seems sitting quite quietly on the bough of the tree. See how steadily he is looking down that his little children may get no harm from the strange visitors. Only look up here; the father is sitting quite close to the nest, like a careful watchman, and the little mother is coming back cheerily with food. But all the time the mother had flown away to seek food, and the father was keeping watch, the kind warm sun peeped into the nest and took care of the little ones like the mother herself. Just see how comfortable the young ones are, and the bird-mother whom you do not see on the other nest and whom the little birds cannot see either, is thinking all the time of her little children, and as she flies she says:

> "If I could find a little fly
> For my chicks in their nest close by,
> It *would* be nice; and you would see
> How very happy they would be."

"Sometimes, Baby, I am like the bird-mother.

"I cannot always be close by,
But you must not begin to cry;
You're always mine; in all I do,
My little one, I think of you.
But you are not alone, you know.
The heavenly Father's sunny glow
From my dear child will never go;
It comes to seek you everywhere;
If you would see it, take good care."

"A crying child the sunlight does not love at all,
But it will help you play, although you are so small.
And this is why it longs to find you here below."

"O mother, mother! we do love you so,
There's nothing dearer than your love, we know."

The Flower Basket.

(Picture 12.)

THE position of the hand is clear from the drawing. The little finger of the right hand is laid upon the first finger of the left. The finger-tips of the right hand rest in the angle between the thumb and the first finger of the left, so that both palms form a half-round hollow, and the tips of both thumbs move outwards. The first part of this can, however, be reversed; but the thumb-tips are in both cases turned outwards. If the basket be represented in both the ways here described, it will assist the formation of the hands and contribute to their being able to be bent skilfully, which is the chief object here in view.

The inner meaning of this game is what has been already pointed out, with regard to the former one. It is to lead the child early to notice tenderly and cherish thoughtfully the all-sided bond that, invisible though it is, can be felt, and is inner and mental—that is to say, the bond whereby humanity's life is bound up together; and the life of a child and of the family afford the first opportunity for doing this.

"Why are the children taking so much trouble and pains to collect the beautiful flowers, there, in that pretty basket; and why is their mother actually cutting the beautiful lilies?'

Do you know what I think, my child? "It must be their dear father's birthday." Yes, that is just it. See, yonder sits their father in the summer-house on the hill in the garden. If I can see rightly, he has a pencil in his hand, and he must be drawing a picture for his dear children, so that his birthday may be a day of joy for them as

well as for himself. Perhaps the picture is about the bright early morning, and the beautiful sun rising so quietly,—a picture of the beginning of his own earlier life and their present one.

See, child, the younger sister seems to have some idea of this. She cannot wait until the others have done decorating the larger basket with flowers. She runs to her father in the summer-house with her small basket. "There, Father dear," she is saying, "there are some flowers for you on your birthday; do you like them? But mother and sister and brother will soon bring more, some really beautiful ones."

"Why, my darling child," says Father, "your little flowers are quite beautiful enough—they are so fresh and pure; everything, everything will make me glad to-day."

"Do you see, child," he means to say, "the sun is shining in such a friendly way, the sky is so clear, the air is so soft, the trees are so green, the birds are so merry and sing so beautifully, the field is covered with flowers and bright with dew,"—can you see over there where the father is looking? and see, the old castle is shining up there in the wood, as though it wanted to look down and say, "Good-morning" kindly. This is what the father means; all this is what makes him glad.

"But," the father says to his child, "All this would give me scarcely any pleasure if I had no dear little daughter, and if she had no sister and no little brother."

"'And no dear, kind mother,'—the father is sure to say that, too, Mother!"

"Yes, of course he is saying that too; for he knows very well that mother and children all love him so much."

"But do you know, my dear little daughter," the father goes on saying to the child, "to whom I owe all these good things?" "To himself," the child is sure to be thinking; "because Father is so good." But the father says, "To Him who gave me life, to Him who gave and gives all life, to the Giver of all the life there is—God; to the Father of all things around us;—it is to Him I owe all the good things I have to-day. When mother and sister and brother come, we will all join in thanking Him.

"Just as the birds all thankful sing,
As larks poise high on fluttering wing,
As swallows praise Him in their flight,
And flowers bloom towards the light;
And, in the lovely early dawn
A happy smile is on the lawn,
All things with a shout and song
Give forth thanks most glad and strong."

"So we will thank Him too," says the father to his little daughter, "Mother, when is our father's birthday?

"Then in my little basket I will bring
Some of the sweetest flowers I can find.
He's sure to like it—such a pretty thing—
Flowers are like dear father, sweet and kind."

The Pigeon-House.

A GAME TO EXERCISE ARMS, HANDS AND FINGERS.

(PICTURE 13.)

THE position of the hands can be learnt with tolerable clearness from the hands in the drawing, though they may be somewhat too masculine. The left arm of the picture, your own, as you would see it in a looking-glass, is almost vertical, and represents the post or pillar; and the pigeon-house itself resting thereon is formed by the hands being joined in a shape one might almost call rectangular; at any rate, it is four-cornered, rather than round. The four free fingers of the right hand can move freely, and show, as they open and shut, that the pigeon-house has a door; and by their various other movements, they represent the pigeons.

In order to improve both arms equally, etc., the right arm can form the pole of the pigeon-house, and the fingers of the left hand can form the pigeons, and then again the door of the pigeon-house.

This little game gives great pleasure to children, who have grown old enough for it, whether it be done to amuse them or be imitated by them. For the observation of active life and especially of life in nature, and moving about more or less freely out of doors, or at least the being able to take in long draughts of fresh, pure air in open country,—all this a child early longs for, as a means for developing and strengthening his life, and he longs for it all with distinct expression of longing and joy.

Mother, nurse of childhood! secure it for him whenever you can; only do not stop short there. Consider that your child's mind, though at present quite unconsciously, is seeking in what appears and passes by, something that remains and is firm; it seeks always some inner thing in what is outer—in every special, the deeper general principle that lies there; in every detail and isolated thing some union;—finally, although, as we said, he be quite unconscious of it, he as a human being, a child of humanity, a spark of the one thing, God, is seeking this one thing, that is in itself unity,—he is

seeking God. Take care, therefore, of this dim notion, wherever you possibly can, so that, as a feeling that takes hold of him, even although it be in itself a feeling he cannot as yet grasp, it may become more and more lively,—may become an increasingly earnest perception of his moral nature. Mother, and you who take her place, do not say: It is much too early to do this in my little child! Too early? Do you know when, where and how your child's intellectual development begins? where and when is the boundary of existence that has not begun, and of its actual beginning, and how this boundary manifests itself? In God's world, just because it is God's and came through Him, something is steadily expressed, and it is an unbroken progressive development in and through all things. Take care to foster this within yourself, so that it may be true of you:

> "What within your heart you bear
> Shows in action everywhere."

It is not the *when;* it is not the time for doing it that comes too early, but only, alas! too often the *how*, the style and manner of it.

Your child will learn to toddle before he learns to walk; he tries to stand before he makes an effort to step forwards; he tries to strengthen and develope his legs and his whole body before he is willing to stand on his legs and takes pleasure in so doing. If you make your child, just because he has legs, stand and walk all at once, you will make him have weak bow-legs. Now, Mother, in the development of the body, the law of the intellect is also expressed. If you come up with help too late, your child is awkward and clumsy in body and mind; if you come too soon—alas, we meet with only too many people who from this cause wander about with weak, bow-legged dispositions, just as children do with weak bow-legs. O Mother, Mother! and all you who take her place, do not forget this; rear your child in harmony with life's inter-dependence and according to its simple laws. That you may not forget this, add these words by way of remembrance and proverb:

> "Life must become a whole
> For my child's little soul.
> Fulfil this aim on earth,
> And you gain life's true worth."

But we will not forget our pigeon-house and the law of life which it so simply expresses. This law seems to live in the hearts of the mother with the baby on her arm, and of all the rest here in the picture. The little, fresh, healthy baby, who is therefore so well able to rest safely and prettily in his mother's arms, does not take his eyes off the three pigeons at his feet. It seems as though he wanted to catch them with his eye and take them home.

The boy in front of the mother stands as though enchanted; he is observing the little titmouse up there; she is where the hollow twig has been cut away, and she wants to slip into that hole, where her little ones are; only just now, in order not to betray both nest and young ones, she is sitting with her face turned the other way, as though she had no concern with them whatever. He is so interested in it that he forgets the apple in his hand and he is nearly dropping it. "Mother, stop," he says so gently that you can scarcely hear him, lest he should quite startle the little bird; "look there, on the place where the bough has been cut away, where the hole is." The mother, sharing his feeling, walks more gently, and also turns her glance upon the anxious little creature.

The two children who are returning home must have noticed something of real importance to their own lives during their walk out of doors; for they come walking this way quite full of their own talk about it.

"Now tell me, my dear boy," says the mother yonder on the right to her child, "where have you been?"

"In the yard, in the garden, in the field, in the meadow, at the pond and by the brook."

"And what beautiful things did my child see there?"

"The doves, the hens, etc.; the geese and ducks, etc.; and swallows and sparrows, etc.; and larks and finches, etc.; and ravens and magpies, water-wagtails and titmice; and bees and beetles, butterflies and humble-bees."

"And where did you see the little pigeons and the hens?"

"In the yard, Mother; they were picking up the grains of corn and eating them. The little chickens could run so fast when they found anything, or when the cock called them, because he had found something for them. But the pigeons could not run so fast, nor the ravens which I saw in the field. A raven ran almost as a pigeon runs, and one black pigeon ran so that I thought it was a raven. But the ravens and magpies could hop, and you will never believe how the water-wagtails and sparrows can too; it is such fun to see them hop about on their stiff little legs. O Mother! you must go with us that I may show you them, and the geese and ducks too, how they swim in the water and dive. But only think! they could fly too. They flew straight over my head, away to the pond; I was so frightened."

"Look, my child, geese and ducks are birds too; just as doves and hens, swallows and sparrows, larks and finches, are all birds."

"Mother, are the pigeons and hens really birds, then?"

"Have they no feathers, child; have they no wings? Haven't they got two legs, just as all birds have?"

"But the pigeons live in their pigeon-holes, in the pigeon-house, and the chickens don't fly."

"It is only that they have rather forgotten how to fly, because they use their power of flying so little; if people don't want to forget a thing, they must practise it; the sparrows and swallows are certainly birds too, and they, too, live in houses and under the roof."

"Mother, are the bees and butterflies and beetles, birds too; for they have wings and can fly much higher than the ducks and hens can?"

"Look, they have no feathers, and they build no little nests, and there are many things which they have not and which birds have. They are animals, it is true, like the birds and others; because they move as they like, but they have something which birds do not possess. Just look at that beetle over there, and this fly here. See, they have a notch here and another there. These notches are called sections; and the creatures themselves are called insects."

"Mother, you must come a walk with us out of doors; then it will be much nicer."

"My child, I cannot. I must make your little clothes, and cook something to eat, and keep all the house in order. Look, how everything is in such beautiful order out of doors; everything is in its place, everybody does his duty so well and so happily, you see, that it seems to me when I look at it as if I heard the dear God who made it all say to me: 'Wife and Mother, in your little house, too, everything must be orderly; everybody must do his duty and receive what he ought to have, at the right time.' And there are many other things He says to me: 'Everybody must do the right thing in his own position; now your child can still go running about, that he may exercise his strength as the little bird does; but later he must stay in one place as an apple tree does, that he may yield as good fruit as this one yields.' You see, my child, I cannot go a walk with you; I must stay in the house as the tree stays in its place; but be sure you notice everything you see, and tell me about it when you come home."

"Mother, to-morrow I will go out again, and then I shall have some more to tell you; and then you, too, will let me see and hear everything that the dear God is saying outside, just as you have done now."

Postscript:—Teaching and learning go on all through man's life. Even the oldest teacher has something to learn, and the oldest educator must let himself be taught,—the latter especially not by

men alone, but by everything around him, and even by the animals. This is just what happened to me with regard to the pigeons.

While paying a round of visits, I went to stay with a great fancier of pigeons; my room at his house was close to them.

I could hear them talking together very often, and particularly when they had just returned home. This is what led to the completion of my pigeon song for my little ones.

> "And when they get home you will hear them all say,
> How delightful it was out of doors to-day.
> Kurroo, Rukkoo, Kurroo."

But the children were very pleased to think that the little pigeons, too, were telling the story of their flight here and there, and they were the more delighted to do likewise.

Mother, your effective story will hold up a looking-glass to your child, and especially if you tell it at the right time.

The Thumb a Plum.

(Picture 14.)

EVERYBODY knows how to count on the fingers and how to hold the hand while so doing. No further remarks on it are necessary; and moreover the picture shows clearly the position the hand should be in. But a few words may be said upon how to understand this little game.

I had got to know many counting-games which were popular among the people, among children, in families and nurseries. These games generally begin, "This is the thumb," or "The little thumb." I thought some were too empty and silly, and some said a great deal that I would not willingly have said to children.

Yet the counting-games themselves seemed to me important in many ways, as I hope will appear from comparing the way I have dealt with them, and, above all, as the mottoes about them are meant to point out. I even wished to keep the sound of the well-known popular words, at least in the opening words, and thus the first of these little songs came to be made. This little play-song ought to show children, while looking at their fingers, how the names of the fingers arose: *Index*-finger (called in some places Beckoning-finger), *Middle*-finger, *Ring* or Gold-finger, and *Little*-finger. This is not so necessary with the Thumb, which no doubt takes its name from *dam*, because it seems to form a *dam* or barrier.

I consider it very important, with a view to the awakening power of comparison, and a general early observation of the connection between word and thing, to make a child early notice connections that lie so near him as this lies. It keeps vacuity at a distance and stirs intelligent reflection.

The artist has intentionally drawn, as a woman's, the fingers of the left hand, which lies nearer the heart as being the seat of the disposition, and as a man's the fingers of the right, or stronger hand. If I see and understand him rightly, he has put many other things beside this in his picture, in order to explain the high meaning of higher concord and peaceful co-operation, even amid greater diversity, such as may be found in the family and other like groups of life, and such as the little song points to.

"What is the mother doing here with her little girl in her arms?"

"She is teaching her to know and exercise her little fingers, so as to be able to use them well when she is old enough, like the two girls there below, who are sewing and spinning so diligently and carefully; or like the two children there in the garden, who are planting a flower; and like the boy who is climbing so sturdily up the tree, in order to gather them some plums as kind presents."

"Mother, may I climb up a tree too?"

"Yes; when you can balance yourself firmly enough."

Bend your Head, Thumb!

(Picture 15.)

THE outside of this little game is very clearly expressed by the drawing of the two hands and the song accompanying it; so is the inner part of the game by the motto. Thus there really remains little to say about the whole.

There is a more general complaint than there used to be that children use their limbs improperly, so as to please sensual feeling, wound the child's delicacy, and injure the purity of his disposition. And alas, alas, the most superficial observation of children, and of their condition of Body and Mind, cannot but show that this complaint is not only not unfounded, but must sadly enough be considered to have only too broad a foundation. What must we do in order to prevent, or even if possible entirely uproot, this evil which has stretched out with such a firm grip, and like an insidious epidemic poisons all that is noblest in a child, and affects him thus even when he is older?

There is only one means; but, rejoice, all you who are friends of childhood and humanity, it is a thorough remedy. It lies, before all else, in such activity and employment as is suitable and lasting, and lays claim upon the child's entire being, Body and Soul, Feeling and Thought.

It lies, first of all, in training and exercising his limbs so as to lead up to such activity, and in the endeavour to keep off, while using them, all vacuity as well as all sensual charm; and therefore consists especially in linking with this exercise whatever may lead to his observing the inner nature of all that lies open to him.

The games here laid down for limbs and senses should lead to this end as to one of the most essential of their purposes.

Grandmother and Mother kind and dear (THE FAMILY).

(PICTURE 16.)

IF there be anything that needs the most thoughtful observation, the most correct grasp, and the most anxious cultivation possible, it is human Family-life, and everything which is at all like it in nature. Family-life, Family-life, how overwhelmingly important you are in these three aspects! How can I possibly compress into this narrow space a picture of your being and of its demands? You are the sanctuary of humanity, you are the most holy thing there is, in the care of all that is divine. Family, family—let us speak it out openly and without circumlocution—you are more than School and Church, and therefore more than all else that necessity may have called into being for the protection of right and property; for, Family, where you do not bring the spirit of Intelligence and Morality, of Observation and Reflection, into school-life, it is, no matter how full it may be, empty as an addle egg, which indeed contains the external part of nourishing material, but out of which no free life will ever develope anew. Family! without you, what are Altar and Church? What are they when you do not consecrate them, and raise Soul, Heart, Disposition and Mind, Idea and Thought, Action and Life, in all your members, to the Altar and Temple of the one living God, to the awed understanding of all His manifestations, and to the carrying out their demands? What are Institutions, defensive and offensive, for Truth and Right? He would be defying them, whose own family was not sanctified.

Therefore, Mother, in the smallest finger-game, teach your child some notion as to the nature of a whole, and especially of the

family-whole, and if possible teach him to know it. By so doing you will have laid the firmest foundation for his own life as a whole. Where wholeness is, there is life, or, at least, the germ of life; where division is, even though it be only halfness, there is death, or at least the germ of death.

The relation between Grandfather, Grandmother, Father, Mother and Child (with regard to the first grandchildren) is an especially remarkable one for the family, and deserves special notice. In the relation of his parents to his grandparents, the child sees himself as though in a looking-glass; for just as he, a child, stands to his parents, so they stand to his grandparents. The parents, on the other hand, see themselves in relation to the child, just as they see its grandparents in relation to themselves. This manifold double relation, which is here expressed in the number *five*, is certainly, wherever it exists, of the highest importance for a child's life and development. This importance, and the way in which the Family points to it, was certainly in the artist's mind when he gave us general examples of a Life-whole with five links, and carried out the idea even in the forms of flowers.

In this last detail an idea seems to have occurred to him that we think it worth while to notice: How all kernel and stone fruit-trees, and all plants which belong to this family, express the number five in their blossoms, as though the special enjoyableness of these fruits lay in their law of the number five running through them.

Thumb! I say "One" to You.

(Picture 17.)

I LAY the thumb in its natural position, the nail turned somewhat upwards upon the first finger; while counting and naming each of the following fingers, I lay the finger I name stretched out on the palm, but so that (as the drawing shows) the two joints of the fingers are not drawn across the tip of the thumb. And now the fist forms a beautiful whole, where the child can think that while he sings the song, he measures off in each finger a little child, and in each finger-nail a child's face. This is the view the artist has taken of the hand, or rather of the children who are to be represented by it.

Rest, sleep, is what the whole picture expresses. The poppies are sleeping; so are the five birds in the tree. But it is only slumbering life that is at rest in sleep, just as in number and counting there slumbers a higher meaning and importance for life. What would a

poem be without Number, Measure and Counting—that is to say, without the feeling of measurement and counting in the poet?

What would the most beautiful music be, or the noblest oratorio, without Number and the correct sense of counting—without the right even though unconscious feeling of counting in those who are performing the music?

If you miscalculate in any given day or hour, what harm it may do your whole life! Perhaps never again, or only by parsimony, and at any rate always by sacrifice, be it but of some lesser thing, will you be able to repair the loss.

The child seems to have some notion of this too; for who does not know how he likes counting, and what an important part his so-called "counting out" has in his later life of youth and play? This is why we must early seek to give true meaning to his counting, and the delight he takes in it, and to get him to find and grasp them, more especially in natural objects, in their manifestations of number and form.

The Finger Piano.

(Picture 18.)

THE fingers of the Nurse's left hand—best of all, your own, dear Mother, or later on your darling's—lie somewhat horizontally as piano-keys lie, so that the knuckles form almost a right angle, and the fingers gain in that way a certain amount of speed. The fingers of the right hand press down the fingers of the left as though playing on a piano.

What was brought forward with regard to the preceding game comes into the immediate practice of child life in this one, by the simplest and earliest step possible: the importance and meaning of counting in Melody and Song, and in a double relation as a measure of Number, and of Height and Depth; in the one case as ordering the tune, in the other as ordering the law of motion, and above all, that organisation of motion which is called Measure. But you know that just as knowledge of the law of motion is important for life, so, too, is order in motion. A man who shows this in all his affairs is one whom we call a man of tact, of just, refined tact. Do you really wish, careful Mother, to neglect, in your earliest nurture of your child, nothing that could contribute later on to form a man of tact, and meanwhile a child of just and refined tact? Then early educate your child for Song, and you will see what a great treasure you will awaken in him thereby, and will give into his own possession.

For this purpose you receive in this little game, as an additional gift, the means for improving song, or at any rate for truly ennobling it. A German lady, who is a teacher, finds fault with us Germans, particularly as compared with Italians, for our ill-trained sense of hearing, and especially our untrained vocal organs, and considers it as all due to our having no suitable early, or adequate later, training of our little children in song; in a word, that it is due to the great lack of true and free song in our world of childhood and youth.

But a still higher thing is the training of inner tone and song, whereby the human being's inner ear perceives sweet harmony—even where the outer ear hears nothing, whereby the inner ear can hear proportion as well as discord which the outer eye only sees. Hence it is so very important to rouse at least the germs of all this early in a human being. If they do not develope and take shape as independent formations in life, they at least teach how to understand and recognise those of other people. This is life-gain enough. It makes a person's own life richer—richer by the lives of others; and oh, let us hold this firmly in view for our darlings, even though it be too late for ourselves. And where and how could our earthly life be long enough to form our being with equal perfection in its all-sidedness and depth? We can only do it by knowing and respectfully recognising in the mirror of others' lives what we would like to form and carry out ourselves. And this is what should be, for it is by means of knowledge, regard for and respectful recognition of others, that the whole of humanity ought to represent the whole of a God-like, harmonious human being.

Shall I say one word more about the charming little picture itself? You, thoughtful Mother, will no doubt make your darling hear all the sweet things that he sees in the picture. The whole picture is, indeed, nothing but music. What object is there in it that gives forth no tone or which is not listening to sounds? The ears of corn and their blades are softly singing the song with the singer; and the lark in their midst is listening to it; the scent of the pale pink convolvulus is sweeter to the bee; and the wings of bee and lark are trembling with joy as they whirr an accompaniment. The many-coloured little bird up there in the bushy green tree has seated himself right over the source and stream of the sounds, that he may not lose one sweet wave. The canary in the cage strikes and flutters so loudly from time to time as though to say, "Recognise the great Creator's might, even in small things." But how sweet the gentle play of those two little sisters sounds; neither knows anything of the other, but both are absorbed in the harmonies of their little song. This is what I call harmony in life. The artist could not have

represented it more beautifully. The two little birds above the boy's head have come as near as possible, so as to hear well, but the old music master (the lark) near the boy cannot—as you may easily hear —help twittering the melody softly with them, and making the beautiful law of movement visible by his wings. Even the hard-eared beetle forsakes the leaf that he was nibbling, that he may draw nearer to the musicians. This I call music. The colours say, "Then we will certainly not stay at home, either." And what form is there which in listening to the sounds would not glow into colour? The ears of corn and their stalks paint themselves with gold; the lark grows earth-tinted, that ensnaring nets may not catch the singer of the air in earth's sheltering furrow. The faithful cornflower grows blue, and brown the home-loving bee. But above all, the cheeks of the dear children grow rosy, the boy's curly hair seems brown, and the blue-eyed girl's seems flaxen. Round them all is the ethereal bluish veil, from which the foliage drinks long draughts of blue, against the golden sunlight, that the green of hope may dress the children of earth. The beetle drones, "And you colours, will you forget me and my palette-like back?" And, a many-coloured mixture, as though they had met on a painter's palette the colours flew off to the beetle's broad back.

The Happy Brothers and Sisters.

(Picture 19.)

THE position of the hand in this little song is very simple. The drawing in the picture quite represents it. It only remains to note that the closing of the fingers upon each other should take place slowly and gradually, according to the meaning and progress of the song.

The care of the life of a child's inner and highest feeling, disposition and ideas belongs certainly to the most delicate, and yet to the most important and difficult part of childhood nurture. From it springs all and developes all that is highest and holiest in the life of the individual and the race, and ultimately all religious life that is at one with God in disposition, thought and deed.

When and where does it begin? we have already asked ourselves. It is with it as with the germs of plants and seeds in spring: they are there long before they are visible outwardly; what is true in this case is true of the stars; and they—so the astronomers tell us—are shining

in heavenly space long before their rays fall upon our eyes. So we do not know when and where this development, that is religious and uniting with God, begins in a human being. If we begin cultivating it too soon, we make the same mistake as we should by exposing seeds too soon, or too much, to the developing sunlight or nourishing dampness. Both would at any rate injure the tender germ. If we begin too late and too feebly, we are met by the same result.

What is to be done, then? How does inner religious life show itself? Or, with what outer appearance, at least, do we connect the existence of religious life; nay, with what outer signs, the very awakening, development, the highest outer impression, of the most inner religious life?

Do we not connect the expression of all this with laying and folding the hands together? But what sort of connection is there between this laying and folding the hands together, their taking up this occasional position, and our inner religious life?

How can there be any *necessary* connection between such an occasional outside thing, and what is inner, nay, innermost and deepest in man?

For the connection must be a necessary one; and if this be so then they must have something that is essentially the same, and common to both. Is it possible this can be the case where such an outward matter as folding the hands, and such a very inner one as the condition of soul, disposition and mind, of which we were speaking, are concerned?

And if it were the case, what could they have in common? It is *collection* that they have in common. The folding and laying together of the hands, in whatever of the most various forms it may be, is by no means accidental. In fact, so far as space and matter go, its foundation lies deep in human nature, as an outward human expression for inner, collected force.

This might be shown even more amply and deeply, but it would be out of place here. Let it be enough to say, that folding the hands is no accidental expression of the deepest and most inward (religious) gathering together of the life and character.

We have thus a fixed expression for the outward appearance of gathering together the innermost forces of life (at what stage of strength and growth does not matter), and this gives us a point to which we can link their culture and further awakening. For who has not noticed that the dear little angel-children, when they reach a certain stage of development, like laying their small hands together and folding them, and always at times when in other ways the whole expression of their life is one of being inwardly collected?

Nor is it possible to do any harm by tenderly cherishing this inner gathering of life; for all strengthening and all development need an inner assembling of life, and it, in its turn, needs them.

Now it is with this conviction that this little child's song and its motto connect themselves. For it is natural that you, as a high-minded Mother, should have within yourself that collected disposition, and should hold and cherish it as sacred, which you make a duty of cherishing in your child. The path has already been prepared for regarding the fingers as children, and even as brothers and sisters; and it has in the same way been already shown, that children prefer looking at their own life, even the innermost life of their own character, in the looking-glass of a stranger's life, and regard this as a gain to them and by no means as hurtful.

And so, Mother, let your darling, when he is old enough, look a long time in silence at the sweet expression of the warm-hearted children and their gentle-hearted Mother.

The Children on the Tower.

(Picture 20.)

As the Motto of this Game says, it is the grouping of all the preceding Hand-and-Finger Games—ways of combining and holding the Hands, beginning from Pat-a-cake; only the Hands are apart to begin with, and are kept apart until the words, "See them meeting," and then, for the first time, they clap together. All further positions of the Hands arise easily out of the Song and the preceding one. The drawing on the left shows how to hold the Fingers when the Grandmothers go into Church; the drawing on the right shows how they all give praise and thanks; and the praying, folded position of the Hands is well known; nevertheless, the drawing in front of us shows it.

The four ingenious groupings explain themselves as easily as you will explain them to your questioning Children. Below, on the left, is the Finger-visit, led by the two little Grandmothers. In the second Picture below, on the right, the Children are telling each other about the Basket, the Nest, the Egg, the Pigeon-house, the Wooden Ball, and the coloured Balls; the two Grandmothers enjoy looking down at the Children's happy play. The third Picture shows the two Grandmothers going into Church, and the Children walking up on the Tower. The fourth Picture above, on the right, shows the Tower which has fallen in, and the thankful coming-out

of those who are saved. Every further remark and way of using the whole for cultivating your Child's inner life, will seem to you, as a thoughtful Mother, to lie so close to what I have said, that an ampler discussion of it would certainly be only cramping to you.

The Child and the Moon.

(Picture 21.)

THERE is scarcely anything to be said about this. What Mother or Nurse does not know a Child's strong wish to see the Moon, and how often this sight makes all pain to be forgotten? This is the expression of that tendency of our character in later life to look at higher light, and life led in it and flooded by it, which makes us, too, forget all earthly pain. Now this little Song ought to give you, thoughtful Nurse, only a small contribution to the right method of early observing that tendency in your Child, and early culturing it as his needs may require; for it is surely full of meaning.

The Little Boy and the Moon.

(Picture 22.)

THE simple story which is so simply told in the Song is from the real life of a boy at this age. The aim of the Motto, Mother, is to show you the higher symbolical meaning of this phenomenon which recurs so often in Child-life, and in Boy-life especially. One remark presses itself upon us with regard to it: we ought to cultivate intelligently Children's observation of, and pleasure in, the Moon, and in the Sky at night, and the Stars. We ought to cultivate all this far more than we do, and not let Children's contemplation of the Moon and Sky sink at once into the formlessness and, as it were, emptiness of mere wonder. We ought to use this contemplation most carefully, in order to excite, for one thing, a correct way of looking at and understanding the Moon and the starry Sky; as, for instance, the Moon's spherical form, often so clearly to be seen, and its apparent swimming in ether; but, for another thing, to lead the Child early upwards to feeling, as he looks at the starry sky, the Being of its Creator—to realize and to read it—to make it so that it can be grasped and read at an age when the Child is so ready to see the inner uniting Life in the outward appearance, as, however, the next Picture expresses very clearly.

When a Child first sees and contemplates natural objects whose being he is still unable to grasp, he believingly accepts true as well as false explanations from grown-up people, and he finds both equally easy and equally difficult whenever he tries to grasp one or the other, if on any occasion both relate to the way to look at any given object. And so, no doubt, to begin with, a Child is not helped in his view and grasp whether he be taught to know the Moon as a man or as a beautiful bright swimming ball; whether the stars be pointed out to him as golden pins or burning lights, or as sparkling suns which look so small because they are so far off. But while the first explanation is, in spite of its apparent liveliness, a dead one, the latter bears within it the foundation of a living further development that may lead to inner and more thorough insight. Why should we make the latter unapproachable by the Child, or even deprive him of it? Truth never injures, but error always does, even when it leads later on to Truth.

The Little Girl and the Stars.

(Picture 23.)

THIS Picture and Song grew out of almost the same occurrence as the preceding; but here it concerns a Girl and two Stars. It was the two Planets which at times shine together in the evening or night sky, and just then were standing close to each other. Who does not know the tendency—nay, even the need—Children have of seeing some human relation in all things? But that remark of the Child's was most striking to all who were looking on, because nobody could account for her having got hold of this connection of ideas and comparison of things. This much is certain, that it strengthens the character and life of Children to cherish that tendency as long and as slowly as possible; so that the feeling may strengthen and unfold in them what the Motto expressed: "It is one Spirit which lives there and works in all."

The Light-Bird on the Wall.

(Picture 24.)

A HUMAN being is a Whole, inner and unbroken, although linked within itself. A Child, therefore, perceives earliest and at first by this Wholeness and Undetailedness of his being

before he comes out of himself enough to notice what is detailed and asunder. It is, moreover, of the highest importance for the Child's whole life, for his inner and outward development, that he should grow thoroughly firm in this grasp and view of the Oneness and Wholeness of life—that it should become a really living truth to him before he steps down into the observing and cherishing of what is special and detailed. A Child's life shows this, and wants to show it.

Limbs and senses seem to have very different provinces of activity, and so they have; yet so deep-seated is their linked interchange that neither of them fails to react upon the other, especially during the earliest development. And no Games for the limbs have presented themselves to us, not even the "Kicking Song," which have not also made demands upon the sense of Sight; and similarly, in the Boy's wish to go to the Moon, we could not but remark how excitingly the sense of Sight reacts upon the activity of the body and limbs; and further, that the Child needs the sense of Hearing directly the sense of Sight is stirred, and even demands it, you, as a thoughtful and carefully observant Mother, will see to be true from noticing how differently everything affects your darling Child when and while you accompany it with words and sound, and when you take it in hand without sound or words; and how, in a way suited to your Child, you, true to your Mother-wit and feeling, at once, and without reflecting or doubting about it for a moment, link with words all that you see with him, and clothe these words again in special and striking intonation. But here also, at any rate to begin with, it is the sense of Sight which seems to be the means of connecting the grasp of words and sound with the awakening development and improvement of the sense of Hearing. This inborn oneness of the senses, and their not being as links, is sure to have occurred to you earlier, Mother, from seeing that your Child at first lifts to his mouth whatever he feels with his Hands and sees; but that very soon the sense of Sight, of seeing things, steps forward to test and order these as well as all other perceptions of the senses; that in the sense of Sight it is the soul most especially, the peculiar seeing part of man's being, or rather of his being as a seeing creature and a soul, which lies open before you. Hence it is you say, "Through your dear eyes, Child, I can look into your soul." And we speak of 'an eye full of soul' just as in another sense, and with a higher, more intellectual meaning, we speak of a 'sound view;' of a healthy eye and sense, for what is highest and most important in the Child's life.

We expect a Child to make use of this sense from the very first: "O Child, do look in front of you!" "Now, do look about you, Child!"

and we complain if he fails to make use of it. "You neither see nor hear, my Child." When you say that you directly express how highly important for your Child's outer and inner well-being it is that their sense of Sight, the power of seeing, should be improved,—how it is beyond all question the true centre of his soul's growth, as well as the source and point where all formation of his Mind and Life begins.

See, dear Mother, how with mutual understanding and clearness we have really hit upon the centre and starting-point of all your care for your dearly-loved Child; which we wish to dedicate to him by means of these "Mother's Songs, Games and Stories." We wish to raise him to the undistorted, unclouded development, to the undisturbed use of all the activities of his soul, as a thing one within itself. We wish to make your dear Child *Seeing*—in the most all-sided and highest sense of the word—Seeing and Feeling. We wish to do this without injuring the Oneness and Unity of his being, without disturbing the healthiness of his life, without chilling the warmth of his Feeling; but, on the contrary, keeping firm hold over his health and warmth of life by concentrating it, and by making it aware of itself through Feeling. For Seeing, collected and consequently All-seeing,—seeing with warmth (that is to say in and through love), is the highest quality of being, even of God, who ever sees before and for us. I hope you will, therefore, follow me trustfully further along the path we have trodden, but ever with a clear eye, and deeper, wider insight; above all, with your whole soul; for this is the path which we shall walk henceforth throughout the whole domain of childhood's culture,—simple as it is vast,—the care and occupation of its life-tendencies, the formation of its love of occupation.

Let us now turn to the Game itself. I have found it over and over again in all grades of the culture that makes up social life, in village and in town. It grew up beside me, it was played within the circle of my own family, and I myself, as a boy, used often to carry it on, for the amusement of my younger brothers and sisters.

Love for the Child produces Light in the form of the Light-bird upon the Wall, lying as it does in shadow, by getting the reflection of Sunlight upon any Mirror-like surface. It is enough to take a bit of looking-glass, or any mirror-like surface (even the surface of water in a vessel, glass, or cup, will do), in order to make a ray of sunlight visible, as a point of moving light by reflection on some wall, which is opposite the Sun, though not shone upon.

Song and Motto try to explain the higher meaning of this song to you; but it is certainly not the only meaning which can be found there, any more than in any other of the preceding or following

Games, Songs and Mottoes. And these Songs and Mottoes are by no means given you under the idea that they, any more than the explanation given of them, must be, if not the only ones possible, at any rate the best that could be felt, thought, expressed or roused in a Child. For you, thoughtful Mother, everything is but an example, given as a guiding thread to enable you to hold firm, communicate to, and arouse in your Child whatever you yourself may feel in the matter, or perceive and express to yourself about it.

"Mother, what has the Boy got in his hand there?"

"It is a small Looking-glass."

"Why! what does he want with it?"

"He wants the Sun to shine upon it."

"What for?"

"In order that yonder on the wall opposite to it, a point of light, a bright spot, may appear and please his little Brother."

"Oh yes! I see it; it looks like a little Bird."

"Look, that is how it seems to his little Brother too; that is why he would like to catch it too, as though it were a little Bird."

"Mother, give me your little Looking-glass too. I will do it as well."

"Here is a Cup for you: that will do it also; but you must not break it."

"See, Mother, I can do it too."

"Why should you not be able to do it too?"

"Mother, now you do it; I will catch the Bird."

"Yes, do so."

"Oh Mother! the little Light-bird won't let itself be caught; when I think I have it under my hand, it seems over my hand directly."

"Yes! the Light-bird is only bright shining, and will not let itself be caught; you can't catch everything."

"Mother, you can't catch me either—do try."

"There! I have got my little one after all; you must run quicker, Child."

"Just see this Girl! how fast she draws
The paper hanging by the thread.
Pussy is thinking, 'With my claws
I'll catch it, hanging over head.'
But though she wishes it, and very hard she tries,
Her little paws are far too short to reach her prize."

"Look, Mother, what are the Children doing?"

"See, they want to catch Butterflies; the two Girls with their Net; this Girl with her hand, and that Girl who is on her knees with a handkerchief; but it has got off, nevertheless."

"Do tell me what the Girl there, near the Wall, is doing; she stands so still."

"Why! can't you see how she is raising herself, and would like to help the Children yonder, but can't get over the Wall,—still she is raising herself as high as ever she can."

"But, Mother, the Boy there can get over the Wall. I wish I could too. Why doesn't he get quite over?"

"Don't you see how he is looking up at his Brother there, who is trying to catch the little Swallow under the roof; but it has flown away, so that even we can't see it any more."

"There are two more little Children up there; but they are sitting and standing so still, I'm sure they're not trying to catch anything, or run after it, Mother!"

"And yet, my Child, they want to keep something; just guess what?"

"I can't think what it is."

"Yonder, across the two Lakes, the Sun is going down so brightly, they want to keep its golden rays a long while; will they be able to do it, my Son?"

"What are you thinking of, Mother? Why! the Sun is so far off there, behind the Hills round the Lake, and the rays are nothing but shining, after all."

"And yet the Children can keep them."

"Why, Mother, how can they?"

"Oh! they can do it by their Eyes in their Heart. Don't you know how Father said good-bye to you with such loving eyes and such a kind look last time he had to go away on a journey? Were you not telling me about it again just lately, and so seeing it in yourself when you asked me: 'then won't dear Father soon come back?'"

"Yes, Mother, I can see him still—dear Father!"

"Do you see that you can see Father's *Love* and keep it too, even though he is not here really and bodily."

"Yes, Mother, of course I can."

The Hare.

(Picture 25.)

THIS Game, as an exercise for Children's sense of Sight, is known everywhere, and the Artist has succeeded so well in representing how to carry it out, that there is nothing more to say about it. Similarly it may be assumed that everybody knows the

Game consists in a moving shadow, and can therefore be best played in the evening by candlelight, though sunlight in early morning or evening is also suitable. And everybody knows, too, that the great variety of movement and position it exhibits, when skilfully carried out, makes this Game such a favourite with little children, and even with older ones, who can then carry it out for themselves.

Now, dear Mother, I have a firm conviction, which I will, however, press upon you as little as upon anybody else in the World, though it could do nobody any harm to adopt it as his own, but would do great good to the dear children, the rising generation, and thus most certainly to all Humanity. It is my firm conviction, I say, that whenever you find anything that gives children lastingly and ever freshly a joy belonging to a true pure life, a clear mind, a thoughtful heart and a real soul—anything where Innocence and Mirth predominate—you have found something which has at the bottom of it a higher and more important meaning for a Child's life, and really leads upwards to all that is highest.

What makes the Hare appear on the Wall? Clear, bright Light shines on the white, smooth Wall. A dark, opaque object steps between the Light and the Wall, and, being illuminated by the light, the delightful shape is thrown upon the flat, smooth Wall. Such is the outward phenomenon; what is it, then, which seems to be spoken through it to the Mind's inner imagination? This: the Shapes that meet us in Life and in the World, and are dark and often hard to pierce with light, seem to a quiet, clear character higher Forms of life, if they are looked at in the light of God's ruling Spirit. Thus, a region of awful rocks and crags seems really beautiful if it be duly lit up by the rays of the Sun; and the loveliest spot seems lifeless, empty, dull, and even disagreeable, if it lacks the Sun's due rays to heighten, and one might say to form, its beauties. And is it not just the same in our lives? Circumstances which seemed yesterday most blessed while they were lit up by a ray of higher, inspiring feeling, seem to-day, now that all that is clouded over in the Soul, not only empty and dead, but even repulsive and oppressive. And conversely, cannot much that left a first impression of chill and emptiness, give really high pleasure later on, directly another, higher chord of character be touched, such as shows us the thing in a more beautiful Light. Now nothing but the clear insight and conviction that it is only the voice of our inner self which makes us see outward circumstances in so gloomy and even repulsive a light, can give us back the lost peace of our hearts.

This and the following Songs ought to give you the opportunity—and can do it well—of leading your Child early to this working of

Inner as well as Outer, the light of Character and Mind, as well as of Sun and Earth. This may be shown in the clear sunlight, when it is morning or evening; then, especially on a dark-coloured surface. The Game receives additional charm for Children if two Persons, with hands of different size—*e.g.*, Mother and Daughter—represent two Hares at the same time, differing in size and posture.

The Picture, or rather the Pictures, explain themselves, even including the two Hares who are seeking shelter in the Thicket of the Forest; and your clever words of explanation, Mother, will give them even more Life.

The Wolf and the Boar.

(Pictures 26 and 27.)

PICTURE, Song and Motto, explain each other in such a way as to leave little to be said about the Picture. The representation on the wall is made by laying the Palms of the Hands together so that they fit, and then parting the Hands. Both Thumbs are so placed that they form the Ears of the Shadow-picture. Trial, practice, and comparison will at last produce the whole satisfactorily and distinctly. The position of the Hands in the Picture shows them too open, and thence it results that the Shadow-picture is not expressive enough.

What the Motto points to, you, as careful nurses, have frequent occasion to observe when your little ones are watching animals. For in the life of animals—as, indeed, alas! in the lives of many human beings too—the lower desires come into prominence so vigorously, sharply and dazzlingly as to make impressions that are too strong upon the tender dispositions of Children. It is particularly important to keep the fancy pure, and not wound the sense of shame, in all cases where nerves and imagination are already over-stimulated. In cases where neither so far is the case, care should be taken not to rouse the still slumbering power of misunderstanding by some unguarded word. For if purity be preserved, an innocent Child passes over blameless natural actions, by explaining them easily to himself—"Animals know no better." But a human being, a Child, is not an Animal, is more than an Animal. A human being knows what he is doing, or ought to know, at any rate, and so ought a Child.

Be sure therefore, Mother, and you, kind Nurse of the Child who is entrusted to your care, that you make him notice early how every Animal, true to the stage of life it has grown up to, unfolds and acts in harmony with the whole Life of Nature and its demands;—this has

been already shown in the Song of the Bird's Nest;—and that this is just why the Life of Animals is, like the Life of Flowers and Plants, such a healthy, fresh and merry Life. Now just as the Animal at his stage of development fulfils his calling and appointed lot quietly, connectedly and simply, and all we have to do is to avoid hindering him; so a human being ought, even as a Child, to fulfil his Calling, and the things appointed for him, faithfully and without hindrance, at each stage of his development. Every such stage, even in a child's life, has demands which are quite fixed, which must be met and cannot be passed over, and it is certainly important to make a Child early see, or at any rate feel this, in order to prepare him for a skilful, all-sided doing of duty later on.

Every age, even the age of Childhood, has something to cherish that is plain, and from doing so no exemption can be procured; it has therefore its Duties. Happy is it for a Child if he be led to deal with them adequately, and for the present unconsciously.

Duties are not burdens; Duty fulfilled leads at last to Light and all its high gifts; this is why every healthy child likes and enjoys doing Duties, provided they speak to him quite clearly, simply, and, above all, inexorably.

Fulfilment of Duty strengthens Body and Mind, and the consciousness of Duty done gives Independence; even a Child feels this. See, Mother; see, Nurse; see, Parents, how happy your child is in feeling he has done his small duties. He already feels his kinship with you thereby. Cherish this feeling and it will be salvation and blessing to him, for the blessing of Heaven must rest upon such action as consists in the assembly of one's own forces, a calm glance over one's own Life, and in cherishing it on all its sides in whatever way may be most faithful to its Being.

The Two Windows.

(Pictures 28 and 29.)

THE outside part of the Game, and the position of the hands for both representations appear clearly in the Picture; and with regard to the Game itself, who does not know how fond children are of watching Light through an enclosed space, through spread fingers laid over each other, through slit paper, or through the tracery of wooden lattice-work? It seems to be a proof, an indication, of the character of the human mind and disposition only to be able to bear the appearance and penetration of the higher intellectual Light

according to the gauge set by the development of the inner eye and inner light.

Everybody knows that this little Game can be carried on as well by day and sunlight, as it can in a room and by artificial light.

In relation to the inner function of Soul, Character and Mind, these two Games are markedly different on one side from the two preceding ones. In using those, some care was needed to avoid rousing low or vulgar ideas. In these two Games, the sense of all that is higher and nobler is roused and fed; and, Mother, just as earlier you were cherishing his joy in what is clean and clear, so now cherish his pleasure in what is bright, alight and shining.

Only see how the whole soul of the Children yonder is absorbed in watching their favourite effects of light shining. What should be more likely to enchant the Child's mind and character than perceiving, or as it were breathing in, what is bright and full of light? Your Child seems to be guessing:

> "Pure of heart! to be that! It is the last steep height
> Of all that wise men have thought out, or wiser done."

Mother, strengthen his power early to this end; Father, hold out your helping hand early, that he may strive towards and mount this height.

"Why should the Boy stand there at the window thinking?" He sees how the bright Sunlight, shining through the clean water, is playing in such lovely colours—"Mother, Father! do come quickly here. See! Sister has put a glass of clean, fresh Water in the Window, in the Sunlight; only see the beautiful coloured circles and rays, just like the Rainbow and Dewdrops! Oh, Mother dear, that is really beautiful! Just see how beautifully the colours play through each other when Sister moved the glass, just as if you were playing Blind Man's Buff with us, Mother dear."

In this way the higher, noble, striving human being is made happy when he sees how, from watching and cherishing purity of character, mind and life, their higher joys blossom forth in thought and action.

> "Mother dear, see that Youth and Maid hold fast
> Whatever truth they learnt in Childhood's Past."

"But why is the Boy up there crying?" Oh, dear! he has been so careless as to break the clean, bright window, and now he must go and fetch the glazier, who lives a long way off, to repair the damage, unless he doesn't mind a dark board or a piece of paper that he couldn't see through, keeping the dear, bright Light out of the room for some time longer. You see, my Child, you must not

wantonly and heedlessly stop Light's entering into mind and heart; for if you do, you will have to buy it back by trouble and loss of time, lest heart and mind become quite dark. But if you open your Door and little Window to the light, and at the right time, as the Mother's dear child is doing in the picture on the right hand,—just as the Light finds its way into that dark cellar, so it will into the darkness and depths of Life, brightening and light-giving.

"Our eye grows clear,
Our breath more free;
Nature lies near,
And fair to see."

This is how it looks to the two Children here on their Mother's lap and in her arms in the second picture, who never get tired of watching the coming of the Sun they are so fond of. And "Come," says the little Boy there to his second little Sister; "Come, we will ask Mother to let us go in the Garden a little."

"It's lovely out of doors; please, may we go?"
"Oh, yes, my Children, you may run away:
Only be kind and gentle all to-day;
Just as the Light is bright and pure, you know."

The Charcoal Burner's Hut.

(Picture 30.)

THE Picture shows the position of the Hands clearly. They rest with the wrist upon some object, such as the table, which represents the ground out of doors.

We have already recognised and spoken of the Eye as the chief and preponderating medium between Man's inner world and the higher world of Mind. The Hand is, in the same way, a special medium between the world of Mind and the surrounding outside world of Matter and Objects; and is thus, again, intermediate between Intellectual Thought and the appearances of things in Space, and especially as regards their bodily form. The hand leads at once to this, not only in the realm of Representation possible in later life, but in the more limited range of a Child's first games, and indeed in the narrowest circle of these.

A human being has only two Hands, and moreover each contains only twice four fingers set opposite each other, and different, by two and two, just as the Hands to which they belong are opposite each

other; and he has only two Thumbs set opposite each other, as seeming to be a Mole or Dam to the Fingers; and yet what varied opportunities this offers, not so much of carrying out things; no, but of merely representing them, to a Child's great delight and awakening.

Do not the Hands teach the Child, without passing outside the boundaries of his own little life, how much there is to be done that a man may do with what is close at hand, and without grasping after what is remote?

That Englishman was, therefore, perfectly right who wrote a whole book to show that Man's Hand is a sign of God's fatherly reconciliation, love and kindness to man; for the Hand teaches us to respect what is small and near, and to make much from little; and is it not thus an expression of the Divine in Man? Does it not show him to be like his Creator, who is always making so much from what lies nearest and is smallest? You, Mother, ought early to rouse in your Child this way of looking at his Hand (and later, in another connection, his Feet)—this thoughtful contemplation of it, and what it is able to bring about—so that he may not hurt either himself or it by misusing it, but may far rather try to become, by his actions, more like his Creator, Father, God.

And, Mother, just as you make your Child respect his own Hand, make him also respect and honour not only a man who by his hand gives us some Bread and satisfies our Body's need for Food and other things, but a man who is active by the work of his Hands, in any business, however lowly, whereby he not only keeps off injury and danger from individuals as well as from the whole community, but even directly furthers the good of mankind.

How should we stand, for example, with regard to the use of nearly all our technical Arts, and even our search into Nature on the path of Chemistry, and all that depends upon it,

> "Unless the Charcoal Burners worked and burnt the wood with care,
> And did not mind their faces, or the soot that gathers there."

Yes, tell your dear little Children later on how Charcoal Burners saved some Children, the Children of German Princes, from death; or at any rate, saved them from having to live sadly injured:

> "Though black the Charcoal Burners are in face,
> Though grimy are their shirts, ill-shod their feet,
> Their hearts are kind and warm, and always beat
> For what is blameless, good and right in every place."

The Carpenter.

(Picture 31.)

THE position of the Hands to start with is hard to describe, and can really only be attained by seeing it for oneself; but let us try. The position of the Hands is, on the whole, the same as in the Charcoal Burner's Hut, only the Hands are held up in front quite freely. The tips of the Little Ring and Middle Fingers touch each other lightly, the First Fingers are free. The left First Finger represents a Tree, the right First Finger the Carpenter, as he at first stands while cutting down a Tree, with a sawing movement. The left Finger, being the Tree which is felled by the sawing of the right Finger, now lies so horizontally that its tip touches the knuckle or root of the right Finger. The First Finger of the right Hand, which is now bent, represents the Carpenter hewing down the Tree with a hacking movement; then again, with a sawing movement, it represents him while he is seeming to saw the Tree into beams (the Finger at its joints). The Picture clearly shows the position of Hands and Fingers while representing a House, where Gable, Window and House-door stand out clearly, only the House-door is made too small.

The House, its furniture and arrangements contribute no less to a joyful carrying out of household business, and a glad family home-life, than do a fresh, cleanly kept Body, a just and all-sided improvement of Limbs and Senses and their right use, or clothes which are both cleanly and suitable. What the skin is to a Man's limbs, and all the detailed parts of his body, the House is, in a certain sense, to the whole Family and its collective life: it is what encloses all that is in order and sheltered. How entirely a cheerful Home-life depends upon a well-arranged House, and upon Health to live in it! and this is especially true when a real sense of what Home-life should be comes into play as well. May it not be that Children so enjoy building little Houses and Rooms under the idea that they are the places where care and shelter are given to the highest thing, human life together—Family life?

Oh! surely, most surely, an idea of man's life, in all its later earnestness and fulness of meaning, passes softly through the mind of Childhood and of Youth; only unfortunately, little as the Child understands how to explain in himself these dim notions, these cloudy feelings and strivings, they are, for the most part, still less regarded and cherished by everybody around him. How different would it be with Childhood, Youth, and, in fact, with all Humanity in all the relations of life, if those dim stirrings were nurtured, strengthened,

and developed, in their higher meaning as protecting angels, and if young hearts were made to notice them carefully.

It is with this notion and the feeling that arises out of it,—that if man wishes to reach such a great good as peaceful, cultured Family Life, and a sheltering, comfortable dwelling for it, he must give up a great deal, and bear a great deal;—that the Boy there, on the right, seems to be letting himself be sawed by his Brothers and Sisters, as though he were a Tree; and the two dear little Sisters are sitting up there on the left, planning and thinking about the House they have just built.

What can the little head be thinking, or the heart feel, that is still so young?

"How very nice it is to be
Within a pretty cosy home!
What glad, good Thought we seem to see
Like sunny light toward us come!
Come into busy life outside
To give it meaning far and wide."

The Mother below, on the left, seems to be already trying to make clear to her Child:

"The Carpenter and all his Art
We ought to honour and revere.
Look closely, then, at every part
Of all his clever doings here.
For if he did not build a place where we might dwell,
Pray, where could Mother live, and her dear Child as well?"

The Bridge.

(Picture 32.)

YOU, Mother, and your Child, can easily form a Bridge, either from the "Charcoal-burner's Hut" or the "House." The two Thumbs form the two piers or supports of the Bridge; the tip of the one Middle Finger stretches, but slightly bent, under the other, so that the Fingers are flat on the top.

The joining of things that are opposite, or seemingly parted—as the two banks of the Brook seem here to the Child—is an art which, exercised anywhere, for and by any one whatever, always does good, spreads joy, and if successfully practised, deserves the warmest thanks.

Mother, in the efforts of your motherly anxiety, let your Child early feel this, for verily nobody feels more deeply than you do, that, on the one hand, there are contrarieties that cannot be smoothed out

and bring the deepest pains; while, on the other hand, some smoothing out that is scarcely suspected brings the peace of Heaven to heart and character, especially in Family Life at home. And what unites greater contrasts than Family Life; what in the world more unites the greatest contrast, Earth and Heaven; and where does this uniting cause greater happiness than in the Family and at Home? Teach your Child, then, to recognise in the outside of the gift the inner thing that is given with it; in the House, the peace of Home, the thoughtful Life of a Family; in the giver of the outer thing that can be seen, the Giver of the unseen thing that is within. Teach him in thanking the Carpenter's Son to thank Him who sent the Carpenter's Son upon the Earth, to the end that in the dwellings of men the greatest and hardest contrasts might be reconciled, and that they might thus become dwellings of Heart's joy and of the Soul's peace,—dwellings worthy of Heaven.

In looking at the Bridge your Child has formed by his own exertions, show and teach him, or, at any rate, let him thereby gain a notion, how by his own efforts he may find within himself means to reconcile contrasts and smooth out difficulties. Show it him in your own life and action, but then more especially in the reconciling life, examples and teaching of the Carpenter's Son. If you do this, the visible Bridge made by your hands or your Child's, and all that is therewith connected, will become by-and-by a means of binding up for him the seen with the unseen, and of teaching him to love in the Carpenter's Son, the dear Son of our All-Father, and the Reconciler between Him and us.

The Two Gates.

(Pictures 33 and 34.)

THE position of the Hands for the Garden Gate is more correctly given than that for the Yard Gate, though even for the Garden Gate, the Hands where the finger-tips touch should have been more sunk, in the form of a gate.

These little Games easily express the thought that runs through them and that they would give. As to the first Game, teach your Child to take care of what it has attained; as to the second Game, teach him to recognise what surrounds him, and try to get him to name things, taking first what surrounds him in House and Yard, in Garden and Field, and then later, on the Common or in the Wood. Teach him to know things not only according to their names, but their qualities; not only their active qualities—their

doing; but also their passive—their temper: what they are distinguished by. Mother, have you not noticed what a deep, stirring sense for all this dwells in your Child? He seems almost by magic to find out for himself, at a certain point of his life, the words denoting activity and passive character. What delight a Child takes about this age in noticing what is Smooth, Woolly, Hairy, Sparkling, Round, etc., besides what is Rolling, Creeping, Hopping, etc.; and with an ease which deserves admiration, he seizes and links Sight, Word and Purpose.

Preserve and cherish this sense in him. But if you do not cherish it, and do not set it going in the right way, it becomes a lost thing; it grows rusty, just as a magnet grows rusty, and loses its power when it is not sufficiently and increasingly used. It is in this sense like delicious wine in a broken glass; what is not enjoyed at once—Power that is not instantly used, Effort that does not immediately meet the right object—perishes.

Flowers that grow in pairs you are sure to know, such as the hedge Honeysuckle; and others which are like Sheep in flocks, such as the red-berried Elder and Snow-balls. And

> "In Flowers there's so much more a Child can find:
> The Colours—tender, simple, and of every kind;
> The Form—sprayed, round or bell-like, strong or frail,
> Spurred like a Rider, circled like a Snail,
> Grouped like Umbrellas, Bunches, Discs, or Wheels—
> He'll find the Names, if once the Thought he feels.
> If clear, good eyesight help us do our best,
> Each fresh discovery strengthens all the rest.
> Use the Time bravely, Mother, and take heed;
> Deep-hidden germinates the precious seed
> Of fresh Fruits that will all your toil repay.
> When your Child feels this, blest will be the day."

The Little Gardener.

(Picture 35.)

MOTHER, fold the Fingers of your left Hand in the form of a Flower—a sprig of Lily, for example. Close the Fingers of your right Hand in the shape of a Watering Can (so that the Thumb forms its spout), in order to water the flower, whose bud seems to unfold the while, as the Fingers gently open, turning rather towards the little Finger, so as to resemble an opened flower; or rather, one that is just opening.

If you have done this only a few times in front of your dear Child,

he will soon imitate you; for the Game is one he especially likes; as, indeed, a Child always likes doing what Mother-love does first. This sense of imitation in your Children should be most carefully cultivated by you, dear Mothers. It relieves you of more than one-half the work of education, and at this stage will accomplish with a touch, light as a feather, what later on you could scarcely do with a hundred-weight of words. Believe that I am right, before painful experience makes you see it for yourselves, and thus before insight only serves to feed your discontent with yourselves.

But we will not in all this forget our little Gardeners. For it is so very pretty to see a little Gardener—boy or girl, or many children—playing at "gardening." "Wait on," "Take care of," are words which we, dear Mothers, have said to each other countless times in the course of our present communications with each other, and in joint observation and sharing of Child-life. They must be important for the life of our darlings, and they are. Say, thoughtful, noble Mother, what more really important thing can we give our Hearts' Hearts—for such our Children are—for their whole life than Good Sense, Perseverance, Courage—yes, Courage—to cherish life, and also the giving of means, the showing the path that leads to it. Hence, Mother and Father, dear Parents! we may say to ourselves, We are doing this, and have done so up to now; and so we may hope, as you also may, that you, in your old age, will receive care from children who are full of gratitude; just as the boy yonder is helping the old man with a gift as well as he can, though he scarcely knows him.

But in care rightly given, Time and Place must be considered. For all plants cannot bear to be watered directly on their roots; Lilies can bear it least of all, and easily rot if it is done.

I really think the little Girl, who is standing so thoughtfully in her garden there, wants to say to us, "Take care of the Place where you cherish things;" and in the same way the Weathercock, that is being so easily driven about by the wind on the top of the hill which commands such a view, wants to say to us, "Take care of the Time."

> "Watering in the Sun's hot glow
> Never makes the Flowers grow.
> Not one of the tired Leaves
> Can use what it then receives.
> It has no strength to remain
> Healthy through your kindly rain."

But, dear Parents, let us, in conclusion, notice one more thing—

> "Is there anything Children love better to do,
> Or rush to more quickly and happily too,

Than to play in the garden, build, water and hoe?
They build a nice house with green boughs that they bend;
They play with their dolls, and they put them to bed;
In watering their gardens what trouble they spend,
In hope that each flower sweet perfume will shed.
Even briars and sticks lovely fruit are to bear,
And say 'kindest thanks' to the gardener there.
What ought this to teach us, Parents, and what does it say?
Like the Children, we should make fresh pleasures every day.
Then our quiet deeds will show
That the way to this we know:
Let's build a Kindergarten there,
And give the Children faithful care;
Guard from what dangers may befall,
And from the body's, worst of all.
But more unfold, as best we can,
The powers God's gift has placed in Man.
Father-love gave the gifts as precious seeds,
That Man might raise himself to God by deeds."

Smell Song.

(See page 87.)

IN commenting on "Dza-Dza," or the Taste Song, we have, dear Mother, already expressed ourselves as to the great importance of improving the senses in general, and the sense of taste in particular, in order to bring the inner part or spirit of things near to a human being's own inner self or spirit, through what is outer, and even actually to perceive and know it in what is outer.

But the sense of smell is closely allied to the sense of taste; the bond between them is close as that between twin sisters; they complement each other in the task of indicating and indeed revealing the beneficial and injurious in things, primarily in connection with the maintenance of physical life; but yet by no means only for life that is chiefly physical, but really for higher and purely intellectual life as well.

Difficult, very difficult, would it be, watchful Mother, to define where the purely physical working upon the senses ends, and where the purely intellectual begins. The improvement and ennobling, the elevating of both these senses is, if rightly considered, really but as two sides of one thing, and it is so inexpressibly important. It is precisely on account of this close welding or flowing into each other of the Physical and Psychical, the Bodily and the Mental, the Material and the Spiritual, the Vital and the Intellectual, Instinct and Morality—this rooting of the Higher in the Lower as it might be called,—it is precisely on account of all this, Mother and nurse of early childhood,

that the formation of the senses is so overwhelmingly important, and above all the formation, ennobling and raising of the two senses, Taste and Smell. These, rightly regarded, are but as two sides of the same sense, and are really but one sense. For not only do these two complement each other, but in cases where sight and smell, acting together, leave a matter uncertain, the sense of smell clears it up. For it is remarkable (and it has already been noticed in connection with the sense of Taste) that all things injurious to health strike the sense of sight as being of peculiar, disagreeable dulness and darkness, and the senses of taste and smell as being in different ways peculiarly dark, foul and nauseous, while they affect the sense of hearing by dull, repulsive tones, as in the case of metals. This is why people say: Its name sounds well. All this, taken even in its transferred moral meaning, expresses the importance of forming the senses. Then, secondly, it is further important to notice, that all things that are in themselves good, healthy and ennobling, produce the contrary effect directly they are enjoyed in excess, or at any rate produce disgust; for instance, the lilac in a close place. But excess always produces weariness, and weariness loathing, as a warning to avoid excessive enjoyment, because it hurts the health.

All this, dear Mother, might very well have been clothed in the form of various smell and taste games, and have been set forth in your charming talks with your baby; but the improvement of the sense of smell is, as you, dear Mother, can easily see, like the improvement of the sense of observation about Ripe and Unripe, so very important at every stage of life, that without any seeking of mine, this serious part of its meaning claimed a foremost place in my treatment of the subject.

It is remarkable that the transferred use of the sense of smell into the domain of morality has very frequently a bad meaning—"it savours of hypocrisy." The expression for *rumours* (gerüchte) seems to have been formed from (gerüche) *scents*, by inserting the *t*. For instance, "Bad rumours are current about this man."

"Mother, my head aches."

"Why! what have you been doing?"

"I don't know. I have only gathered a great many beautiful flowers and put them in water."

"That's just it; all those flowers and those strong-smelling plants—and, above all, those tall lilies which you have set up all round you in a room that is too small for them—have made the air too strong with their scent, and this affects your head through your nose, through your sense of smell. One can do too much of what is good; and even what is good in itself needs a suitable space to work in, in

order to do good to others. For you see, if it were not so, people—and you, too, children—would selfishly gather round them too much of what is beautiful and good, and too little of it would be left for other people to use and enjoy."

"Oh, mother, the plants and flowers love us as much as you do."

"They show how right is done,
And bid us evil shun."

"Flowers, plants and children's glee,
You delight me when you bend
Down to me, and let me see
In the heart of each dear friend.

"Would you give me all good things,
Nurse my life in silence kind,
Ward off Danger's hovering wings,
Pure and happy keep my mind?

"Teach me what it is you say,
Let not your mere name be told,
Speak through Colour, Form, to-day;
What you say is never old.

"Scents you fling upon the air;
Speak through them in language plain.
Love the truth; show me the snare
When enjoyment would bring pain.

"All my senses you would teach
Love of noble things alone;
Strengthen power and will by each,
That my deeds be like your own.

"Plants, though you are small to see,
There's an angel in each one;
You yourselves will angels be,
That I may not feel alone.

"Would you stir my heart within,
And to Father-God me lead,—
Him who bade our life begin
By a call of love indeed,—

"Let me gather some of you;
It would please my parents so,
If I gave them just a few,
Love and gratitude to show.

"Nor when later on you die,
Can that take the bliss away
That I learnt to know thereby:
I can love with love repay.

"Parents' love is pictured there:
Through their lives they gladly give
Deepest tenderness and care—
All their best, that we may live.

"Tell me what there is to find
That you cannot well explain,
You can answer, quick and kind,
What we ask and ask again.

"All the love that I can show
Through your voices, love can teach;
Listening, I shall learn to know
What it is love bids me reach.

"I'll never break your stalks in idle play,
Lest your sharp thorns should make me rue the day."

The Wheelwright.

(Picture 36.)

THE Fists are tightly closed, and the Hands, held vertically, move to begin with horizontally, as though describing semi-circles under each other, so that the hands come alternately to the front; this is just the movement of a Wheelwright while boring a hole. Then at the words "round, just so," the two Fists move vertically and wheel-shaped, alternately round each other, as a wheel which is being rolled round.

"Let nothing be indifferent to you which concerns Man; you are a human being, therefore nothing that interests Man should be strange to you," said the wise man of the world, and the Child is practising one of the great truths of life; just as it often happens, that

"A Child, in all simplicity and quiet, tries
What is called worldly-wisdom by the wise."

There is nothing done by grown-up people, that does not excite a Child's observation, especially in the case of handicraftsmen.

We have already said, Mother, how important every work of human hands is; that is why we cherish this sense, and cherish it early. Let us cherish—be sure you cherish, Mother—the Child's pleasure in creating by human hands:

"The Child already loves to see
What wonders human hands can do;
Raise this into activity,
That he may be a Maker, too;

That he a human life may lead,
Creative, worthy of his kind;
For work through strong and thoughtful deed
Wins Peace and cheerfulness of mind."

And this little Game ought to give you, Mother, a small contribution—a means to this end.

The artist has, to the Child's delight, richly set out this sheet. I think that you will find no essential use nor peculiar kind of carriage-wheel omitted, from the Wheel in the Barrow,—beside the Bale of Goods which is drawn there, on the right of the picture behind the Goods-waggon,—to the wheel in the Chariot of the Gods up above. The artist certainly wishes to show us the importance of the Wheel in all departments of life. Where would the human race be, what would become of the human race in the stage of civilisation we have now reached, if we had to do without the Wheel?

This is doubtless why everything that is, or is called a Wheel, is so attractive and so important to a Child; and later, he pays careful attention to Advice, which is like the Wheel in application, peculiarity and use: it secures the easy moving of heavy things, however reluctantly the Child might otherwise be to follow the advice of elders, because he does not immediately recognise its worth and importance as he does the Wheel's.

And so, even in a transferred, figurative sense, apparently on an entirely different domain, it is as important for a Child to know the qualities and uses of the Wheel, as it is for him to know the connecting qualities of the Circle, the Hoop and a Garland.

The artist, no doubt, wished to bring this home to our hearts when he made two Boys bowl their Hoops in opposite directions; and it almost seems to me that in the end they will come to the same spot, though perhaps unexpectedly and unwillingly. Does the artist mean by this to indicate the various fortunes of a Child, a human being, which the counsels of a Higher Power lead, each of them, to the best advantage?

What more can the artist possibly wish by carrying us back to the legendary time of the old Heroes? For of course no artist ever does anything by chance and without meaning! Perhaps he wants to suggest to us that it occurs to him, as an artist, that it is through a Childhood such as this, which faithfully heeds Nature and Life in all their tendencies, and carefully preserves their good, that the legendary time of a nobler Manhood might return, cleansed from all its dross, enlightened on its dark side, and purified as to its longings and ends. Ought we to be angry with the artist on account of his fancies, or his wish that they may be fulfilled?

But what does the Wheelwright here below on the right say, who is trundling the Wheel?

"Tell me what it is you say,
Wheel and Wheelwright tall?
Do you teach my Child to-day:
'Take care lest you fall?'"

The Joiner.

(Picture 37.)

THE Fists stand, Thumbs uppermost, and slide along like a Plane, which is making chips, first by shorter, then by longer strokes, over a flat surface; that of the Table, for instance.

What does this simple little Game point to? What is its meaning as regards life? What is its inner meaning? The Child has already been led by the Finger-piano to seeing sound combined with Number and Movement; but Sound is not in inner union with Number, Time, Measure and Movement alone, but also with physical form at rest; and even, as in this case, Sound is associated with Material itself. The Sound is deep if a long length of any material be stretched, but high if the length stretched be Short and Thin. Long and Short are therefore most important to notice in Child-life, as a means whereby Space and Time can be illustrated and united, for both can be Short or both Long. "You may certainly stay out of doors awhile, but not too long." "You must practise, but not for too short a time."

Just as an earlier Picture and Game furnished you, dear Mother, an opportunity for watching and explaining Crooked and Straight, so this little Song and Game should give you an opportunity for leading your Child to noticing the many ways in which Long and Short may be viewed, and the various meanings of both ideas. Just as in the former Picture we found nothing expressed but Crooked and Straight, so the whole of this Picture expresses Long and Short. Let him, to his great delight, seek it out in likenesses and contrasts.

But the little Picture wants to lead your Child early to the idea that outer greatness by no means always implies inner greatness, and that the converse of this is true also. Giant Goliath, who plays such a laughably important rôle in the Child-world, and dear little David, with whom Children always sympathise so warmly, can be made to lead your Child to see this. And here, no doubt, you are thinking of the little song of your Childhood that was written by that gentle,

friendly Asmus, who used to be the Wandsbecker "*Messenger*:"

"Giant Goliath was once alive,
A very dangerous man."

This idea from the artist's own youth seems to have found utterance here. If we will make all these feelings clear to our Children, and through them to ourselves,

"Such clearness would be health to them and rest from strife.
Friends! soon would here below be nobler life."

The Horsemen and the Good Child.

(Picture 38.)

WHILE your Child is resting in your lap, and your left arm is gently round him, the fingers of your right hand keep moving, beginning from the Little Finger and going towards the Thumb, representing the trampling of Horses and Riders riding as though towards the Child, and alternately coming nearer or going further off, so long as the Song lasts.

In this and the following Song we now enter chiefly upon the stage of the formation of the Child's disposition, character and will. Whatever has hitherto affected all this happened rather as a thing of chance or aside; what is now done, however, is done with clear intention and deliberate aim.

Knights and Horsemen, with an expression of free control of Self and Will, and of ruling strength that is foreign, hard to bend, independent, even if rough, and also the power of Nature,—it is Knights and Horsemen who, on all these accounts, early charm the attention of Boys and Girls, and soon stand out to them as a pattern, full of magical, we might say ideal Beauty. Their judgment and opinion is therefore by no means a matter of indifference, but is a Something, and something with a meaning to Children. It is therefore with these Knights and Horsemen that Game and Song connect words, and the path to that goal which Game and Song would like to attain in the Child.

But the Motto warns us, Mother, to be careful, and we ought to be. Separation has set up in the Child's mind between himself and a second person a standard, a comparison, a weighing. At this stage a Child is only too apt to substitute what he has still to become for what he actually is, and so believes, or at least is glad to make himself believe, that he already is what he has still to become.

Indeed we ourselves, and other people too, lead him to this belief by our assuming that a Child does not yet understand anything about all this; we ourselves, in our love for Children, do not distinguish what the Child really is from what we already love in him as a weak tendency to good, as something that is germinating and beginning. And thus it is that we ourselves, by our own behaviour, bring the Child to believe that he already is in reality what we are loving in him beforehand as something that is just coming into being. We do ourselves, as well as the Child, great harm by this insufficient separation by us and by him of what already is from what has yet to come into being. For the benefit of both, let us get thorough insight into this.

The Child must certainly be roused to Good by inclination, love and respect, through the opinion of others about him, and all this must be strengthened and developed; but this must be done by the efforts of others, and first by you, dear Parents, and first of all by you, loving Mother, in such a way that he may feel that liking and love are at his disposal only so far as he is himself really good—only for the sake of the good he has already attained, that he may feel that only so far as he is good is he loved by others. A Child must soon learn to feel in your Behaviour, through it and its results, that your friendly, loving Behaviour is extended to him, not as to a small external person, but only to his thoughts, the expression of his inner life, or very frequently only on account of the good hopes that people entertain of him; and thus that when Thought and Inner Life cloud over, when Hope wanes, then Love, too, retreats.

When therefore, Mother, observation as to the judgment of others awakes in your Child—when, separating himself and on the watch, he brings himself before the judgment of others—then, Parents, and all you who are working upon Children, you really have a double task to perform. In the first place, as we have already said, in your judgment about your Child and your behaviour towards him, you must clearly separate what your Child actually is from what he ought to become, and can become, in the future. Then, in the second place, in your behaviour to your Child with regard to what he really is already, you must clearly and distinctly separate the outward and personal part of him from the inner germ and foundation, from his thoughts and their motive; so that he may not get a false opinion of his small person, and be confirmed in that opinion.

It is in a correct grasping or not grasping what is here set forth, and in a thoughtful living it out, that the turning-point of a Child's struggle towards Inner Being or Outer Appearance really lies. And

so you see, Mother, how you have it in your power, at any rate, to nourish and cherish this effort, and to do so in the earliest and most playful Baby Games; for then the flood of the Child's later life is still a tiny rill, which the hand's gentle pressure can guide at pleasure in one direction or the other, but whose course, when later on it is a stream, no power can fix.

But there is yet one more thing which early wakens your Child's regard for what is good, his emulation and effort to reach it—that is to say, to be good himself; and this is not so much the respect and recognition which you show to the good in and about him personally, but far more the respect and recognition you show to Good in a stranger, and to this stranger on account of his being good. Every distinction bestowed upon a stranger, which seems to a Child right and merited, and within the compass of his own attainment and effort, rouses emulation in him, and spurs it on.

" What was the Song of the Child who was good, Mother, say !
That the Knights said they'd sing to the Children at home all the day ?"

THE GOOD CHILD.

" 'I've been a long journey, so leave off your playing;
Come, sit down around me, and hear what I'm saying:
A song of a Child who was good.
You'll like it; I knew that you would.

In its Mother's arms we found it,
Like a rose with moss around it.
There it lay, the dear good Child—
Merry, happy, never wild.
And this Child was strong, you know,
Busy both with arm and hand,
Building, making, learning so
To trust his powers, and understand.
If anything fell to the ground,
He'd pick it up, all safe and sound.
His playfellows seemed angels white and fair;
Ah ! Mother's love was such an angel there.
Angels ! yes, a loving Mother
Kissed one cheek, and then the other;
Kissed upon his brow her blessing.
Then, his love for her expressing,
Off he starts, his Mother serving;
All he can do she's deserving.
"Take it, Mother;" "Mother, see !"
"Mother, you are kind to me."
Then he went on jumping, springing,
Everything to Mother bringing.
He comes to Mother presently,
And sits down, quiet on her knee,

Lays his head upon her breast—
She is happy, he's at rest.
Lovely peace is all around him,
In her gentle arms she's wound him.
He was tired and glad to go
Off to sleep with Mother, so.
Sleepy eyes will close ere long;
Meanwhile Mother sings a song;
Softly in his crib then lays him,
Holding in his hand the plaything
He's been romping with all day,
In his eager, merry play.
Mother's eye is still and prayerful;
Quilt she draws up. Hush! be careful.
You may tell by Baby's smiling,
Angels are his thoughts beguiling.'"

"I'm tired too, now, Mother dear."
"Go to sleep then, Darling, here."

The Horsemen and the Cross Child.

(Picture 39.)

THE outside of the Game is like the preceding.

Unfriendliness, Bad Temper, and Sulkiness, especially in Children who are still little, people very often try to drive away by bringing near them what is noisy or rustling, and therefore deafening. But often as this is done, people rarely attain their end. No doubt this treatment has something quite true at the bottom of it; but it so often fails, because its element of truth is not recognised clearly and its demands are not definitely complied with.

Discontent and Unfriendliness, Bad Temper and Sulkiness, if they do not arise from bodily illness, are often due to some emotion that was too exciting and one-sided, which, just because it was one-sided, has been working too strongly upon the Child to allow of his being able to free himself from its trammels by his own strength. It is in such a case that sensible observation and care of Children must come to give the right help to the poor Child who is himself suffering from his Bad Temper. This is best done by quickly turning his glance to some new thing that is unexpected, but whose appearance fascinates his attention. But this is by no means done by the noisy and deafening qualities of the thing shown, which, on the contrary, only too often increase the evil; but by the unexpected, surprising, and above all the impressive qualities of the thing. Thus I have seen that very excited Children, whom nothing seemed able to soothe,

would become really quite quiet in the evening, by being shown an unexpected peep of the Moon, while they were at once carried into another room, and they would then let themselves be put to bed quietly. In the daytime, I have seen the same thing happen through any unexpected introduction to moving Life, as, for instance, to Chickens. But the unexpected removal of a thing can effect the same in your Child.

This little Game and Song will combine both, as it connects it all for a second time with the Knights and Horsemen, who so easily fascinate the Child's attention by their appearance, and also by their words of power.

Motto and Game are in all else self-explaining, and indicate their own spirit.

The conclusion of the previous explanation applies here too.

Hide, Baby!

(Picture 40.)

THE outside of this little Game is like the preceding, so far as concerns the use of Hand and Finger.

In how many ways you, Mother, can hide your dear Child, or he can hide himself, or at least fancy he hides, no one would pretend to teach you both.

So far as its inner spirit is concerned, this Game is related to the former, because it connects the bond of the Child's inner human disposition with that of other people, and handles it carefully and educatingly; but it takes even more intimate hold of his Inner Life, because it makes the Child distinctly feel and realise the bond between his own Heart and Character and his Mother.

It is of the greatest importance for the Child, and his life in union with you, Mother, that the Feeling and Making-to-be-felt of this bond should take place, so far as possible, through one and the same intermediate standard of comparison—in this case the Knights and Horsemen; otherwise the connection and bond with you, Mother, becomes, too often, a growing-up side by side, which is both injurious and disagreeable, and should never be allowed to arise; it is bad for you and the Child from every point of view—physical, moral and intellectual; bad for bodily life, for conduct and for mind.

There is one thing more, dear Mother, which here presses itself on our observation, and to which, as Educators who are anxious for enlightenment, we must not refuse our full attention, although it has been already touched upon several times in passing, and pointed out in the

preceding Play Songs, and in the Mottoes showing their intention and thought. It is *your* own inner attitude in and to yourself, and especially your innermost attitude to your dear Child,—that is to say, the view you take of his Being, his Life, his Action; what you regard or disregard; what you prize or despise; how you regard and prize it; and in this regard and treasuring, how you take care of and use it; what you show yourself to be in yourself, in your Family, to your own people, especially to your Children themselves, even when they may be so small that you think they do not understand anything about it. All this is in the highest degree important for your Child as an active, though unseen, means of Education and Training. You are to your Child what he is to you. You feel it in common, as you often say to each other, All in all. Mother, consider what lies in these words, not only as regards feeling, but as regards knowledge and certain action. Even the feeling can, if it be misunderstood, overstep its due boundaries, and then, instead of doing good, it harms both your Child and you.

"Mother, why did the Knights want to have the little Child?"

"Why, see, because it was a good, dear little Child,—that is why the Knights wanted to have it, too; only its Mother loved it so much because it was good, and did not give it to the Knights; she would not even let them see it at all."

"And you, my Child, are very dear
And very precious too;
God sent, indeed, a treasure here
When His love sent me you.
And if you're only good, my pet,
A gentle Child and always kind,
Your heart by happy courage set
Gladness and merriment to find,
The bond between us two will stay,
That makes us love each other so;
And when the Knights come by this way
And want you, I shall say, 'Oh! no.
It's right to guard such gifts; so ride away.'"
"I will be good—yes, Mother dear, I want to stay with you;
Only please love me just as much, and be good to me too."

Hide-and-Seek.

(Picture 41.)

WHO does not know Hide-and-Seek? how your Darling plays at hiding his face on your breast and throat, in your arm, under your cloak or handkerchief, or in your lap; we have already

spoken about it. Who does not know the Game as an ever fresh and inexhaustible source of joy for your darling Child, and for his somewhat older brothers and sisters?

Since this Game is something that seems to grow up with Childhood and Child-nature, it must be—as we have already remarked on other occasions—something that, from its being almost always at hand, is of the highest importance for a Child's education and for his development; and so it is, dear Mother.

Yet the natural and original connection, and even oneness, of the Child with his Mother's heart, life and action, can, even at this early age, be misunderstood, and, if carried beyond wholesome bounds, can do harm to you, Mother, as well as to your dear Child; we recognised this in the preceding little Game.

But if Union misunderstood be already capable of doing harm, how much more harm must parting in dimness, misexplanation and misunderstanding do? And, Mother, this is really the case. And yet through this very Game of Hide-and-Seek, which is so pretty, and delights your Child so much, you give him, without your in the least guessing it, the first opportunity for this parting; and it is well for you that it is *you* who give it. Only, you know also,—you have felt it often keenly enough throughout your care of Children, and it is no strange fact to you in your Hiding Game,—that all Giving is linked with a Taking, and all Giving grows out of Taking. Know therefore, and be clear in your own mind about it, that you, in your mother-love and pleasure, nevertheless are furnishing occasion for parting in this way: your Child is to hide from you, and therefore part from you; he would like to hide himself from you, part from you, so that you could not, at least for a long time, see him or find him. Look, here is the first germ of danger. Take care; do not allow it to be that the Child finds such pleasure in the parting from you, in your not being able to see and find him for a long time, as to make him hide more and more from you, conceal himself from you for longer intervals, and even at last, hide and conceal himself so that you really do not find or see him. Be careful, Mother, when, in the course of his development, your Child passes from concealing himself and his person to concealing his actions from you. Be careful, lest to the pure pleasure of hiding from you, and concealing himself, some action by chance, perhaps unexpectedly and unsuspected, may link itself therewith which your Child may perhaps like to hide from you permanently. Here is the germ of danger which we named above. We will not stay too long contemplating this danger, painting and analysing it, but we will nevertheless express ourselves clearly about it. The danger that threatens—the possibility, whose germ is here—is, that

the Child may later on conceal and hide his doings, or himself in his doings, from you, especially when he has reason to fear that if you knew them, you would not only not sanction them, but would thoroughly disapprove them, would scold and even punish him for them.

I will not trace further the ugly steps which lie between evasion, wresting the true state of Things and Actions, and real Untruth and Lies, lest I should harass your motherly heart, but will rather turn at once to your question: How can I, in the innocent play, which is so much a part of, and one with, my Child's joyful, fresh and cheerful unfolding, avoid all the ugly consequences that have been pointed out? Mother, only give good heed to your Child's idea and way of playing, and you will find these means most easily, and in a form no less charming than the Game itself. Only see his whole being when he is hiding: however deeply he hides himself, and however still he makes himself, all the pains he takes to do it are the expression and anticipation of the fact, that he will find you, and that you will find him again. Only see how his eyes sparkle with joy when he has found you again. But why does he hide at all? He could always lie unhidden in your arms, in your lap, or on your breast; and then he would always see you, and you would always see him. Does he then hide in order to remain hidden from you? Does he hide in order to remain parted from you? God forbid! Your Child hides because of the rising feeling, the rising joy, the feeling that rises ever fresh, the joy that is ever new, of being inly one with you, and of becoming thoroughly conscious of this single oneness. See, Mother, how just as your Child gradually enjoys hiding from you longer and more completely, so the growing feeling keeps pace with it, and even raises itself to consciousness, that he is inwardly one with you: how the pleasure grows of finding you again, seeing you again, and of being found and seen by you again. Now here, Mother, in order to keep clear of the dangers we have mentioned, you must increase your Child's pleasure in finding you, and his joy in seeing you again. Here, then, is the point for avoiding the dangers we have mentioned. At the very point where danger may be expected, where it threatens, there, Mother—as surely as you are thoughtful, pious, faithfully and believingly devoted to God—there, as it happens everywhere else in God's world, help comes to you, and joy for sorrow. It comes in the greater feeling of inner oneness, which is directly bound up with the increased and amplifying outward parting, if rightly recognised and rightly fostered. This is the point where the knot, which seems so harmful, is untied, only to yield Health and Harmony, Peace and Joy.

"Only this Union is your goal, your end,
And parting but this Union desires.
Learn how to use this Law, oh, Childhood's friend!
Your care will yield you Joy that never tires."

Bo-Peep.

(PICTURE 42.)

"BUT why are we now to have Bo-Peep?" says somebody, perhaps, who is only looking at the outside of the Children's Games, full of deep sense and meaning as they are. "Why must we now have Bo-Peep? Is this, then, something different from plain Hide-and-Seek, only I am to say Bo-Peep?" Certainly it is something quite different from it, even if inwardly related to it. Bo-Peep is an extension, a further development, of Hide-and-Seek, just as the game Bo-Peep actually enters into the category of childish games later than pure Hide-and-Seek does. What, then, is the difference between the two, and what is the nature of the further development in Bo-Peep? Only notice your Children's play more closely, thoughtful Mother, and you will easily find the difference. In Hide-and-Seek, parting and union seem more separate, as though in order that each may become the more and the more clearly conscious of itself; in Bo-Peep, parting and union are, as it were, joined. It is union in parting and parting in union which makes Bo-Peep such a peculiar game, and so delightful to a Child by this very peculiarity.

But feeling and consciousness of union in parting, and of parting —that is, personality—in union, is also the essence, the deep foundation of conscience. And thus the call of conscience begins in the quiet game of Bo-Peep and its call to the Child. And it is well for the Child—health and blessing, peace and joy—if, all his life long, the quiet conscience call is the forerunner of a speedy higher oneness of soul and mind, of oneness even with the Highest, that is henceforth never to be separated again in feeling and consciousness. Then the higher uniting Sun of Life rises clear, as in this Picture, over the Mother's head, as though to unite her and the two Children at play in a higher light, and never to set again.

"Dear Mother, how I wish I knew
Something that was quite certain—true!"
"Hear what your Heart says; then you'll know
In being good how glad you grow.
What your happy Heart says, hear;
You know your parents love you, Dear;

You know God is your Father, too,
But keep this knowledge pure in you;
Keep Love and Faith and Gratitude,
And be they oftentimes renewed."
" I'm sure of it, Mother, I know all you tell;
But don't you forget me, dear Mother, as well.

The Shopman and the Girl.

(Picture 43.)

The Shopman and the Boy.

(Picture 44.)

THE position of the Hand in this little Game is not at all difficult, and has long been well known; the drawing in Picture 44 shows it, moreover, with tolerable distinctness. Three Fingers of each Hand, which touch at their tips, form the Tradesman's Store and Shop. The little Finger of the one Hand—the Left, for example—remains free, and forms the Tradesman, standing in his Stall or Shop. The first Finger of the other Hand—in this case the Right Hand—forms the Shop-counter, by lying close to the lower joint of the Left Hand's first Finger. The two Thumbs form the two Buyers, who are standing in front of the Stall or Shop counter. These Buyers are in the former of the two Pictures Mother and Girl; in the latter, Father and Boy. In the Drawing, both first Fingers, lying side by side, form the Counter; but this is not necessary; one Finger is enough.

Outside Life has its claims, and so has the Market of Life. When a Child and a human being have clearly found, and have firm hold over themselves in themselves, then they can also walk joyfully through Life and its Market, and place hundreds and hundreds of things in a relation to each other; a relation not only outward, but markedly inward too; not only to each other, but to a whole; that is, to Man's Being and Necessities. They do all this in order that, in the various productions and needs of Man, they may find his Life reflected as though in a mirror, and gaze upon it there, so as to be able, from the results of this reflection, to choose and appropriate, so far as possible, not only what is outwardly useful, but what gives inward joy; not only what appeals to them outwardly, but what will give inner, ever-increasing happiness. It is this inward and really pious making-glad the heart which, however little it may appear, and however rarely it may be attained in most cases, is the object that

is dimly thought of in visiting the Market of Life. This is the inner, dim foundation of a Child's joy and pleasure in the many-coloured variety of the Market; you need only take care that he gets a lively feeling of this.

The visitor to the Market can choose what is beautiful and useful, as life, sex and calling in life may need, for cherishing home and family life. The Girl, the Maiden, the Mother, the Housewife, can choose what is sensible, pretty, useful and likely to shield that life. The Boy, the Youth, the Husband and Father, can choose what is powerful and strong. What is good links itself with what is useful and beautiful, germinates, buds and grows out of it; soft and hard, yielding and strong, unite to form the most beautiful harmony of life. From what is outwardly symmetrical and suitable, but separated and lying side by side, or even intermixed, blossoms forth what is one within, and there is mutual recognition. Thus the notion of inner in the outer, oneness in what is parted, unity in diversity, the general in the special, life viewed as in a mirror, oneself therein; learning to know outward life, and to find means of expressing one's own inner life outside oneself,—these are the grounds of that inner, unconscious attraction and crowding to the Market.

Your Child, if he be a true Child, is content with very little of what is outer; he will return home from the Market, and his heart's idea is quite satisfied by a doll or a cart, a whistle or a sheep, provided only that in and through it he can find his own world, and represent it in actual deeds.

Thus, in a Child's development, a visit to the Market always makes a notch on the stick.

"When your Child first to Market goes,
Let some kind care be at his side,
That all he sees and all it shows
May be a gain that will abide."

The Church Door and Window.

(Picture 45.)

THE lower part of the Arms, which are placed as upright as possible, forms the Door-posts, and the Hands going out from and over them till the little Fingers touch, a kind of pointed Arch. The four Fingers of one Hand lie somewhat spread over the four Fingers of the other Hand, and form a Window straight over the Door; both Thumbs stand up in the air like small Bell-towers.

All the freely uttered activity of Child-life is symbolical, points in

its outer appearance to some inner Being or Foundation; hence the spiritual loveliness and the attractive good sense of all pure utterances from Children.

What the Child himself guesses and feels quite unconsciously and dimly, and is on this very account so apt to misapprehend, amid Life's variety, he is the more glad to feel and to live out in Life's unity, where it expresses itself to him; and this dimly-felt thing is Life's oneness and harmony. The coming of people together in assembly, thoughtfully, and to take counsel with each other, gives a Child this feeling, as the result of the new stage of development attained to and explained in the preceding Song. Hence it is that Children are attracted by the Assembly-Life, and especially by all the Council-Life of grown-up people. Hence, too, where a family's going to Church has a real inner meaning and relation to its Life, there arises a Child's being early charmed by going to Church, his occasional genuine Joy in the prospect of a visit there. The meaning of the words there spoken and sung does not cause his Joy at first, or to start with; it arises from the speaking and singing being done by all who are there, attentively and in assembly; from the fact that in all the speaking, action and singing, a point is clearly kept in view which unites all who are present in a common relation, and thus it is the nourishing, strengthening and dawning explanation of this Notion and Seeking, this Feeling and Life in himself—Oneness, Entrance, Harmony, in a common Life—that makes him enjoy going to Church.

But the questions the Child asks about the words and their meaning must, as they arise, be suitably answered, out of the range of his own experience, feelings and ideas, his own intellectual development and necessities. The little Play Song tries to give meaning to all this; and it gives this meaning, this reference, for two different stages of the Child's development, a narrower and a wider, an earlier and a later. Do you, sensible Mother, think them well over, and choose from what is given, develope and lead it further; it is given for that purpose. Only one thing must always be kept in mind as the most important—the fulfilment, strengthening, and perception of the Child's Notion; Harmony sounding in the Heart and re-echoing thence, even as it is clearly mirrored in Life; Oneness and Harmony with Life's own unity, foundation and source with

"The Life of all Life,
The Light of all Light,
The Love of all Love,
The Good of all Good Things—
God!"

The Little Artist.

(Picture 46.)

THE object is viewed thus: Your dearly loved Child sits as usual on your lap. Either merely with the first Finger of your own right Hand, or your dear Child's, you draw graphic sketches of the simple objects either in the Air, or in Sand thinly spread upon a Tray and lying before you; or on a Slate, if you like, and your Child is developed enough for it. Or you can begin with the Sand, go on to the Slate, and then to mere Drawing in the Air. Each of these Plans has something true in it, and some grounds on which it may be defended. Drawing in the Air will delight your Baby, small and frail though he be, because it is a movement which is certain and full of meaning.

Drawing seems to a Child to be an easy expression, and the first revelation of the creative power within him; hence it is always so attractive to him, and he likes doing it so much. How should it be otherwise, especially in the stage of development at which we are here taking the Child? He has taken in the idea of "Manifold," he has a notion of the life of the "Individual," and of Union in Variety; he has already a small world within him, and he would now like to represent this world in a way suited to his strength, and that seems easy to him, and by means that are at his command. Drawing is the step from mere looking at things to making a Picture of them.

Whatever a Child already knows from what Life gives and needs, he puts into his Drawing, examining and making it pass in review before his Soul and Mind, as though to look it all over, and to choose Right and avoid Wrong in the needs of his own future Life.

But, above all, whoever will early know the Creator, must early use his own creative power with conscious effort to represent what is good; for the doing of good is the Bond between Creature and Creator, and is the conscious doing of it, the conscious Bond, the true and living Oneness of Man and God, of the Individual as well as of the Race and of Humanity itself, and is therefore alike the starting point and eternal goal of all Education.

Explanations of the Drawings on the Cover.

THE true starting point, the purest source, and surest foundation of all real Human Education, is the Mother, mother-love, the Mother's whole essence and being, and her inner union with her

Child; but only the Mother, so far as she is one with God in her gentle sense and disposition, which takes in and clasps with equal Love both sexes, each with its own peculiarities in their early days.

This is why the first group shows a German Mother conscious of her being, her calling, and her position, and therefore crowned with oak. She is loving Humanity, which is growing up, and is present in its two manifestations of sex, as Boy and Girl; she is nursing them in her arms, and she carries them at rest in her bosom.

The Boy, stirred by a Man's spirit, even in his first utterances, is struggling outwards; but he has all the while a notion of the inner uniting meaning that dwells in what is outer—the unity which binds all things together. This is why he holds in his Hand a Ball hanging by a string. It points to the power which reveals itself as uniting all things—in Nature, in the Universe as *weight*, but in Human Life as *love*, and thus even at the stage of Childhood, already shows emblematically the effort and fruit of Man's Life.

> "Truth abides within deep places,
> Clearness dwells in what is whole;
> If strength march with steady paces,
> She will surely reach her goal."

Just as the Boy, according to his nature, struggles out into the world from his Mother's arms, the Girl, on the contrary, daughter-like, presses closer to her Mother, as though she would like inly to join heart with heart; so she holds tightly Mother-Love and Mother-Faith, and she is embracing her Mother outwardly as well; and from this post of safety, looks down with childish innocence, ease and simplicity on the thorn-strewn path of her Mother's Life, which she will herself have to walk in striving to reach humanity's goal.

The Mother, feeling deeply the weightiness of her calling in having to cherish two efforts so entirely opposite to each other in order to give development to their appointed relation to each other, is looking up with earnest piety, believingly and trustfully praying for insight and strength towards the Father of Humanity, who has divided Humanity itself into two such opposite halves.

And thus we see here a pious sense of oneness with God, a loving, trusting, faithful disposition, and a steady, quiet effort united inwardly for early and true care of Childhood.

The cherishing of this Trinity in the life of German Childhood through Mother's love, Mother's Song and Mother's Play, is the special task of these Mother's Songs, Games and Stories; and therefore the artist intends the first Picture to show their spirit emblematically, the source of that earliest care of German Childhood that is to be made clearer through them.

The first Picture thus represents "German Motherliness, conscious of her high calling, and rising wholly through it," without treading too near the Mother-wit and Mother-life of other nations in any way.

Just as the first group is intended to show the starting point, source and germ of Education for German Humanity, so the second is intended to exhibit emblematically the stage that will next be reached as the fruit of such care of Childhood.

The Scene and the Treatment are wholly changed. What the first group shows as cherished within, appears in the second as an outward deed. What the Mother began, the Father is carrying out; what the Mother planned with thoughtful management and cherished, the Father improves by powerful action. He forms and leads his Children with a consciousness of inner necessity, to meet the fight for reaching those heights of life which are often so steep, those paths which are often so high and impossible. With love and strength inly one, and working as a quiet motive-power in his protecting heart, the Father's eye is looking upward with deep thankfulness for the fair success he has already attained, and he is full of a high, still happiness that the Mother's prayer has been so amply fulfilled.

While his Daughter, believingly trusting to his guidance, is following it, his Son is courageously hurrying on ahead of his Father to climb and reach even the furthest point of the heights.

The Boy from his earliest days challenges all the Mother's strength to give him sufficient and suitable rearing, and she therefore carries him on her right arm; but the Father must, on the contrary, early lead the Boy to independence, and to conquering by his own power the hindrances that he will soon meet. This is why we see the Father leading the Boy, his son, with only a light grasp of his left hand, leaving him rather to himself and his own power. The Girl his daughter, on the contrary, needs, as she grows older, a Man's fatherly protection on life's path, often unbeaten as it is, or marked by pitfalls. We see how the Father's right hand is tightly clasping his darling Daughter. She is following her Father unreservedly, faithfully, quietly, and joyfully, wherever he may go, even on to the steep heights of self-conquest. With sincerity and firm trust she takes hold of his right hand, as she lovingly leans on him. And why should she not?

The pinions of his spirit which had, by his proved trust in God, been, like eagle's wings, a helmet and shelter to him in the hard battle of life, are unfolding in order that they may bear to the Father of men, those thanks which find expression in manly, earnest deed, and that he may trustfully walk further on the path of life and see into the future. "Gentle character, clear head, noble deed," will

surely make him attain that goal of German Humanity which they bear within them; and thus the second Picture is intended to represent emblematically: The German Father-heart, conscious of its noble Being, its manly strength and its high calling.

The two Pictures on the Cover should together represent to us German Humanity which has become conscious of itself in the persons of the Father and Mother, as parents who have through their Children become conscious, and who in this very consciousness, and led through it, are to educate their Children and themselves thereby, on the recognised path here laid down, by the recognised means here set forth, through the care and formation of inner and outer, of the Life of Feeling, Thought and Action, until they reach their goal: Peace, Joy, and Freedom.*

* *Freite* is an old German word, which survives as a root in a word still in use by the people—in *Gefreite*.

TRANSLATORS' NOTES.

KICKING SONG.

COQUETRY—*sinniges Necken*—that sort of playful teazing with a meaning, where the child is just sufficiently puzzled to be amused by guessing and trying to find out what Mother was doing it for. *Examples*—You make a ball on a string dance just within reach, and then just out of reach; for an older child you pass a ball quickly from one hand in front to your other hand behind you, so that the child rushes round to try and find it. Such play as this is the opposite kind of play to the tickling and poking that most people practise, mistaking, as they do, the child's convulsive, uneasy laugh for real enjoyment of fun. Of course, only a person who is really intimate with the baby should try to play either the "Kicking" or "Bump" exercises with it.

THE WEATHERCOCK OR VANE.

FRL. HEERWART on one occasion requested her students to translate this song. One version thus obtained has become widely popular, and the spirit of the song could not be better given:—

Weathercock, weathercock, where do you go?
I go wherever the wind doth blow.
Weathercock, weathercock, what do you do?
I do my duty, and so must you.*

"IT'S ALL GONE, BABY; ALL!"

D'rum lässt sich 's Kind bescheiden.

THE child is content with what it is told, or does not trouble about the matter; a child's moping would be the reverse.—(H.)

TASTE SONG.

No Mother would give all these things to be tasted on any single occasion, but, when opportunity arose, she would say something appropriate. The whole Taste Song, therefore, should be regarded merely as containing advice to the Mother as to her treatment when the child objects to sour, bitter food, etc., or as a mere

* Inserted by the kind permission of Frl. Heerwart.

reminder that the child will sometimes distinguish one taste from another, and that such a moment is worth a welcome.

Fröbel's bold statement that the Senses, properly trained, are trustworthy guides will seem to some people a mere fancy; to others, a useful hint; to others, again, a deep philosophical truth. The passage needs study; it is unlikely to yield its full meaning the first time it is read.

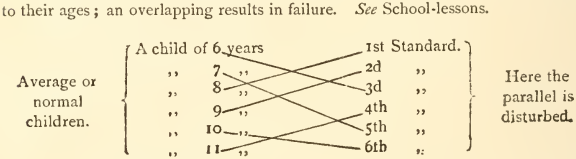
The Deadly Nightshade	= *Die Tollkirsche*	= *Atropa Belladonna.*
The Spurge Laurel	= *Der Kellerhals*	= *Daphne Mezereon.*
The Oak Apple	= *Stechapfel*	= *Datura Stramonium.*
Henbane	= *Bilsenkraut*	= *Hyocyanus Niger.*

"To disturb or destine them before they are ripe." Fröbel objects strongly to the interference of people at the wrong time of a child's stage of development. The treatment of a child should run parallel with its stage of growth—thus:

Baby . . .	Milk	Gift I. (soft balls).
3 years old . .	Milk and different food .	Gift II., III.
5 years . . .	Milk, etc. . . .	Gift IV.
6 or 7 . . .	Milk, etc. . . .	Gift V. and VI.

I only put these things in this tabulated form to illustrate what is meant by "adapting means and methods to the child."

Baby, infant, boy or girl, youth and manhood, all require treatment according to their ages; an overlapping results in failure. *See* School-lessons.



One 6 year old child has too difficult a lesson, the 11 year old child has too easy a lesson, etc.

This is a very strong point with Fröbel, and often occurs in his writings. It is the secret of success in teaching.—(H.)

"Unripe things are set to work upon other unripe things." Fröbel bewails this evil in very general terms. Is not an example of it in setting children in authority over children, as in the case of untrained nursemaids, or the "monitors" of school life?

TICK-TACK.

"I FEEL convinced that the children have an inborn feeling for time (or tact), and if I act upon this conviction, it will prove a benefit for the children." This paraphrase of Fröbel's words may throw light on his meaning. Supposing anyone who believes that the children have *no* feeling for rhythm or time, he may not trouble to develope it, and this would be a loss to the children; but Fröbel believes in the capabilities of the child, and therefore cultivates them. Out of an empty well we can draw no water. God has laid sparks of His in the human being: Education must kindle them into a flame.—(H.)

A PENDULUM.—"It is proved from mechanical principles, that if one and the same pendulum be made to oscillate at different stations, or under the influence of different forces, and the number of oscillations made in the same time in each case be counted, the intensities of the forces will be to each other as the squares of the number of oscillations made, and thus their proportion becomes known. For instance, it is found that, under the equator, a pendulum of a certain form and length makes 86,400 vibrations in a mean solar day; and that, when transported to London, the same pendulum makes 86,535 vibrations in the same time. Hence we conclude that the intensity of the force urging the pendulum downwards at the equator is to that at London as $(86,400)^2$ to $(86,535)^2$, or as 1 to 1.00315; or, in other words, that a mass of matter, weighing in London 100,000 pounds, exerts the same pressure on the ground, or the same effort to crush a body placed below it, that 100,325 *of the same pounds*, transported to the equator, would exert there."—(HERSCHELL, *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 148. Longmans. 1869.)

BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

"HEALTH, FUN (*Frohsinn*) and MEANING" (*Sinnikeit*).

Frohsinn is cheerfulness, happiness of childhood. *Sinnig* cannot be translated. *Symbolical* approaches it. It is *sinnig* to decorate a birthday table with flowers. Many Christmas cards are *sinnig* if there is some connection between the design, the words and the person. If I gave you one with sky, boat and water on it, it would not be *sinnig*, as I should not know what connection there is between them and ourselves. It ought to appeal to our sense at once, without explanation; if, therefore, *sinnig* applies to an object, *symbolical* appears to be the best translation.—(H.)

BECKONING THE PIGEONS.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH (*Lebenstrieb*).

Lebenstrieb is more physical strength than instinct. The child (although unconscious) feels that it has strength, and therefore it moves, acts, imitates. Children at free play show *Lebenstrieb*. It is connected with organic growth. A rolling snowball would become larger, but show no *Trieb*. *Triebe* are also young shoots of plants.—(H.) Cf. "This bat (cricket or tennis) has no *drive* in it."

THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

"WHICH makes a child feel so AT EASE" = *so wohlig* = entire absence of pain; snug and comfortable; the outer circumstances being completely in harmony with physical sensation, like the fish in the water. "Grow so strong and develope so merrily." Its development is happy; there is no hindrance nor pressure; there is growth, according to Nature's laws.—(H.)

As Fröbel wants to emphasise the evil of what is crooked, he dwells only on this, and says nothing here about Curves—the rippling waves and graceful leaves

LONGWAYS—CROSSWAYS.

THREE whole pence (*drei Dreier*). In old German coinage—

1 *Groschen* = 12 *Pfennige* (about one penny).
1 *Dreier* = 3 ,,

1 *Dreier* is worth about a farthing; 3 *Dreier* about three farthings.—(H.) Pence was the most suitable idea to English children.

THE NEST.

"IT seems to the child that all Nature comes forth lovingly in the wish to feed and shelter them" (the birds); and therefore the child, too, feels this towards the weak creatures. If a child does not sympathise with Nature, it has either had no opportunity, or its feelings have been stifled by people.—(H.)

THE FLOWER BASKET.

THE whole theory of the Kindergarten is stated in this motto. The reason why the youngest children should be under the care of highly-trained women is to prevent this sad wasting of germs of power that, once lost or obscured, are so hard to recover.

"Father's now, not ours."—Some children have a habit of giving things, and asking to have them back, or of assuming the gift null and void when they fancy to claim the object again. In such a case this song might be useful; it should be prettily acted by a circle of children, who give a Basket to some older person. A great many childish thefts are due to indistinct ideas about property, and not to any vicious feeling. After all, three-fourths of home objects are used by everybody in turn and in common. "Mother's basket," "Father's chair," "Baby's ball," are among the few things that have an owner. There is room for great nicety in teaching a child the idea that things are people's "own things," and yet how to be unselfish about "our own things."

THE PIGEON HOUSE.

A RAVEN = *eine Rabe*. The bird that is familiar to English children is a Rook.

BEND YOUR HEAD, THUMB!

VACUITY = *Gedankenslosigkeit* = thoughtlessness, in the sense of "emptiness of purpose." The great safeguard for character is a fresh, alert will. All Fröbel's little plays and all his teaching aim at fostering Will and Deed, and their constant union; and all childish play that is not utterly debased shows them thus united and thus constituting the child's "work."

THUMB! I SAY "ONE" TO YOU.

COUNTING out = *auszählen*, as in the game of Musical Chairs, where there is one chair less than the company need, or where the person on whom the lot falls must be "blind man," or must go out of the room; *e.g.*:—

1, 2, 3, 4—Mary at the cottage door,
5, 6, 7, 8—Eating cherries off a plate;
Out goes she.

Her exclusion depends upon the number falling to her.

THE FINGER PIANO.

THIS little game is the merest suggestion of a long series of beautiful exercises that have been since arrived at by enthusiastic teachers of song. Thus Mr. M'Naught, of the Tonic Sol-fa College, London, has a coloured modulator; he sings a note, and the children at once name the colour corresponding to it. For researches into sound and colour, see Helmholz "On Sound."

"A German lady," etc.—The day has long gone by for bandying reproaches between nations. In our time, at any rate, it is enough to say that all nations are striving after improvement, and all know they need it.

THE CHILDREN ON THE TOWER.

THE WEATHERCOCK—THE COLOURED BALL.

THE German line, *Von der Kugel und dem Ball*, means, "About the wooden Ball and the soft Ball," alluding to Fröbel's "first gift" to a child (soft coloured balls), and his "second gift," which includes a wooden ball.

The general object of this song is to recapitulate all the little games a child has learnt, and, as you mention each, you pause long enough to show it by your hands. A little study will enable your hands and your voice to make quite a little drama out of this song—the "children" eager, the "grandmothers" prim and stately, the delightful climb up the Tower, the catastrophe, the safety and feeling of thankfulness.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE STARS

THE TWO PLANETS.

1842. Jan. 25—occurred the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn.

1822. Jan. 4.—This takes place but once in twenty years; it is always striking, and the phenomenon may be observed during some months before and after (see White's *Ephemeres*).

As Fröbel tells this anecdote on p. 44, § 33, in his *Menschenerziehung* (Education of Man), published 1826, the anecdote relates to 1822—if indeed Fröbel is referring to any particular stars.

THE LIGHT-BIRD ON THE WALL.

"TRY not, or murmur not if tried in vain,
In fair, rememberable words to set
Each scene of presence of especial gain,
As hoarded gems in precious cabinet.
Simply enjoy the present loveliness!
Let it become a portion of your being!
Close your glad gaze, but see it none the less;
No clearer with your eye, than spirit, seeing.
And, when you part at last, turn once again,
Swearing that beauty shall be unforgot:
So, in far sorrow, shall it ease your pain;
In distant struggles it shall calm your strife;
And, in your further and serener life,
Who says that it shall be remembered not?"—
MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton).

THE HARE.

IT may be objected that, as this song involves the cruelty of hunting and killing, Fröbel was not consistent when he inserted it, since what the children enjoy is not the Hare's safety, but the emotion of pursuit (*vide* Bain). Others, again, will defend it, urging that, our humanity being what it is, songs should be permitted which satisfy its everyday feelings and ideas, and do not keep it always on tip-toe.

"Circumstances which seemed to us yesterday," etc.—Cf.

"And tasks in hours of insight willed,
May be in hours of gloom fulfilled"—
(MATTHEW ARNOLD).

THE WOLF AND THE BOAR.

WHAT we want children to understand is, that they must imitate animals in their simple, matter-of-course way of living honestly, according to the degree of intelligence within them, and not in the precise acts they do, which would often be vulgar in human beings—*e.g.*, a dog licks the dish, a cat drags the fishbones under the chair, a pig puts its feet into its trough.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER'S HUT.

"THAT ENGLISHMAN."—The book Fröbel mentions is probably *The Hand: its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design, and Illustrating the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God*, by Sir Charles Bell. Published as one

of the Bridgewater Treatises, 1832; ninth edition, 1874 (George Bell & Sons, Covent Garden).

"German Princes."—This alludes to the historical event known as the *Prinzenraub*. See (brief account) *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of German History*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Marcus Ward, 1878), p. 182; (most lively account) Thomas Carlyle (*Works*), an Essay, "The Prinzenraub: a Glimpse of Saxon History," in the *Westminster Review*, January 1855.

Frederick, Elector of Saxony, had two sons. Always at war, his enemies at length sent Kunz von Kauffingen with other soldiers to the Castle of Altenburg, 7th July 1455, to carry the two boys away. Kunz went off with Albert, Mosen with Ernest. Kunz neared the Bohemian border by noon on 8th July, but, as Albert was thirsty, stopped to pick bilberries in the wood. A charcoal-burner suddenly appeared, and at once guessed this was the boy about whom alarm-bells were ringing throughout Saxony. He fought Kunz with his long poking-pole (*Schürbaum*) till help came, or, as he expressed it to the Electress, when she thanked him, "*Hab ihn weidlich getrillt;*" and he is called merely "Triller" in the legal documents conveying to him and his heirs rights in the Saxon forest for ever. This Albert is ancestor of the present Saxon house. Prince Ernest was rescued on 11th July. Twelfth in direct descent from him was Albert, the late Prince Consort; the Prince of Wales is thus thirteenth.

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

MANY people will object to the morality of giving set forth in the Mother's remarks to the child about the old man. Those who object should merely substitute something they prefer saying about the picture.

Around this little song may gather scraps of information about flowers, as time goes on—*e.g.*, Lilies will rot if allowed to stand in water, but the hardy white Spirea, so popular in our large towns as a plant for the house, delights to stand in water.

SMELL SONG.

Hazi represents the sound made on smelling, just as *Dza* represents the child's cry on tasting anything.

"It savours of hypocrisy" = *Er ist in Geruch der Scheinheiligkeit.* Cf. *Er steht in einem guten Geruch* = "He bears a high character."

"Bad rumours are current about this man" = *Es sind böse Gerüchte über diesen Menschen in Umlaufe.* Cf. "That man is in bad odour."

Geruch applies to odour perceived by the organ of smell; *Gerücht* to the rumour about a person, scent and report being both floating in the air.

The philosophy of this song should be read with that of the Taste Song. So closely are these connected, that Dr. Lange in his edition (1865) places Smell directly after Taste.

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Rad = Wheel, and *Rath* = advice. This gives point in German to what Fröbel says about advice being like a wheel.

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THE JOINER.

CHILDREN reared in London or any large town rarely see trades or workmen. Thus, if Fröbel's songs seem far-fetched, an attempt to make songs on things children really do see will show how difficult the selection is. Children should be shown a real plane and its use. So many operations formerly done by hand are now done by machinery in a way that is too obscure to yield any useful illustration to children.

The *Wandsbecker Bote* ("Messenger") was a periodical published about a hundred years ago, in Holstein, near Hamburg (Germany). It did good work in its time. Matthias Claudius (1740-1815), a poet and literary man, settled at Wandsbeck in 1771, and issued the *Messenger* at various dates until 1814. It is very amusing, honest, shrewd and refined. It is worth reading by anyone who wishes to see what kind of book Fröbel mentions so affectionately. "Asmus" was the name under which Claudius wrote. For a brief but very appreciative life, see W. Ziethe's tract, Berlin 1862 (British Museum; latest edition of Claudius, 1841).

THE HORSEMEN AND THE GOOD CHILD.

THE key to many a "spoilt child" is here. He was given credit for a great many virtues while he was a charming baby; for some reason or other the credit was withdrawn; he is in the position of a man who cannot meet his liabilities: he gets dismayed, frightened and soured. Or his virtues are not of the kind you were used to accredit him with: he is sturdy, plodding and shy; whereas you fancied him graceful, brilliant and bold. But the whole topic of Character: its Phases and Mystery, needs more than a brief note.

THE GIRL AND THE BOY AND THE SHOPMAN.

VISITING the Market always makes "a notch on the stick."—This expression seems to allude to the old methods of reckoning by making notches on a stick, either to count money or time. Shopping is really an exercise of selective power, of practical intelligence in fitting means to ends. No reasonable grown-up person wishes for the whole contents of any shop, but many children do, and need careful training out of the idea that mere possession or mere quantity yields happiness.

"Your child, if he be a true child," etc.—The testimony of persons who have lived among European nations points to the existence of a spirit we know hardly anything of in our English present-giving—viz., every gift is shrewdly appraised and valued strictly according to its price; its utility to the receiver is scarcely noticed, still less the giver's kind thought; present-giving is a mere social tax, and the children catch up this sordid idea of a gift as readily as the grown-up people do.

MUSIC FOR
MOTHER'S SONGS.

MUSIC FOR

MOTHER'S SONGS, GAMES AND STORIES

BEING THE ORIGINAL GERMAN MELODIES

FOR

Fröbel's "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder"

TRANSPOSED TO SUIT CHILDREN'S VOICES

With Pianoforte Accompaniment

BY

FRANCES AND EMILY LORD

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

LONDON
WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET STREET, E.C.
1888

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The Little Gardener	54
Smell	55
The Wheelwright	56
The Joiner	57
The Horsemen and the Good Child,	59
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Hide ! Baby !	64
Hide and Seek	67
Bo-Peep	69
The Church Door and Window ...	70
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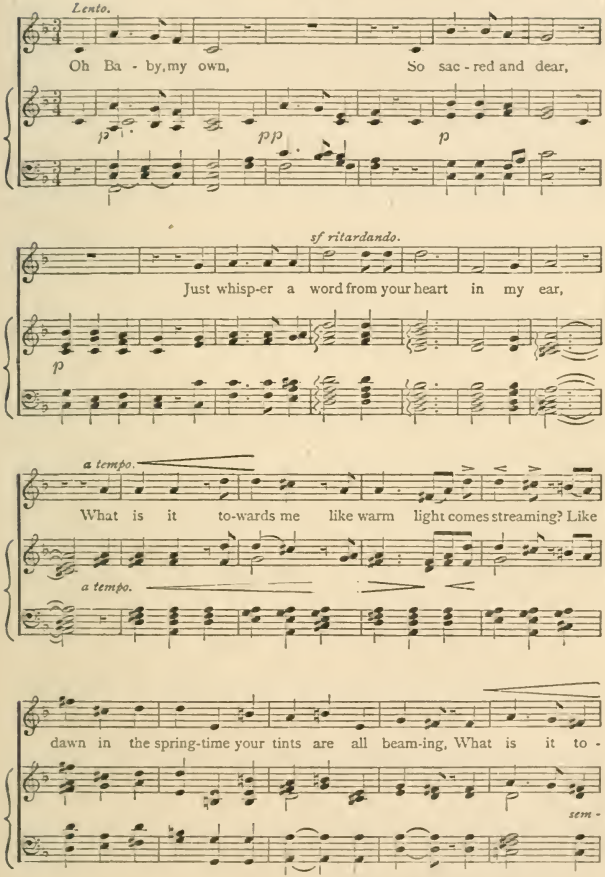
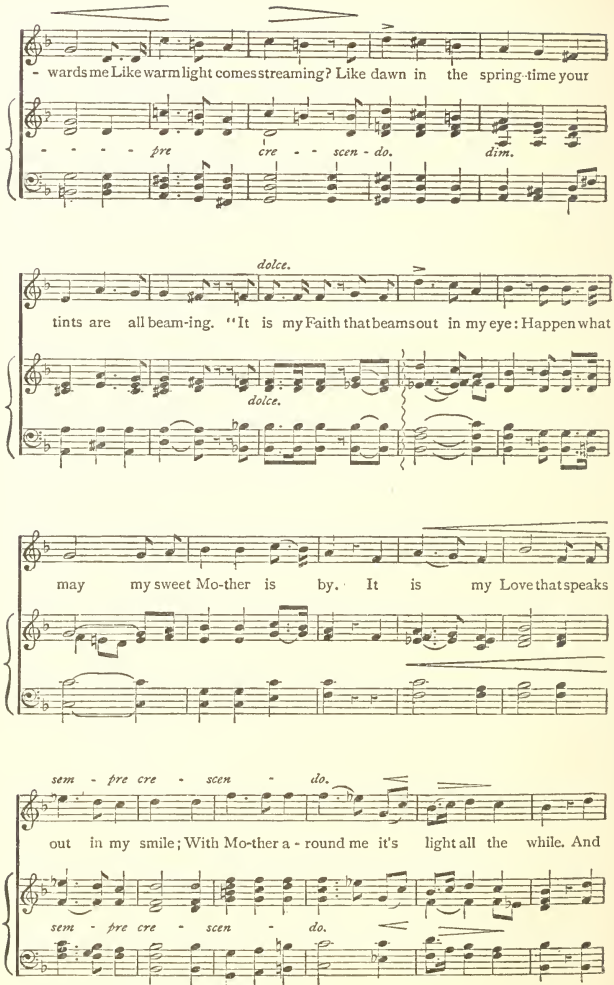
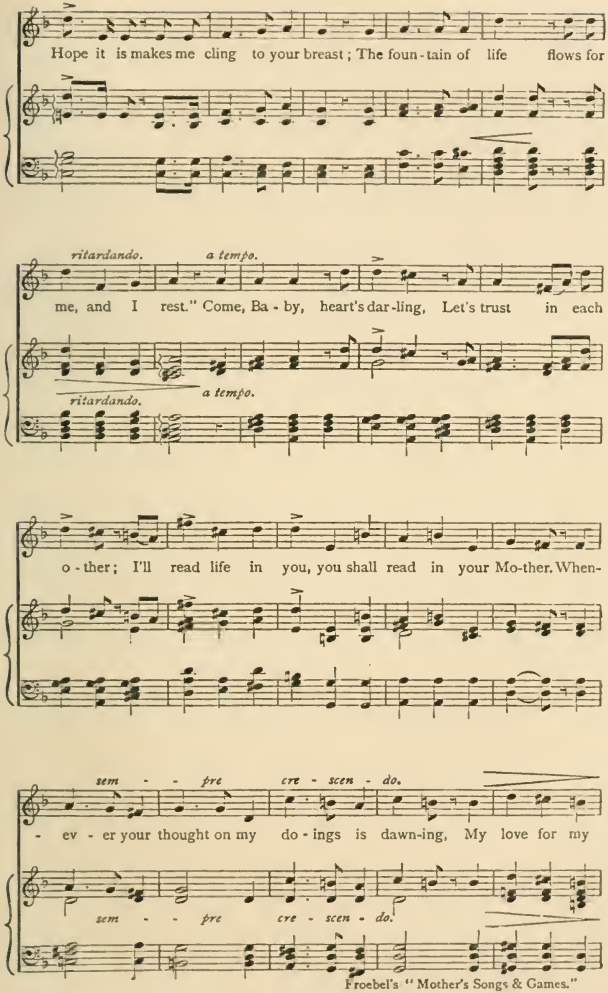
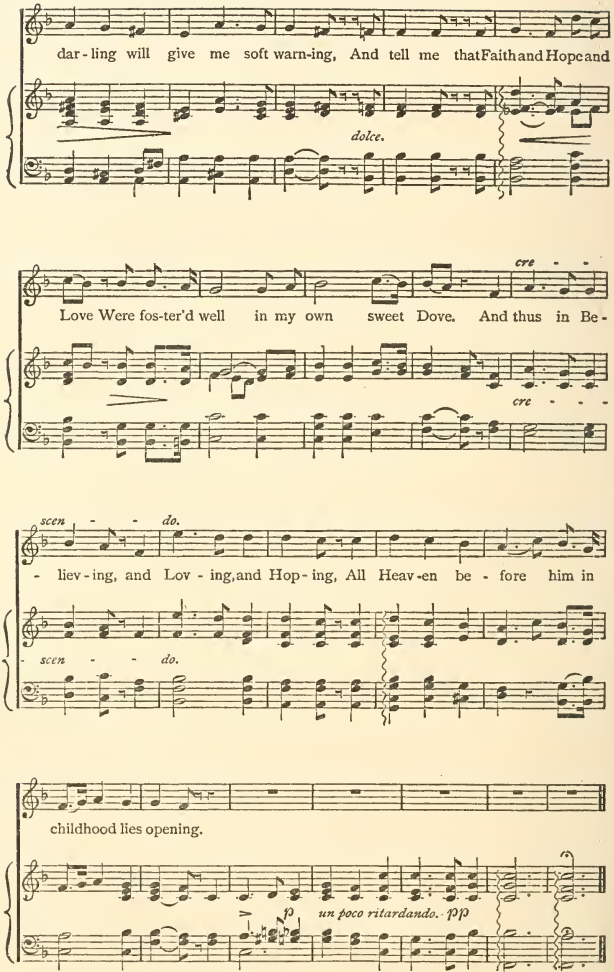
OPENING SONG.

A MOTHER,

WHO FEELS HER LIFE IS ONE WITH HER CHILD'S LIFE.

Lento.
Oh Ba - by, my own, So sac - red and dear,
p
pp
p
sf ritardando.
Just whisp-er a word from your heart in my ear,
p
a tempo.
What is it to-wards me like warm light comes streaming? Like
a tempo.
dawn in the spring-time your tints are all beam-ing, What is it to -
sem -

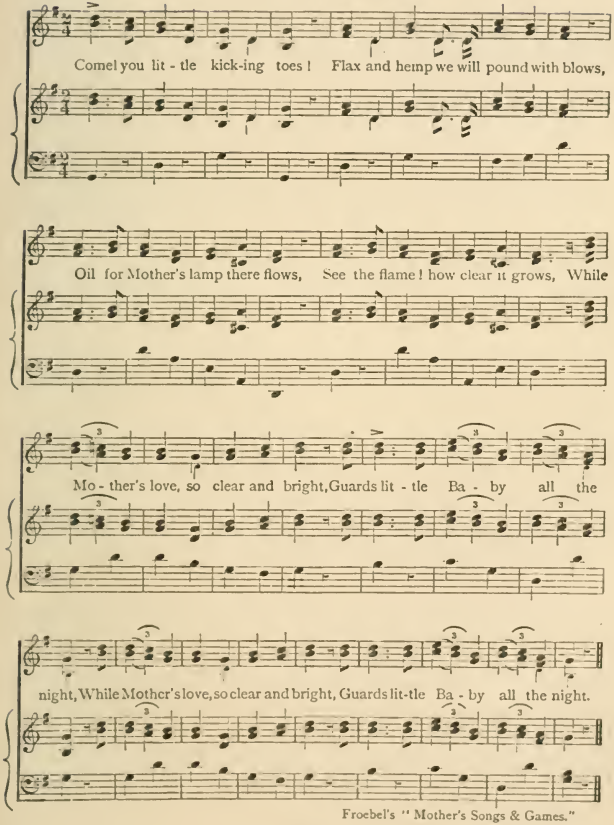

- wards me Like warm light comes streaming? Like dawn in the spring-time your
pre cre - - scen - do.
dim.
dolce.
tints are all beam-ing. "It is my Faith that beams out in my eye: Happen what
dolce.
may my sweet Mo-ther is by. It is my Love that speaks
sem - pre cre - scen - do.
out in my smile; With Mo-ther a - round me it's light all the while. And
sem - pre cre - scen - do.


Hope it is makes me cling to your breast; The foun-tain of life flows for
ritardando.
a tempo.
me, and I rest." Come, Ba-by, heart's dar-ling, Let's trust in each
ritardando.
a tempo.
o-ther; I'll read life in you, you shall read in your Mo-ther. When-
sem - - pre cre - scen - do.
- ev - er your thought on my do-ings is dawn-ing, My love for my
sem - - pre cre - scen - do.

dar - ling will give me soft warn-ing, And tell me that Faith and Hope and
dolce.
cre - - -
Love Were fos-ter'd well in my own sweet Dove. And thus in Be -
cre - - -
scen - - do.
- liev - ing, and Lov - ing, and Hop - ing, All Heav - en be - fore him in
scen - - do.
childhood lies opening.
p
un poco ritardando. pp

1

KICKING.

(See picture No. 1, page 13.)

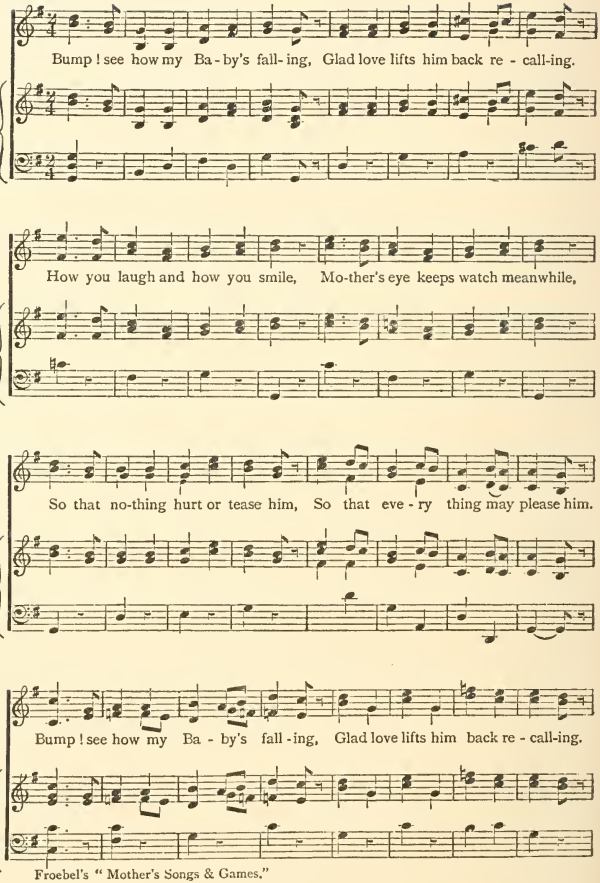

Come! you lit - tle kick-ing toes! Flax and hemp we will pound with blows,
Oil for Mother's lamp there flows, See the flame! how clear it grows, While
Mo - ther's love, so clear and bright, Guards lit - tle Ba - by all the
night, While Mother's love, so clear and bright, Guards lit-tle Ba - by all the night.

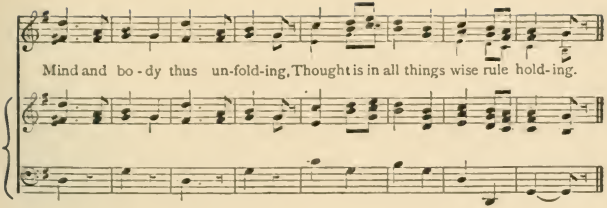
Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."

2

BUMP!

(See page 15.)

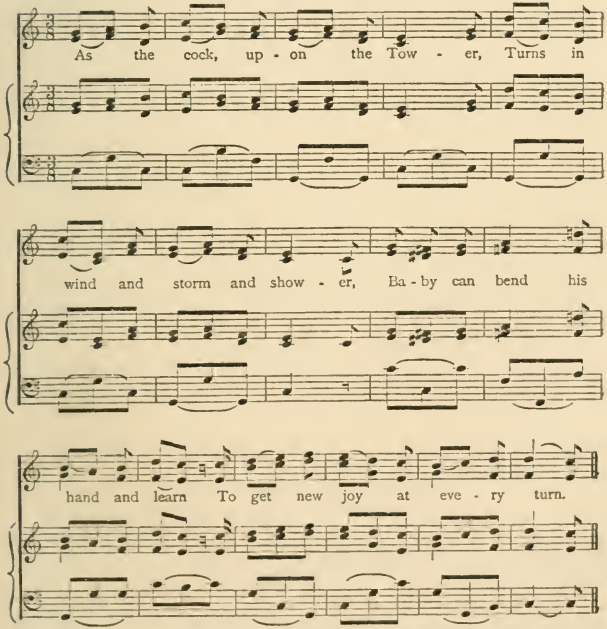

Bump! see how my Ba - by's fall - ing, Glad love lifts him back re - call-ing.
How you laugh and how you smile, Mo-ther's eye keeps watch meanwhile,
So that no-thing hurt or tease him, So that eve - ry thing may please him.
Bump! see how my Ba - by's fall - ing, Glad love lifts him back re - call-ing.



3

THE WEATHERCOCK.

(See picture No. 2, page 17.)

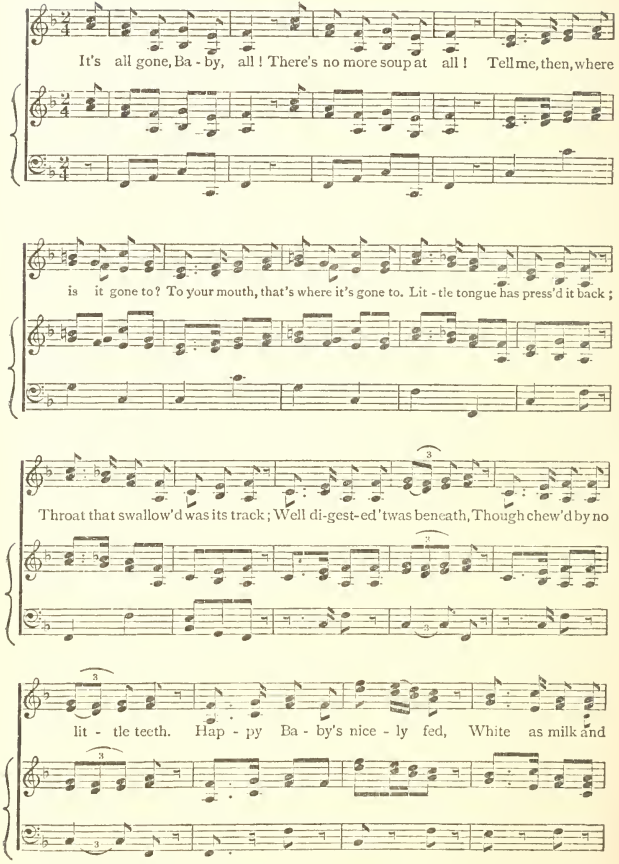


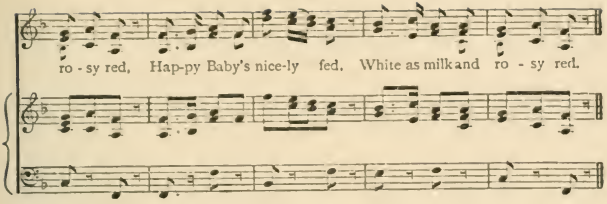
Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."

4

ALL'S GONE!

(See picture No. 3, page 19.)

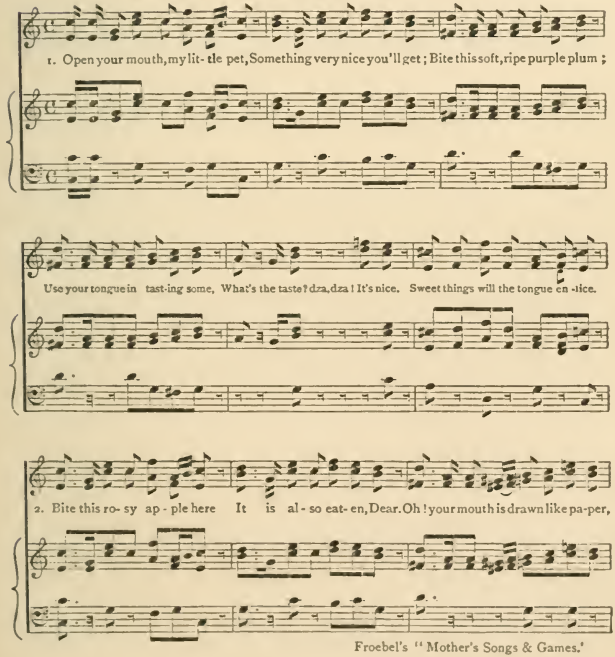

It's all gone, Ba - by, all ! There's no more soup at all ! Tell me, then, where
is it gone to? To your mouth, that's where it's gone to. Lit - tle tongue has press'd it back ;
Throat that swallow'd was its track ; Well di-gest-ed 'twas beneath, Though chew'd by no
lit - tle teeth. Hap - py Ba - by's nice - ly fed, White as milk and



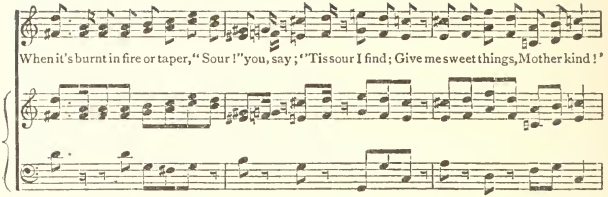
5

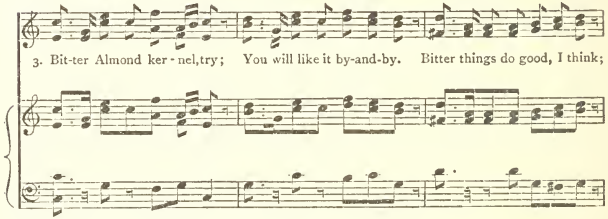
TASTE.

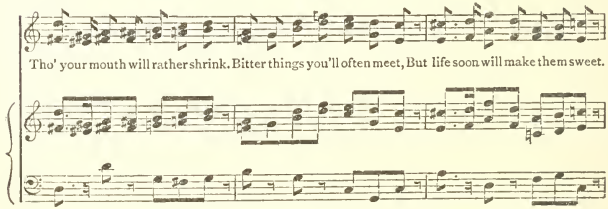
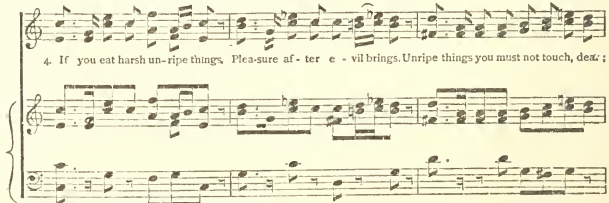
(See page 20.)


1. Open your mouth, my lit- tle pet, Something very nice you'll get; Bite this soft, ripe purple plum;
Use your tongue in tast-ing some, What's the taste? dza, dza! It's nice. Sweet things will the tongue en -lice.
2. Bite this ro- sy ap - ple here It is al - so eat- en, Dear. Oh! your mouth is drawn like pa-per,

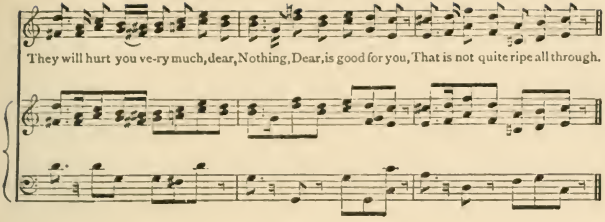
Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."







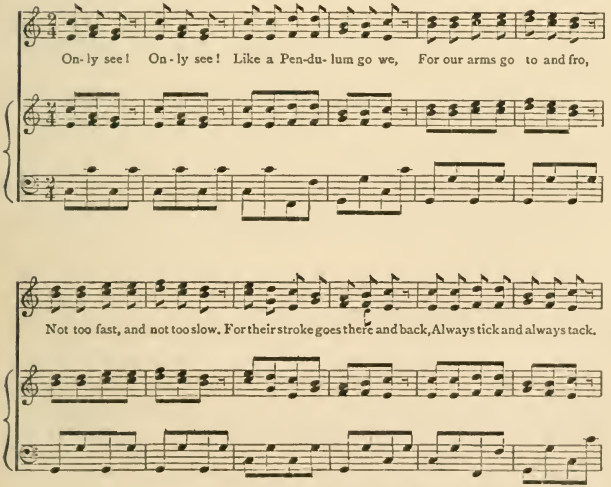
Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."

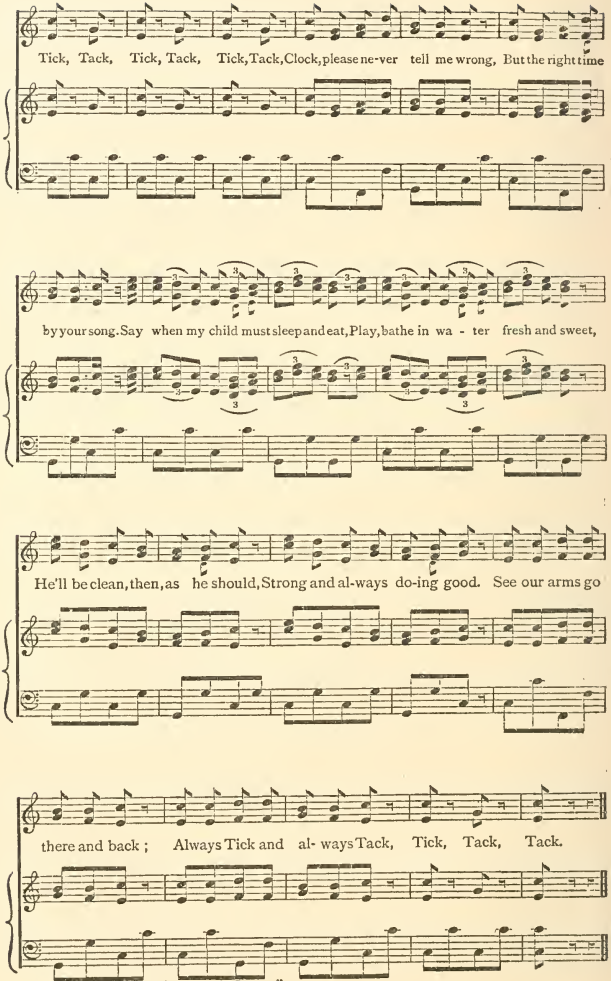


6

TICK TACK.

(See picture No. 4, page 23.)

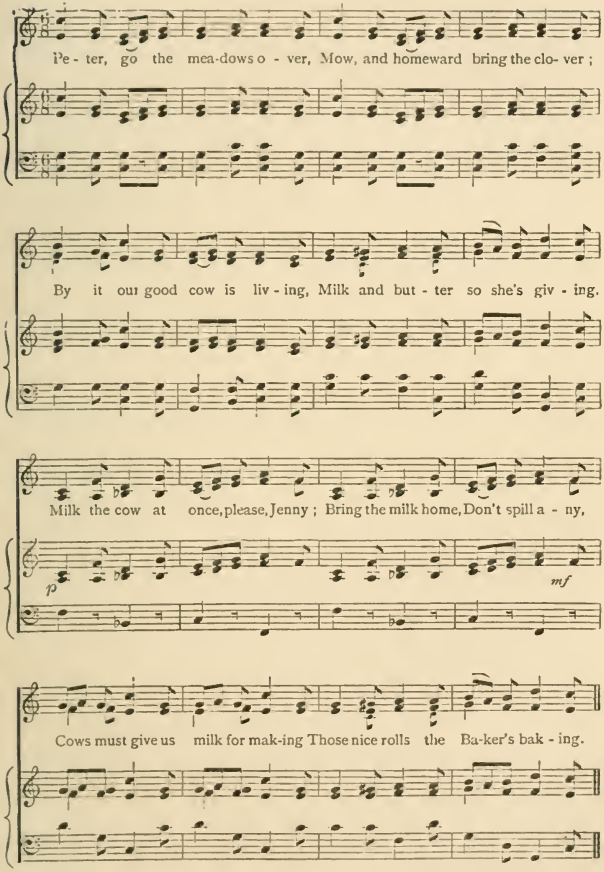

On-ly see! On-ly see! Like a Pen-du-lum go we, For our arms go to and fro,
Not too fast, and not too slow. For their stroke goes there and back, Always tick and always tack.

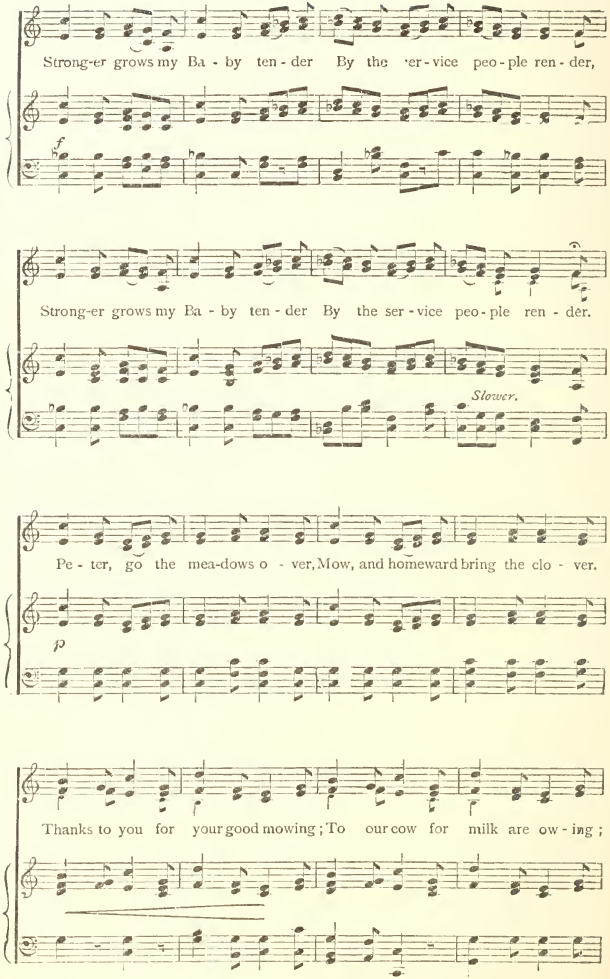

Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack, Tick, Tack, Clock, please ne-ver tell me wrong, But the right time
by your song. Say when my child must sleep and eat, Play, bathe in wa - ter fresh and sweet,
He'll be clean, then, as he should, Strong and al-ways do-ing good. See our arms go
there and back; Always Tick and al- ways Tack, Tick, Tack, Tack.

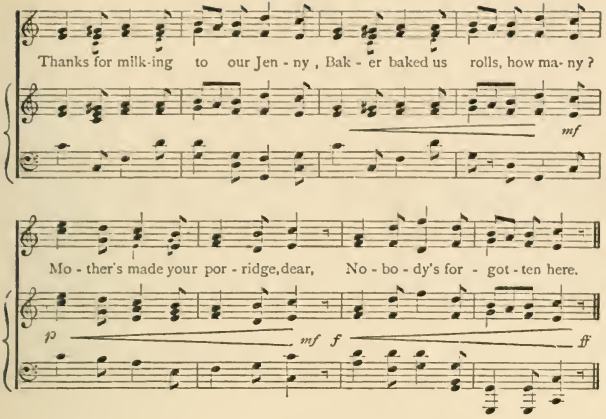
7

MOWING GRASS.

(See picture No. 5, page 25.)


Pe - ter, go the mea-dows o - ver, Mow, and homeward bring the clo- ver ;
By it our good cow is liv - ing, Milk and but - ter so she's giv - ing.
Milk the cow at once, please, Jenny ; Bring the milk home, Don't spill a - ny,
p
mf
Cows must give us milk for mak-ing Those nice rolls the Ba-ker's bak - ing.

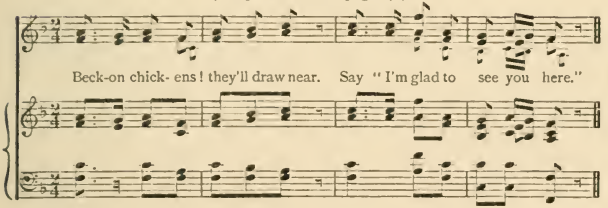

Strong-er grows my Ba - by ten - der By the ·er - vice peo - ple ren - der,
f
Strong-er grows my Ba - by ten - der By the ser - vice peo - ple ren - der.
Slower.
Pe - ter, go the mea-dows o - ver, Mow, and homeward bring the clo - ver.
p
Thanks to you for your good mowing; To our cow for milk are ow - ing;


Thanks for milk-ing to our Jen - ny, Bak - er baked us rolls, how ma- ny?
mf
Mo - ther's made your por - ridge, dear, No - bo - dy's for - got - ten here.
p
mf
f
ff

8

BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

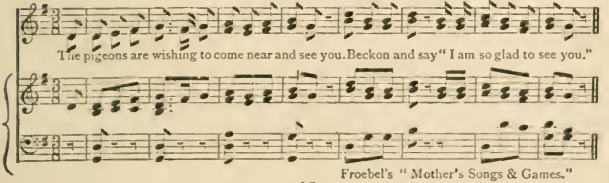
(See picture No. 6, page 27.)



9

BECKONING THE PIGEONS.

(See picture No. 7, page 29.)

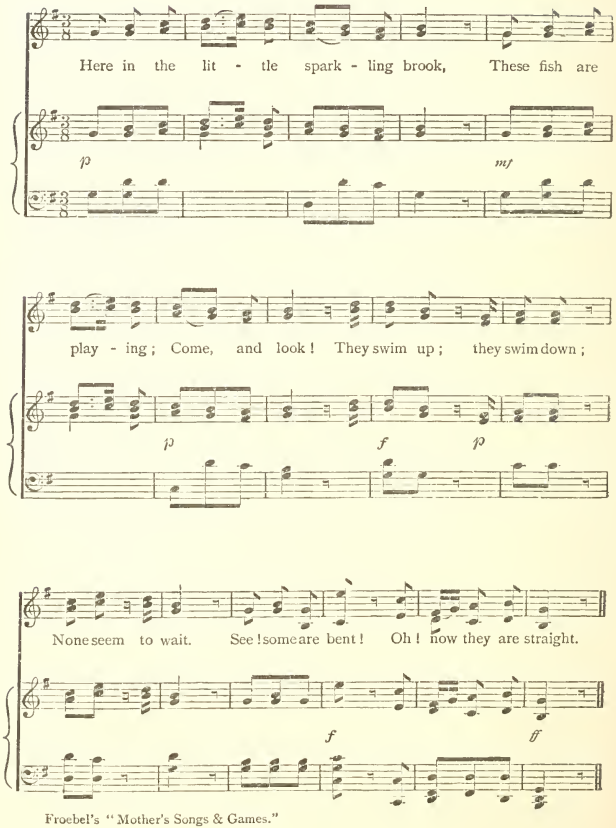


Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."

10

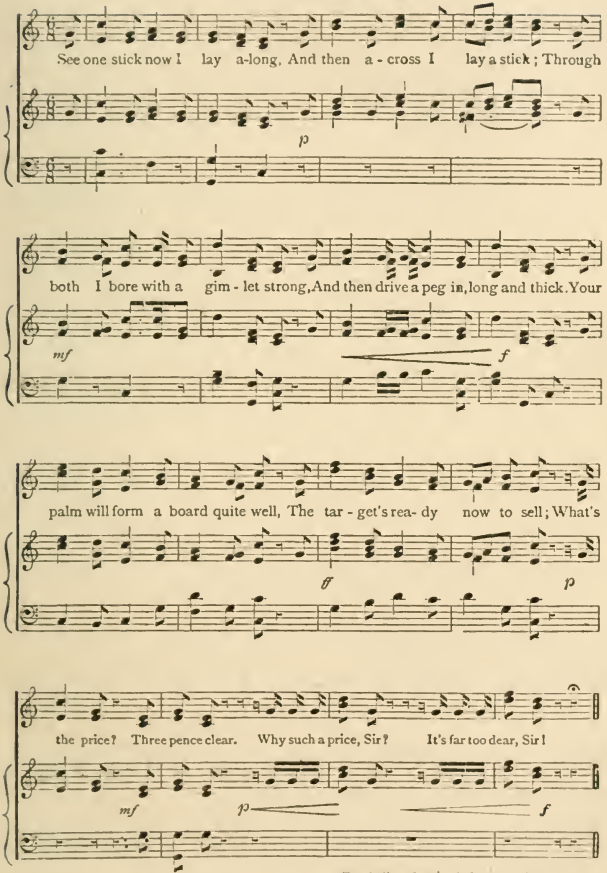
THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

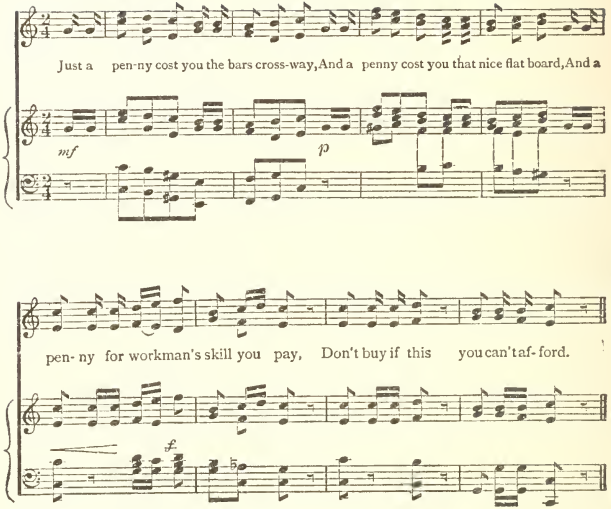
(See picture No. 8, page 31.)


Here in the lit - tle spark - ling brook, These fish are
p
mf
play - ing; Come, and look! They swim up; they swim down;
p
f
p
None seem to wait. See! some are bent! Oh! now they are straight.
f
ff

LONGWAYS—CROSSWAYS.

(See picture No. 9, page 33.)

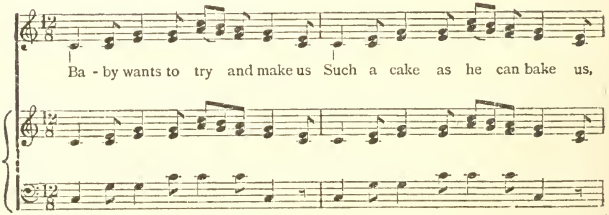

See one stick now I lay a-long, And then a - cross I lay a stick; Through
p
both I bore with a gim - let strong, And then drive a peg in, long and thick. Your
mf
f
palm will form a board quite well, The tar - get's rea- dy now to sell; What's
ff
p
the price? Three pence clear. Why such a price, Sir? It's far too dear, Sir!
mf
p
f

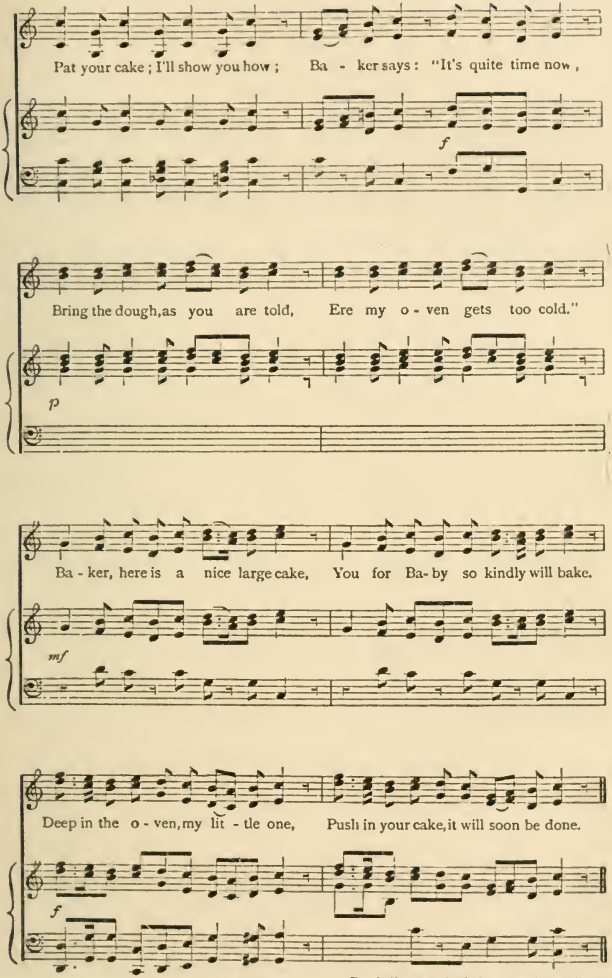

Just a pen-ny cost you the bars cross-way, And a penny cost you that nice flat board, And a
mf
p
pen- ny for workman's skill you pay, Don't buy if this you can't af- ford.
f

12

PAT-A-CAKE.

(See picture No. 10, page 35.)

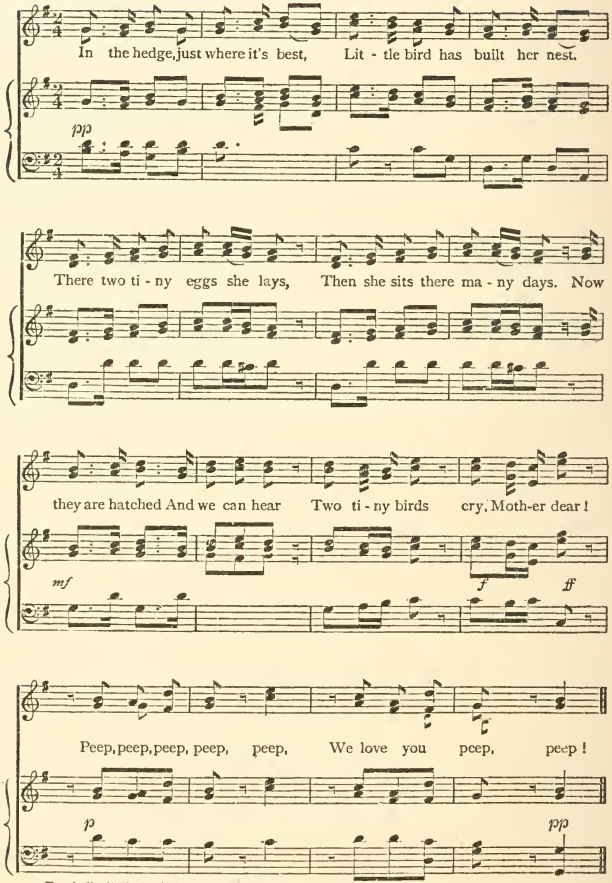



Pat your cake; I'll show you how; Ba - ker says: "It's quite time now,
f
Bring the dough, as you are told, Ere my o - ven gets too cold."
p
Ba - ker, here is a nice large cake, You for Ba - by so kindly will bake.
mf
Deep in the o - ven, my lit - tle one, Push in your cake, it will soon be done.
f

13

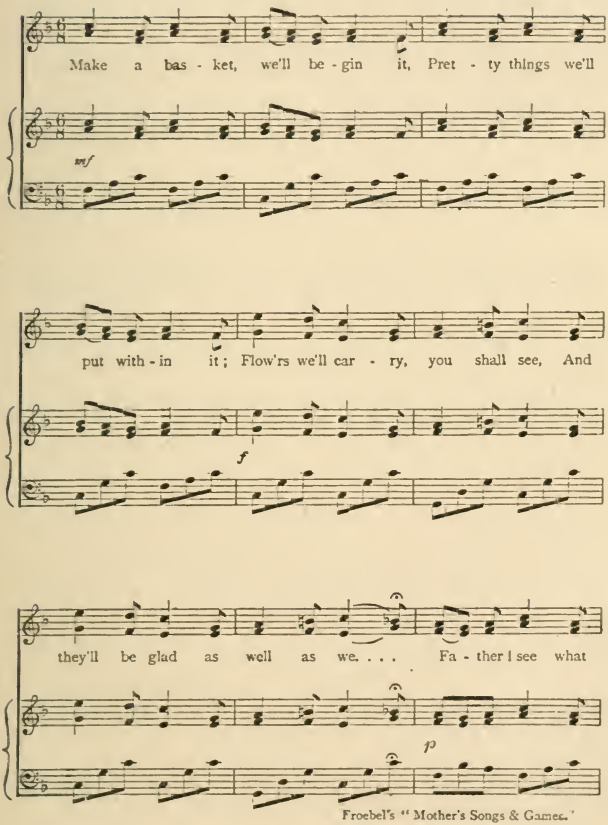
THE NEST.

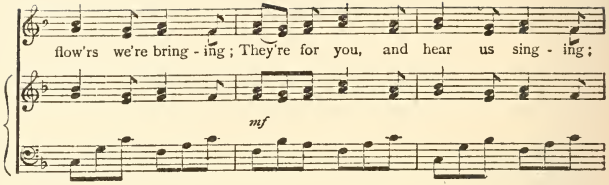
(See picture No. 11, page 37.)

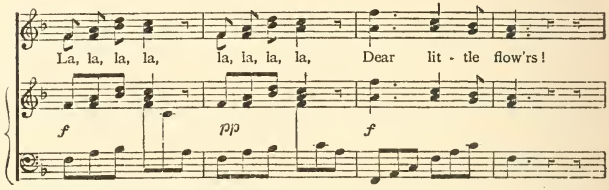

In the hedge, just where it's best, Lit - tle bird has built her nest.
pp
There two ti - ny eggs she lays, Then she sits there ma - ny days. Now
they are hatched And we can hear Two ti - ny birds cry, Moth-er dear!
mf
f
ff
Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, We love you peep, peep!
p
pp

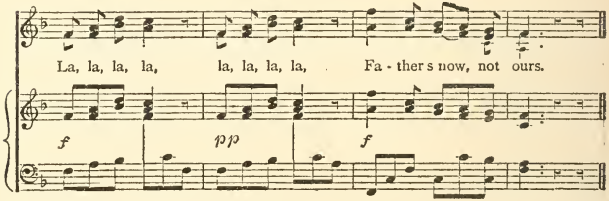
THE FLOWER BASKET.

(See picture No. 12, page 39.)


Make a bas - ket, we'll be - gin it, Pret - ty things we'll
mf
put with - in it; Flow'rs we'll car - ry, you shall see, And
f
they'll be glad as well as we. . . . Fa - ther I see what
p



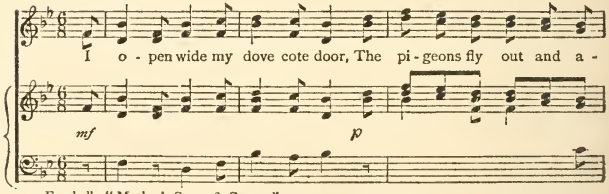


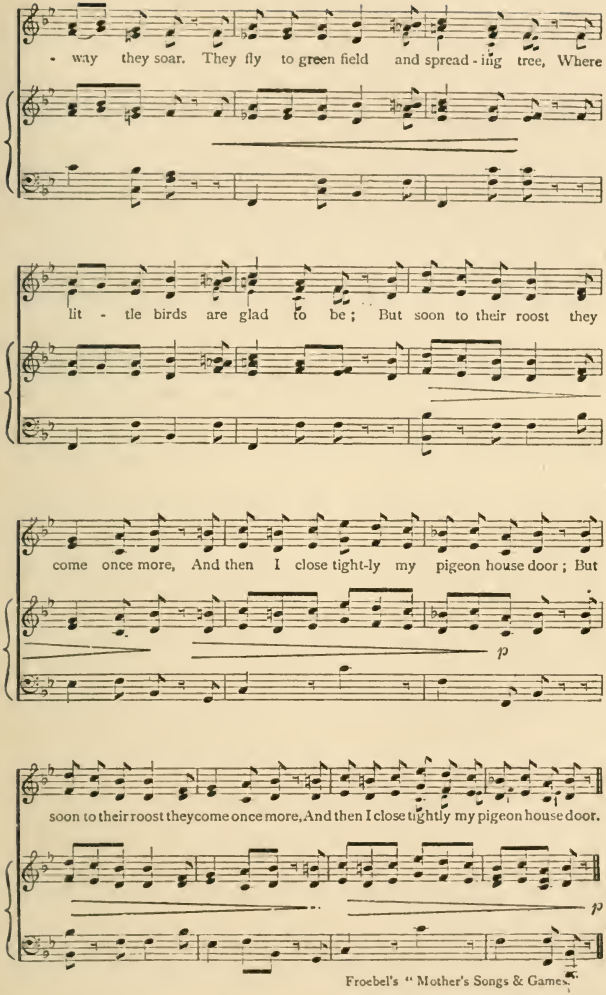


15

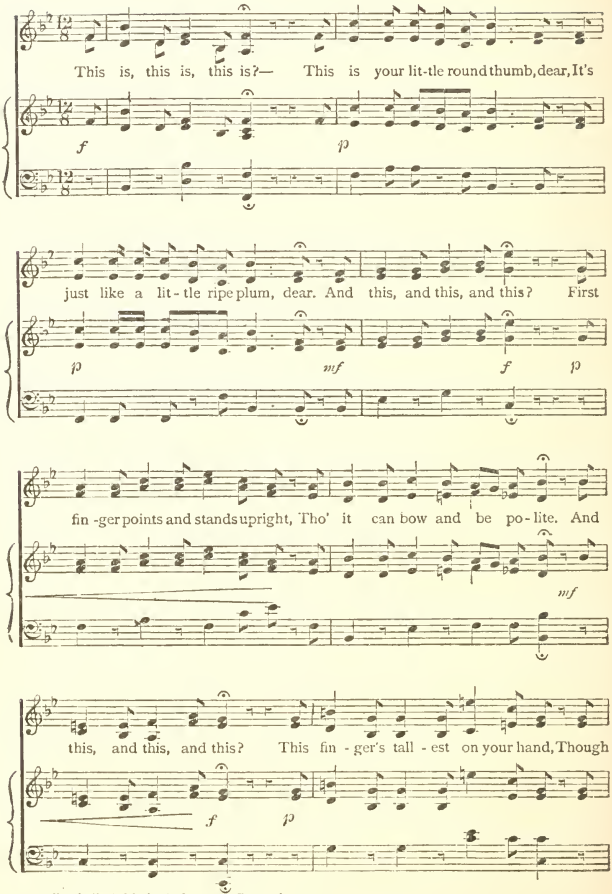
THE PIGEON HOUSE.

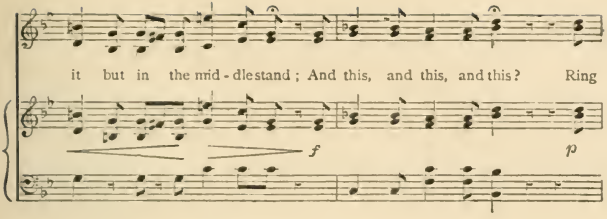
(See picture No. 13, page 41.)

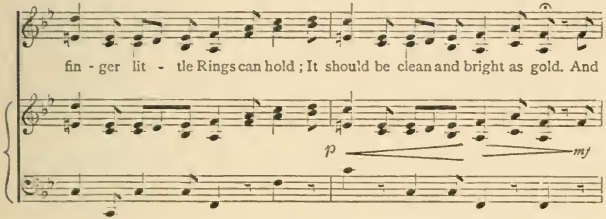


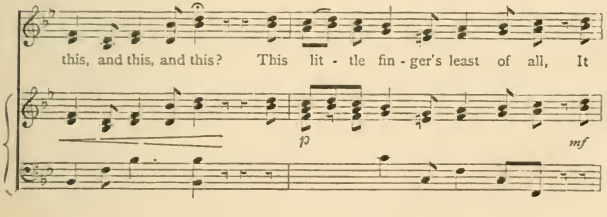

- way they soar. They fly to green field and spread - ing tree, Where
lit - tle birds are glad to be; But soon to their roost they
come once more, And then I close tight-ly my pigeon house door; But
p
soon to their roost they come once more, And then I close tightly my pigeon house door.
p

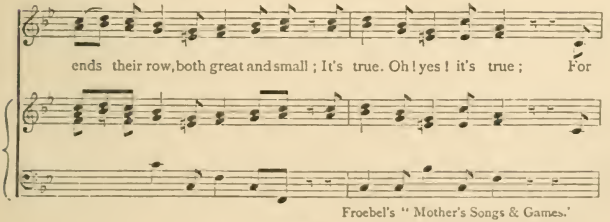
THE THUMB A PLUM.

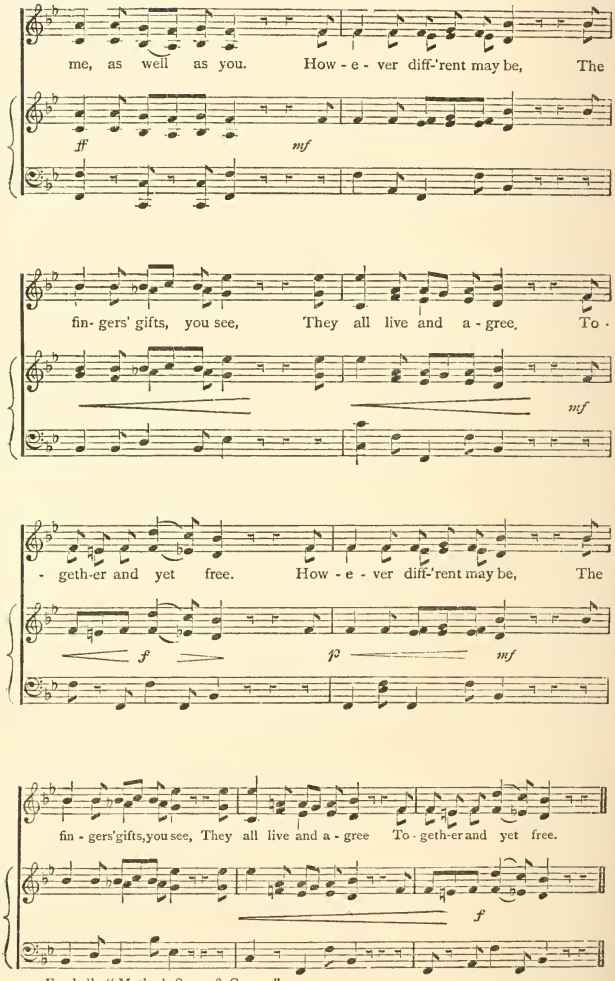
(See picture No. 14, page 43.)

This is, this is, this is?— This is your lit-tle round thumb, dear, It's
f
p
just like a lit-tle ripe plum, dear. And this, and this, and this? First
p
mf
f
p
fin-ger points and stands upright, Tho' it can bow and be po-lite. And
mf
this, and this, and this? This fin-ger's tall-est on your hand, Though
f
p


it but in the mid - dle stand ; And this, and this, and this? Ring
f
p


fin - ger lit - tle Rings can hold ; It should be clean and bright as gold. And
p
mf


this, and this, and this? This lit - tle fin - ger's least of all, It
p
mf

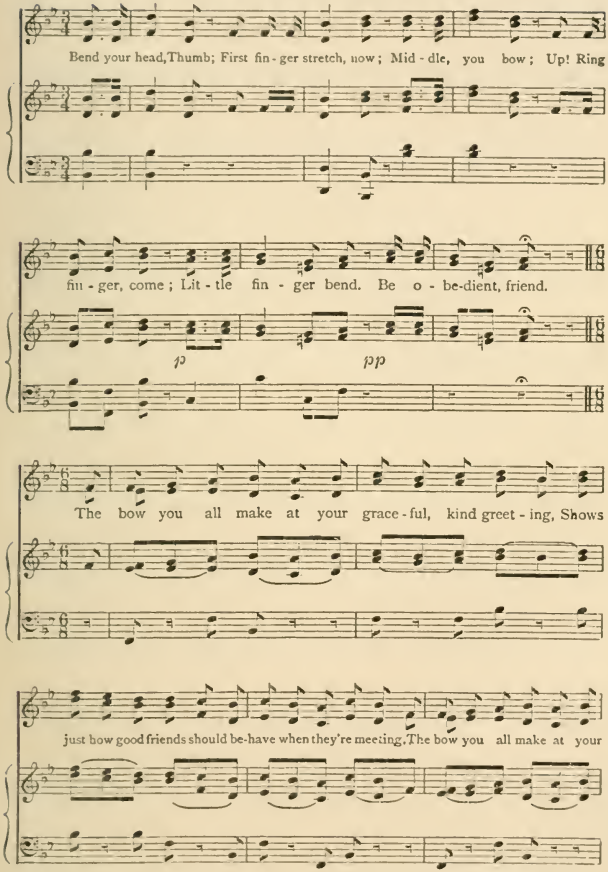

ends their row, both great and small ; It's true. Oh ! yes ! it's true ; For


me, as well as you. How - e - ver diff-'rent may be, The
ff
mf
fin- gers' gifts, you see, They all live and a - gree. To -
mf
- geth-er and yet free. How - e - ver diff-'rent may be, The
f
fp
mf
fin - gers'gifts,you see, They all live and a - gree To - geth-er and yet free.
f

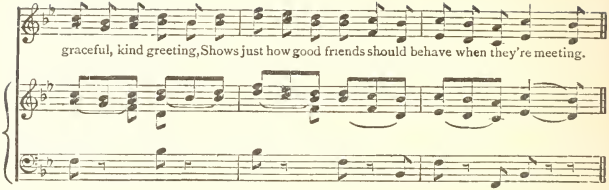
17

BEND YOUR HEAD, THUMB.

(See picture No. 15, page 45.)

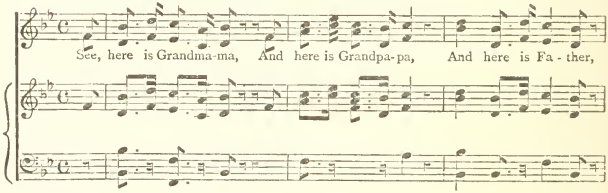
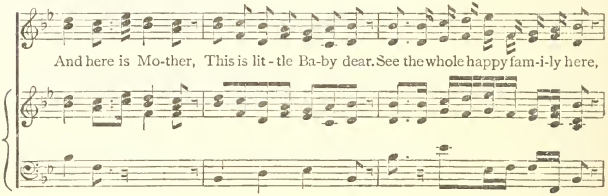

Bend your head, Thumb; First fin - ger stretch, now; Mid - dle, you bow; Up! Ring
fin - ger, come; Lit - tle fin - ger bend. Be o - be-dient, friend.
p
pp
The bow you all make at your grace - ful, kind greet - ing, Shows
just how good friends should be-have when they're meeting. The bow you all make at your

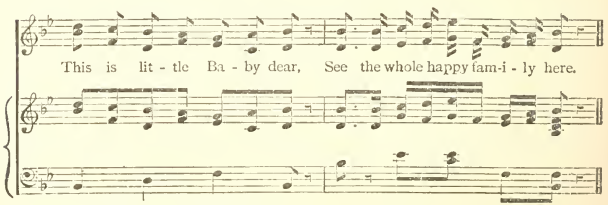
Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."



18

THE FAMILY.

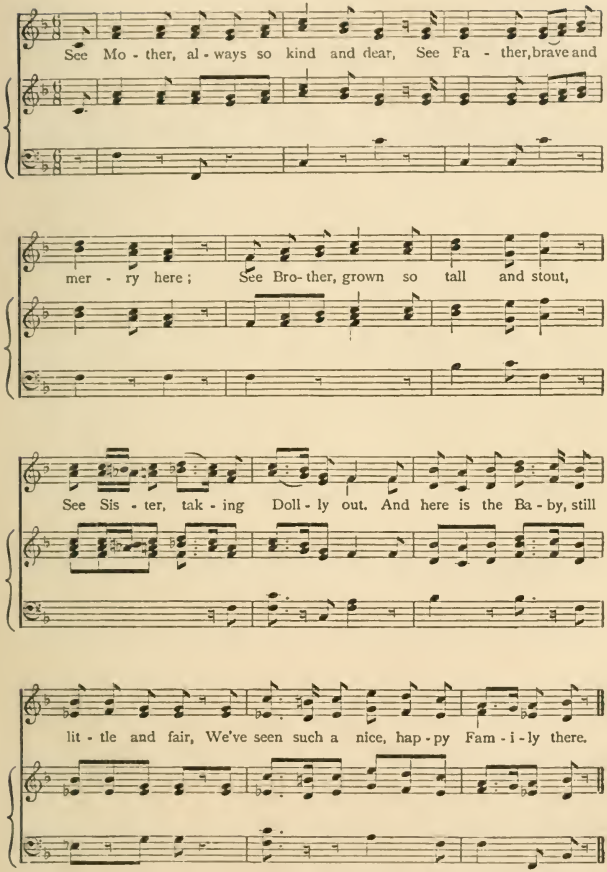
(See picture No. 16, page 47.)





19

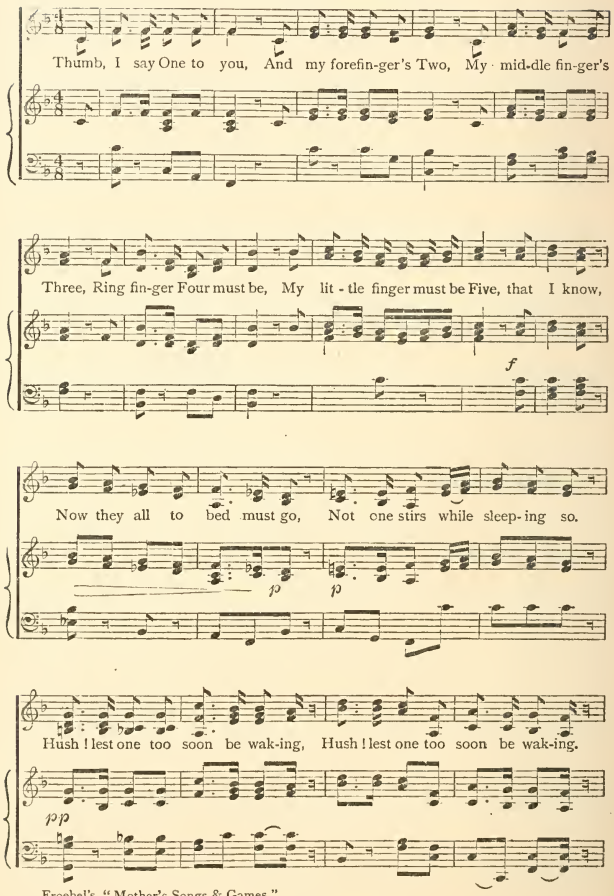
MOTHER, KIND, AND DEAR.

(See picture No. 16, page 47.)


See Mo - ther, al - ways so kind and dear, See Fa - ther, brave and
mer - ry here; See Bro - ther, grown so tall and stout,
See Sis - ter, tak - ing Doll - ly out. And here is the Ba - by, still
lit - tle and fair, We've seen such a nice, hap - py Fam - i - ly there.

20

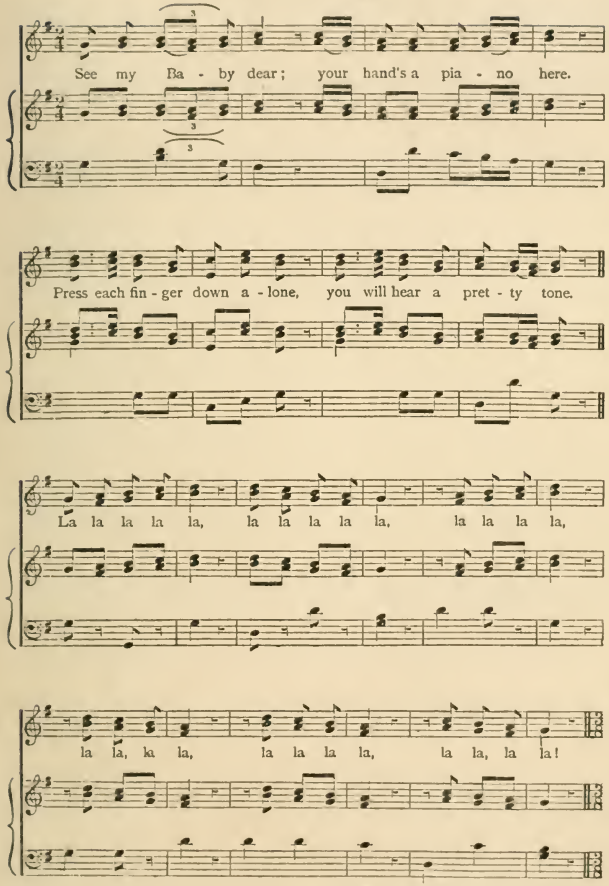
THUMB, I SAY "ONE" TO YOU.

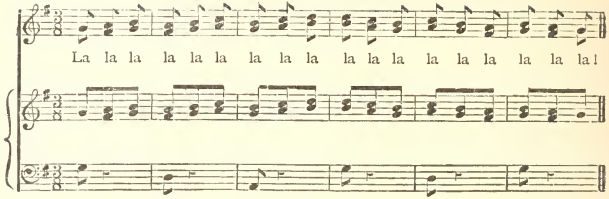
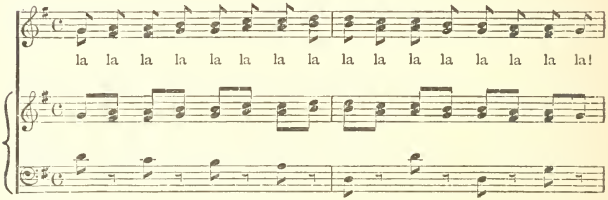
(See picture No. 17, page 49.)

Thumb, I say One to you, And my forefin-ger's Two, My mid-dle fin-ger's
Three, Ring fin-ger Four must be, My lit - tle finger must be Five, that I know,
f
Now they all to bed must go, Not one stirs while sleep-ing so.
p
p
Hush ! lest one too soon be wak-ing, Hush ! lest one too soon be wak-ing.
ppp

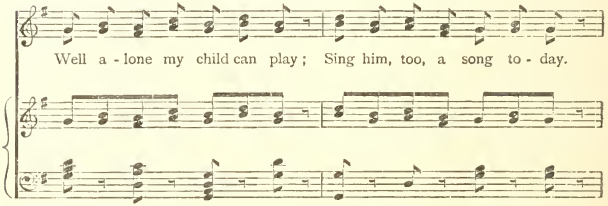
21

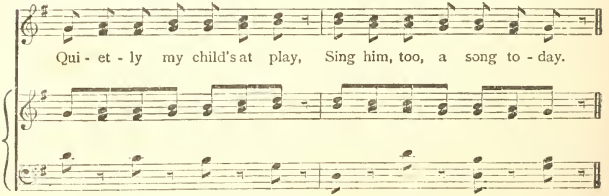
THE FINGER PIANO.

(See picture No. 18, page 51.)


See my Ba - by dear; your hand's a pia - no here.
Press each fin - ger down a - lone, you will hear a pret - ty tone.
La la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la,
la la, la la, la la la la, la la, la la!


La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la!

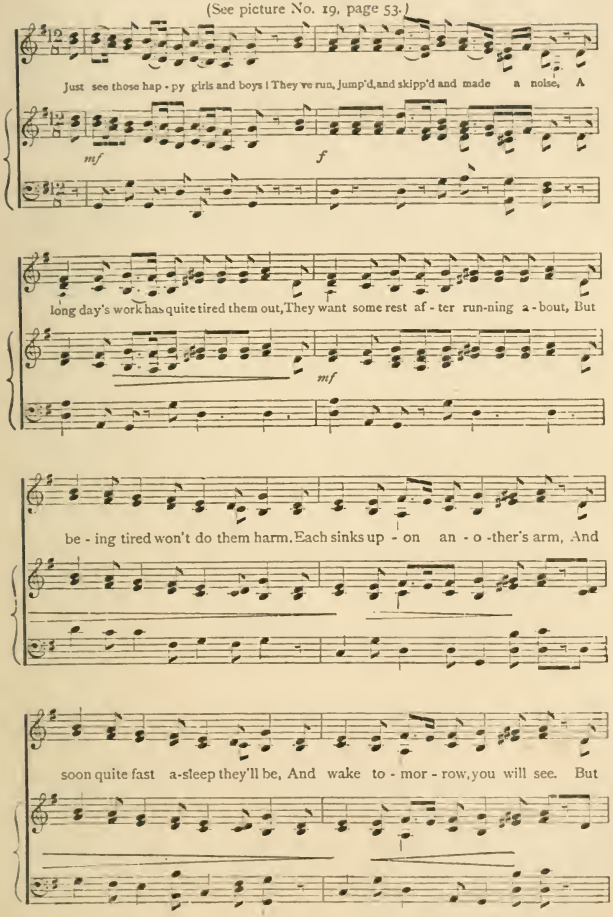

Well a - lone my child can play; Sing him, too, a song to - day.

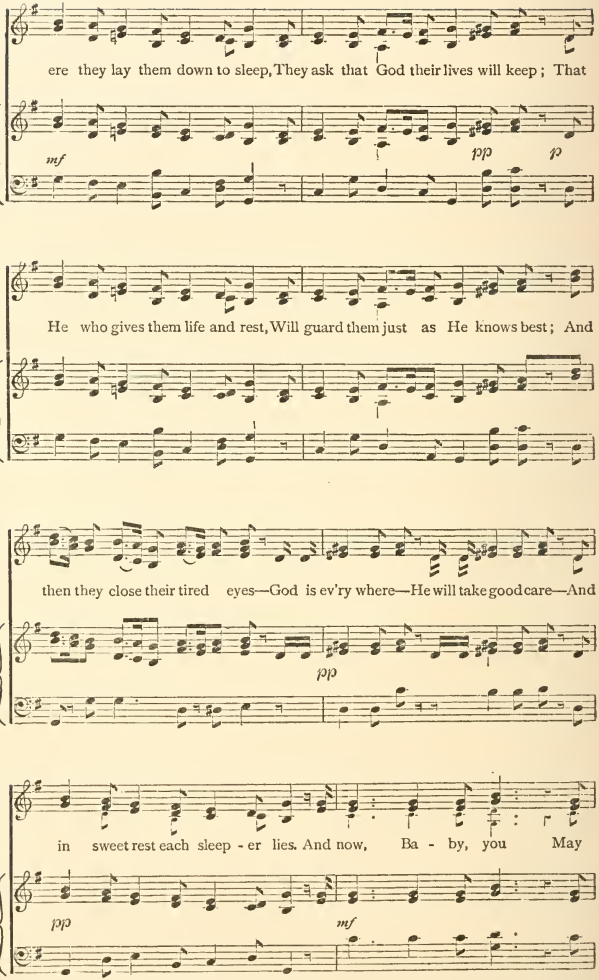

Qui - et - ly my child's at play, Sing him, too, a song to - day.

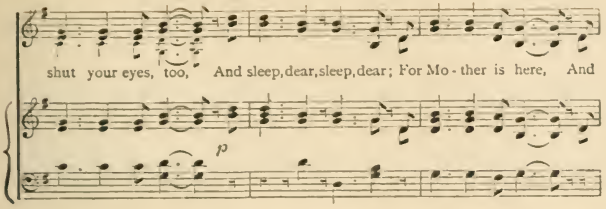
22

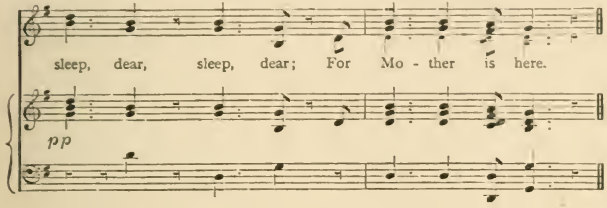
THE HAPPY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

(See picture No. 19, page 53.)


Just see those hap - py girls and boys ! They've run, jump'd, and skipp'd and made a noise, A
mf
f
long day's work has quite tired them out, They want some rest af - ter run-ning a - bout, But
mf
be - ing tired won't do them harm. Each sinks up - on an - o - ther's arm, And
soon quite fast a-sleep they'll be, And wake to - mor - row, you will see. But


ere they lay them down to sleep, They ask that God their lives will keep; That
mf
pp
p
He who gives them life and rest, Will guard them just as He knows best; And
then they close their tired eyes—God is ev'ry where—He will take good care—And
pp
in sweet rest each sleep - er lies. And now, Ba - by, you May
pp
mf

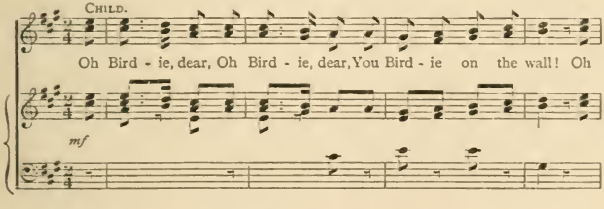


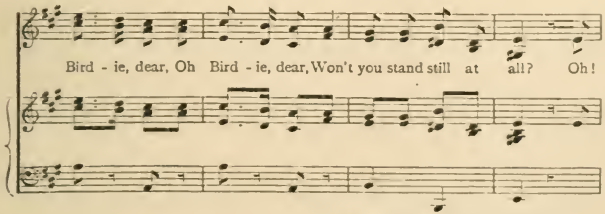


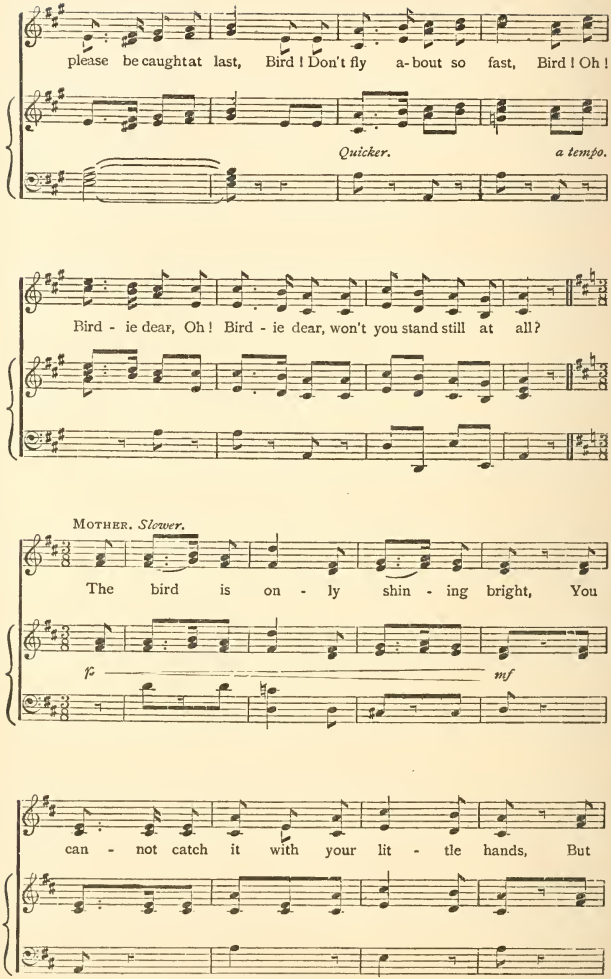
23

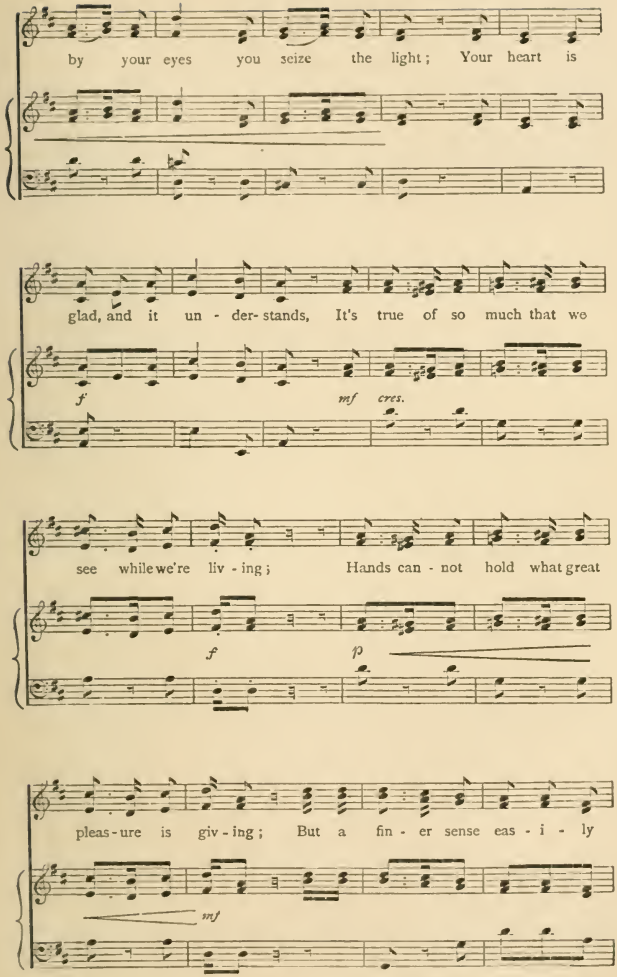
THE LIGHT-BIRD.

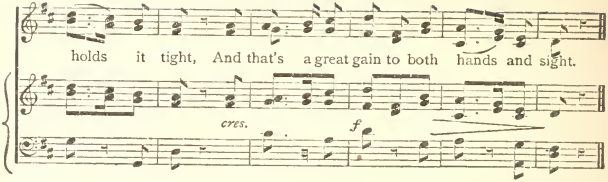
(See picture No. 24, page 63.)






please be caught at last, Bird ! Don't fly a-bout so fast, Bird ! Oh !
Quicker.
a tempo.
Bird - ie dear, Oh ! Bird - ie dear, won't you stand still at all ?
Mother. Slower.
The bird is on - ly shin - ing bright, You
f.
mf
can - not catch it with your lit - tle hands, But

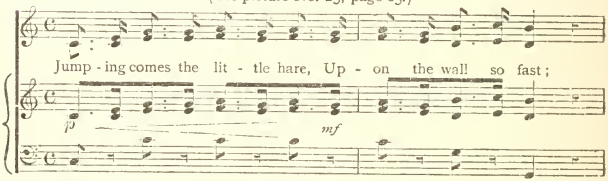

by your eyes you seize the light; Your heart is
glad, and it un - der- stands, It's true of so much that we
f
mf cres.
see while we're liv - ing; Hands can - not hold what great
f
p
pleas - ure is giv - ing; But a fin - er sense eas - i - ly
mf

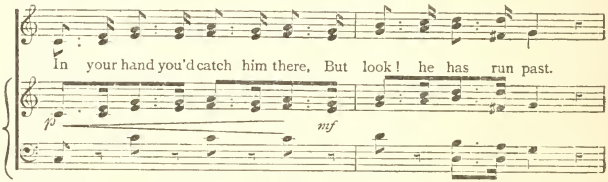


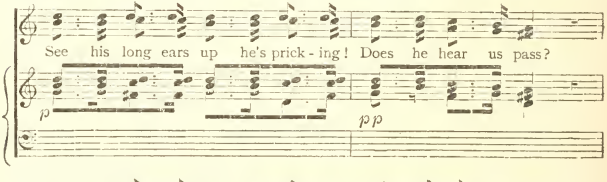
24

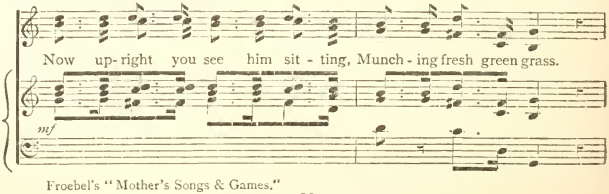
THE HARE.

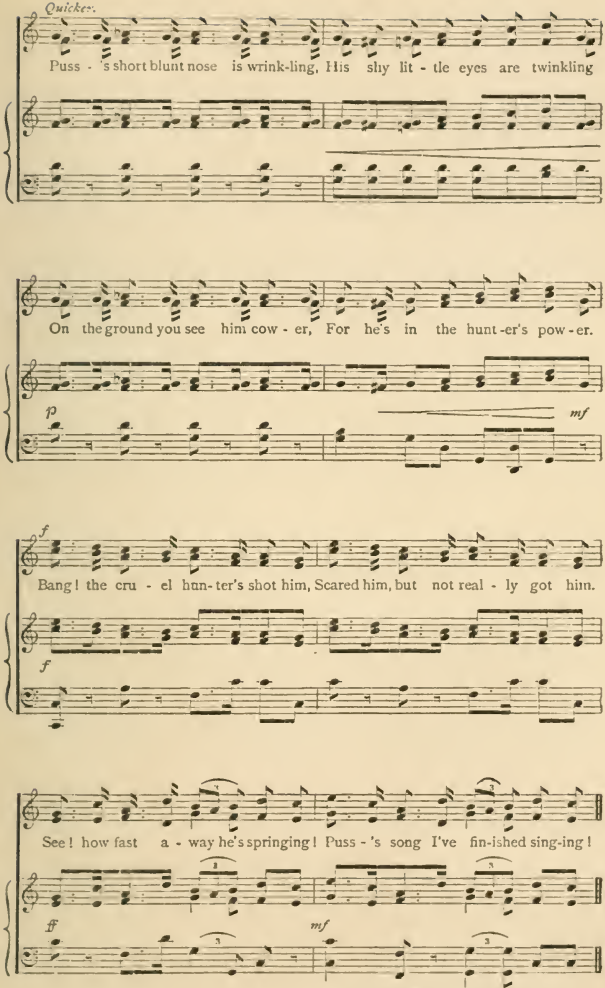
(See picture No. 25, page 65.)







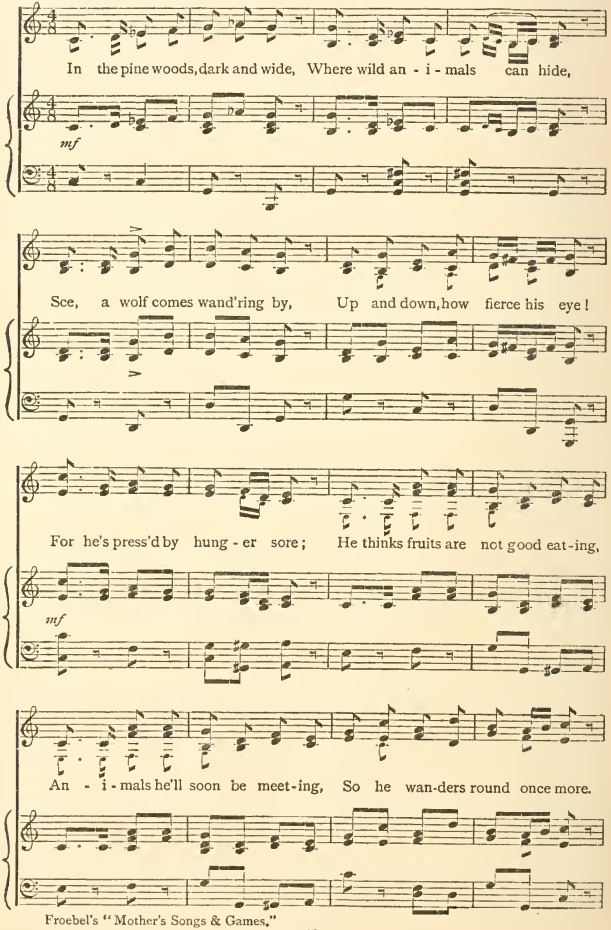
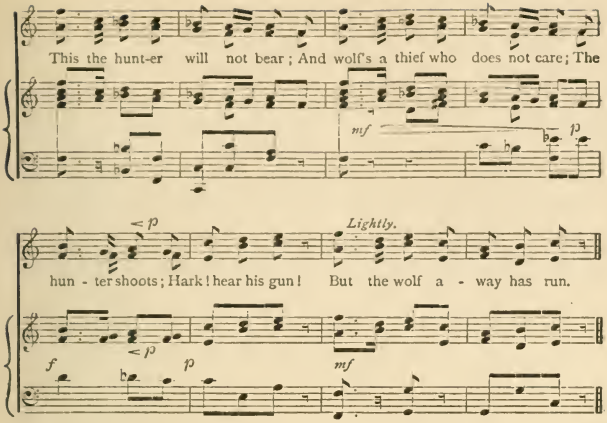



Quicker.
Puss - 's short blunt nose is wrink-ling, His shy lit - tle eyes are twinkling
On the ground you see him cow - er, For he's in the hunt-er's pow-er.
p
mf
f
Bang! the cru - el hun-ter's shot him, Scared him, but not real - ly got him.
f
See! how fast a - way he's springing! Puss - 's song I've fin-ished sing-ing!
ff
mf

25

THE WOLF.

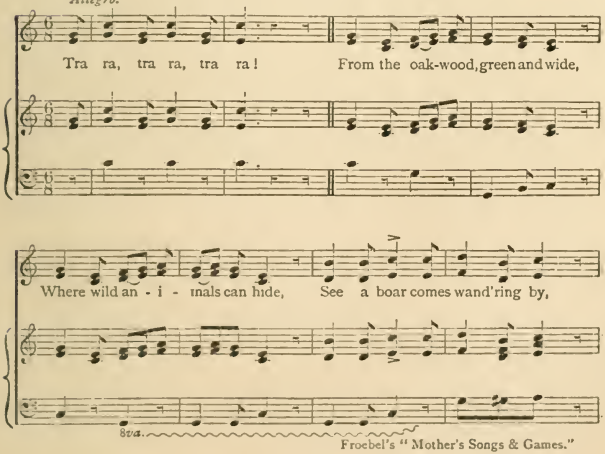
(See picture No. 26, page 67.)

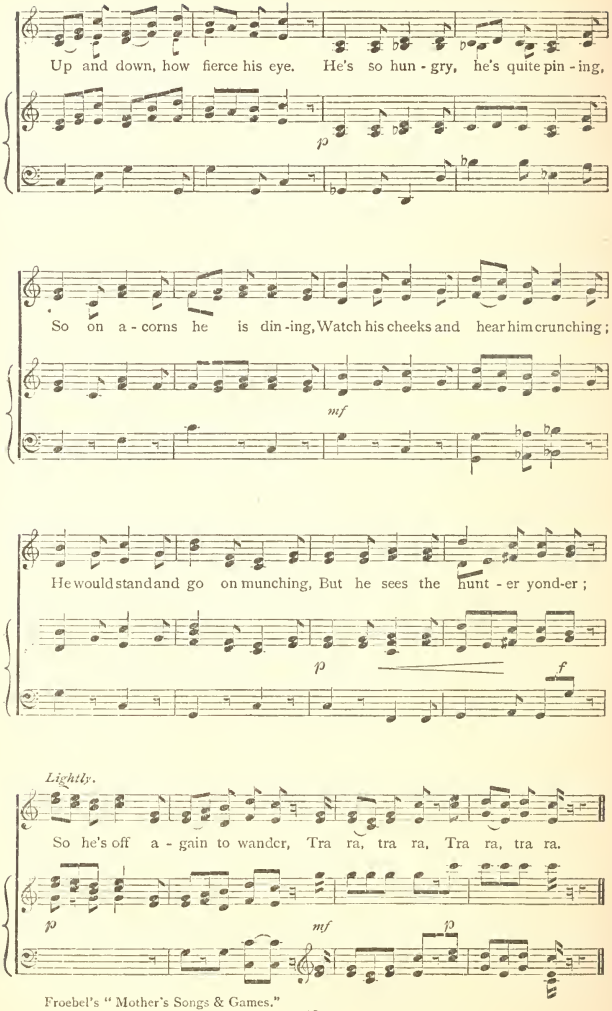

In the pine woods, dark and wide, Where wild an - i - mals can hide,
mf
See, a wolf comes wand'ring by, Up and down, how fierce his eye!
For he's press'd by hung - er sore; He thinks fruits are not good eat-ing,
mf
An - i - mals he'll soon be meet-ing, So he wan-ders round once more.

This the hunt-er will not bear; And wolf's a thief who does not care; The
mf
p
hun - ter shoots; Hark! hear his gun! But the wolf a - way has run.
Lightly.
f
p
mf

26

THE BOAR.

(See picture No. 27, page 69.)

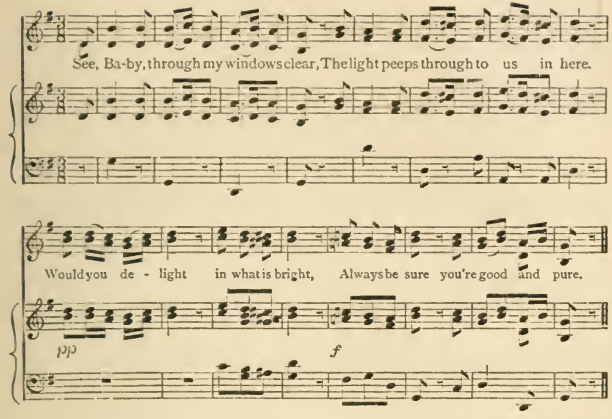



Up and down, how fierce his eye. He's so hun - gry, he's quite pin - ing,
p
So on a - corns he is din - ing, Watch his cheeks and hear him crunching;
mf
He would stand and go on munching, But he sees the hunt - er yond-er;
p
f
Lightly.
So he's off a - gain to wander, Tra ra, tra ra, Tra ra, tra ra.
p
mf
p

27

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

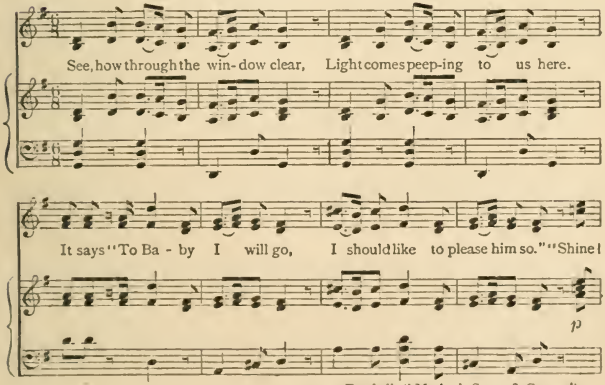
(See picture No. 28, page 71.)

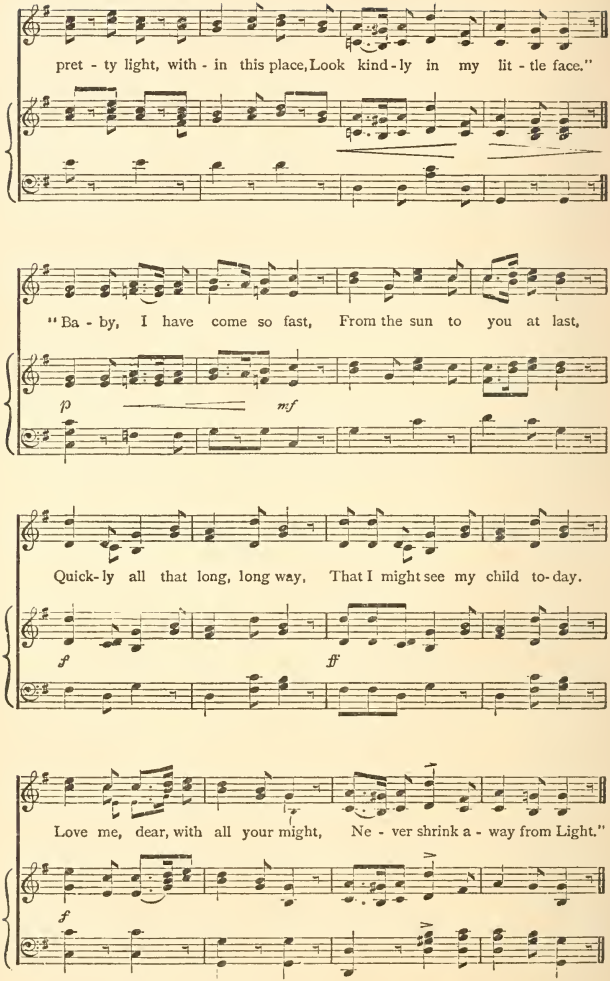

See, Ba-by, through my windows clear, The light peeps through to us in here.
Would you de - light in what is bright, Always be sure you're good and pure.
pp
f

28

THE WINDOW.

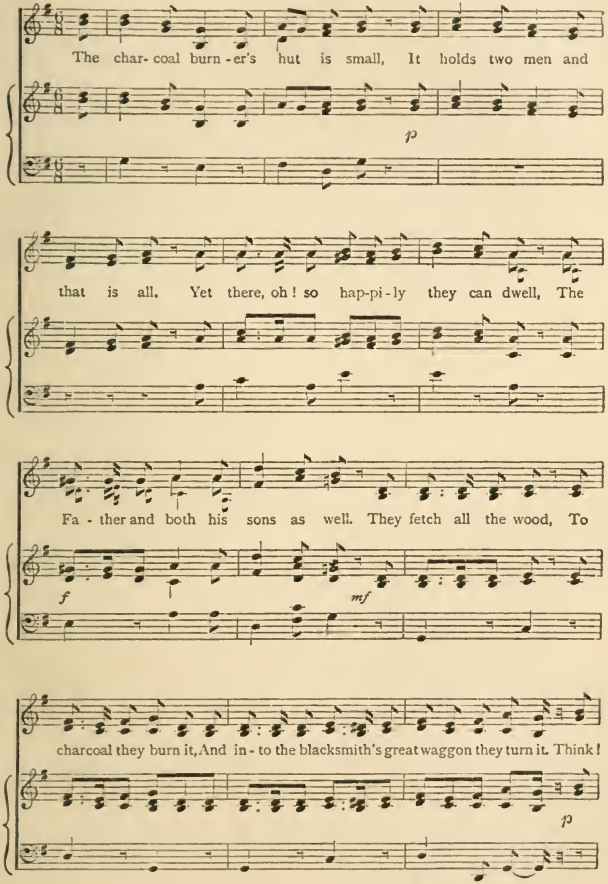
(See picture No. 29, page 73.)

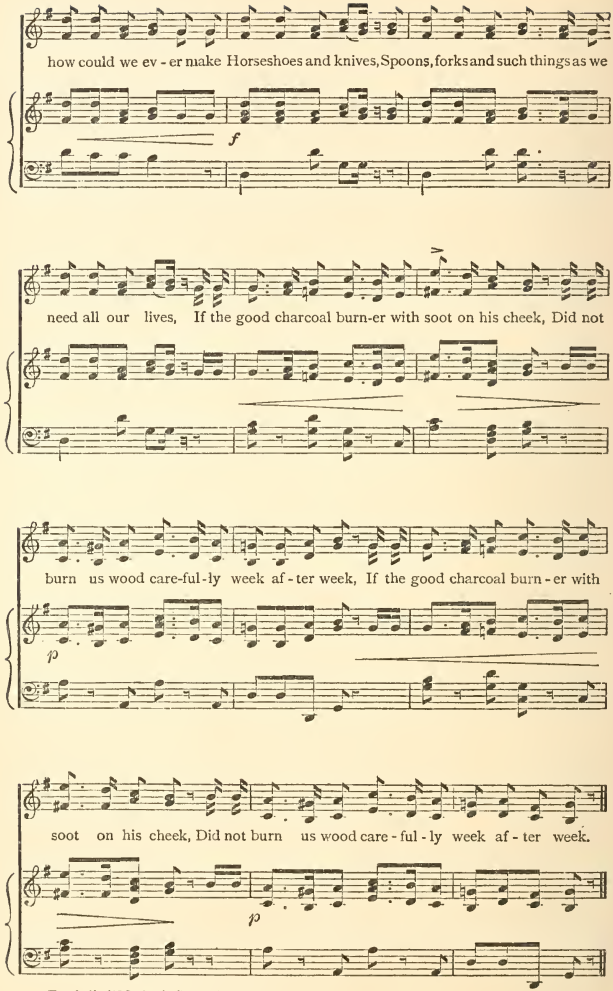

See, how through the win-dow clear, Light comes peep-ing to us here.
It says "To Ba - by I will go, I should like to please him so." "Shine!
p

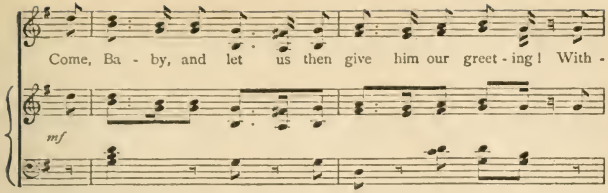

pret - ty light, with - in this place, Look kind - ly in my lit - tle face."
"Ba - by, I have come so fast, From the sun to you at last,
p
mf
Quick - ly all that long, long way, That I might see my child to - day.
f
ff
Love me, dear, with all your might, Ne - ver shrink a - way from Light."
f

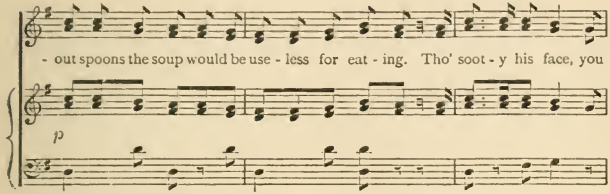
THE CHARCOAL BURNER'S HUT.

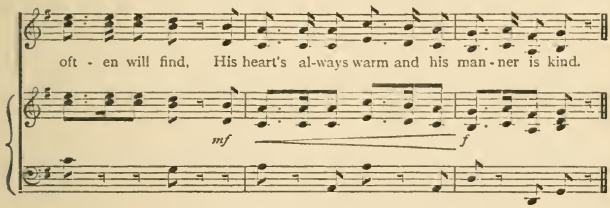
(See picture No. 30, page 75.)


The char- coal burn - er's hut is small, It holds two men and
p
that is all. Yet there, oh! so hap-pi-ly they can dwell, The
Fa - ther and both his sons as well. They fetch all the wood, To
f
mf
charcoal they burn it, And in - to the blacksmith's great waggon they turn it. Think!
p


how could we ev - er make Horseshoes and knives, Spoons, forks and such things as we
f
need all our lives, If the good charcoal burn-er with soot on his cheek, Did not
burn us wood care-ful-ly week af - ter week, If the good charcoal burn - er with
p
soot on his cheek, Did not burn us wood care - ful - ly week af - ter week.
p

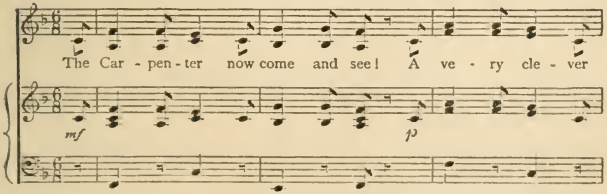
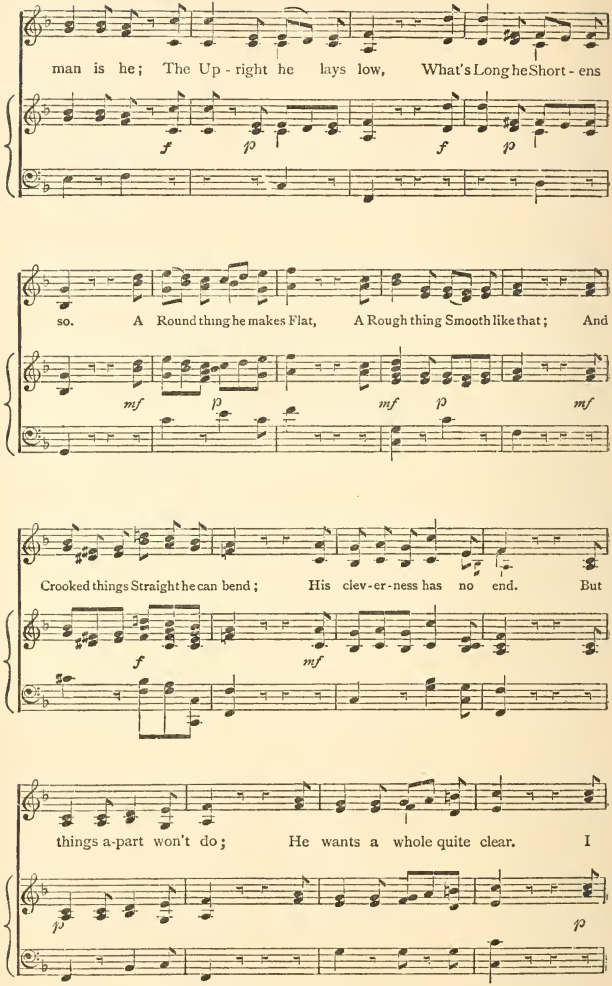


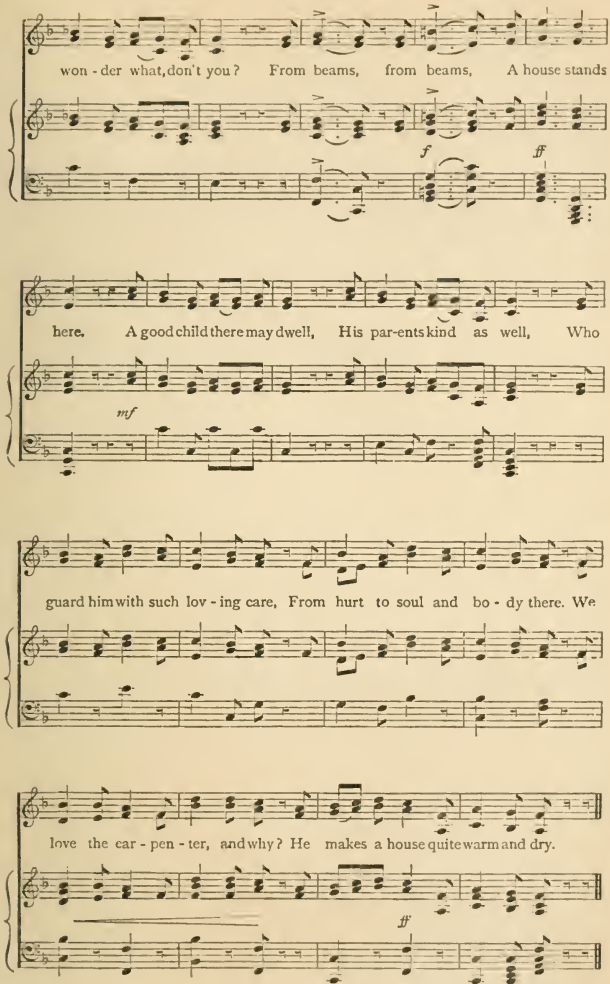




30

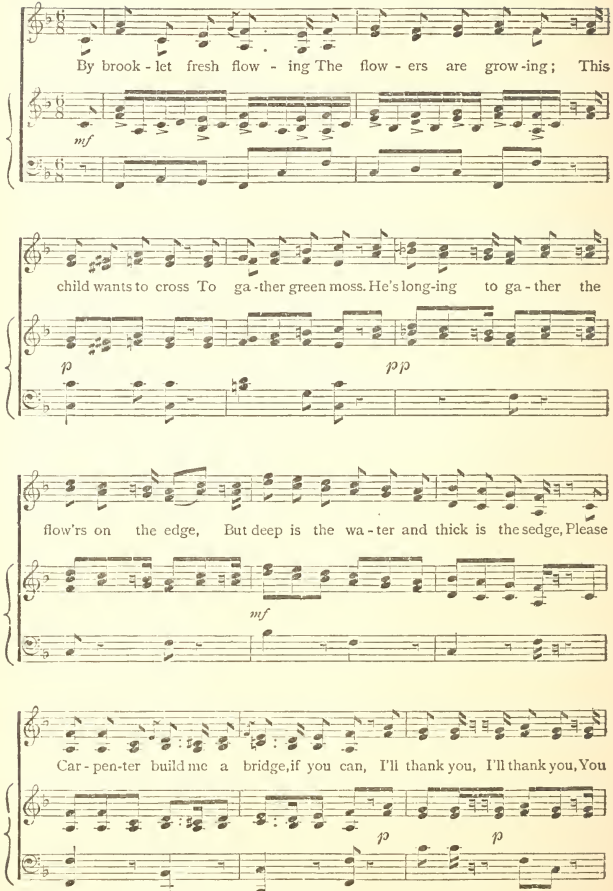
THE CARPENTER.

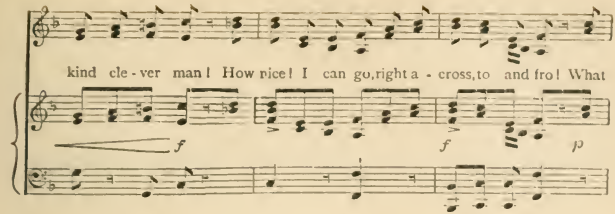
(See picture No. 31, page 77.)


man is he; The Up - right he lays low, What's Long he Short - ens
so. A Round thing he makes Flat, A Rough thing Smooth like that; And
Crooked things Straight he can bend; His clev - er - ness has no end. But
things a-part won't do; He wants a whole quite clear. I

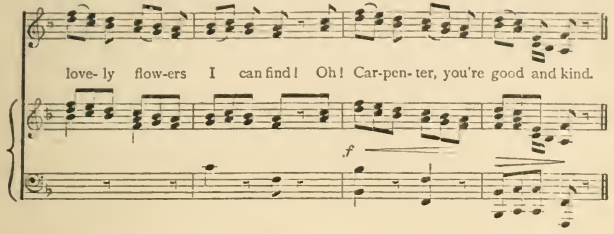

won - der what, don't you? From beams, from beams, A house stands
f
ff
here. A good child there may dwell, His par-ents kind as well, Who
mf
guard him with such lov - ing care, From hurt to soul and bo - dy there. We
love the car - pen - ter, and why? He makes a house quite warm and dry.
ff

31

THE BRIDGE.

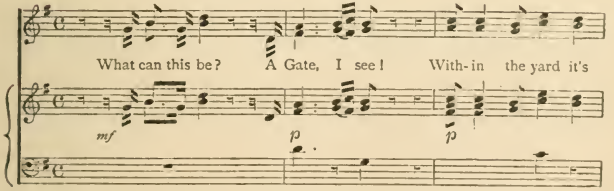
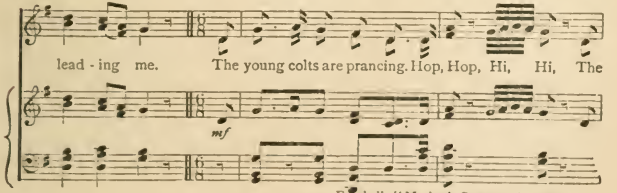
(See picture No. 32, page 79.)

By brook - let fresh flow - ing The flow - ers are grow-ing; This
mf
child wants to cross To ga-ther green moss. He's long-ing to ga - ther the
p
pp
flow'rs on the edge, But deep is the wa - ter and thick is the sedge, Please
mf
Car - pen-ter build me a bridge, if you can, I'll thank you, I'll thank you, You
p
p

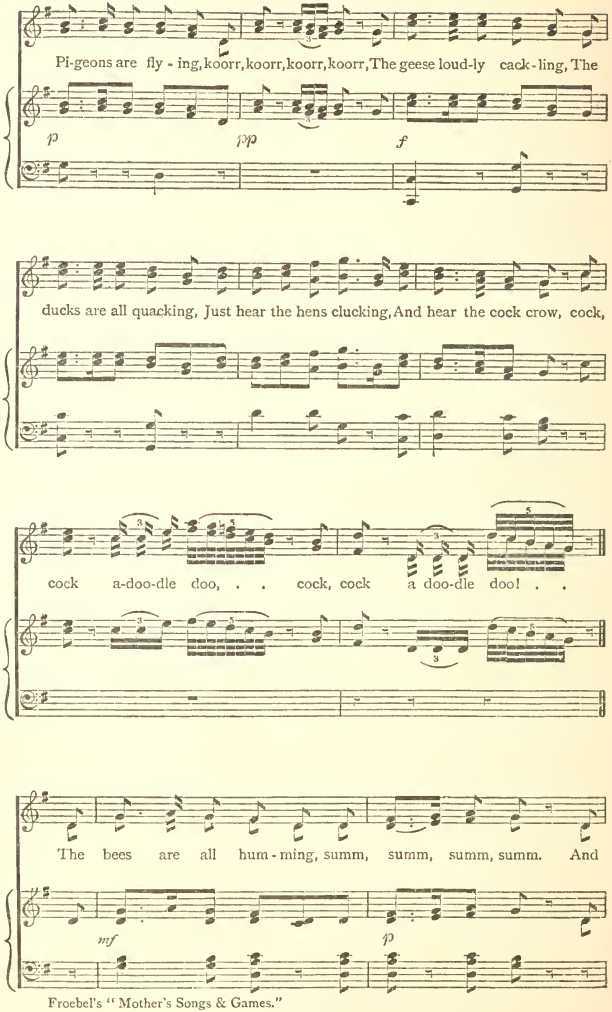


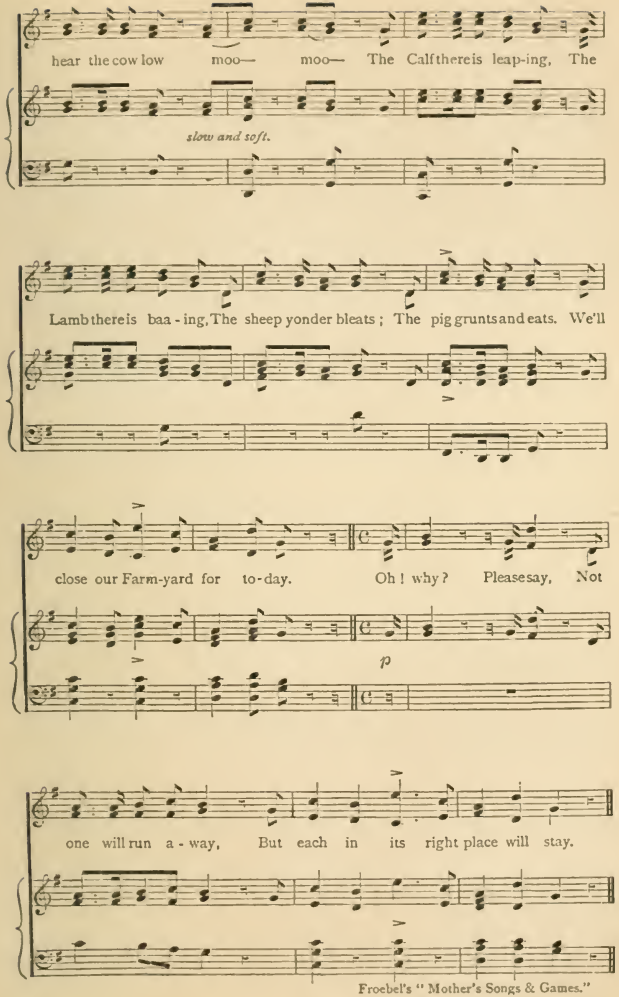


32

THE YARD GATE.

(See picture No. 33, page 81.)




Pi-geons are fly - ing, koorr, koorr, koorr, koorr, The geese loud-ly cack - ling, The
p
pp
f
ducks are all quacking, Just hear the hens clucking, And hear the cock crow, cock,
cock a-doo-dle doo, . . cock, cock a doo-dle doo! . .
The bees are all hum - ming, summ, summ, summ, summ. And
mf
p

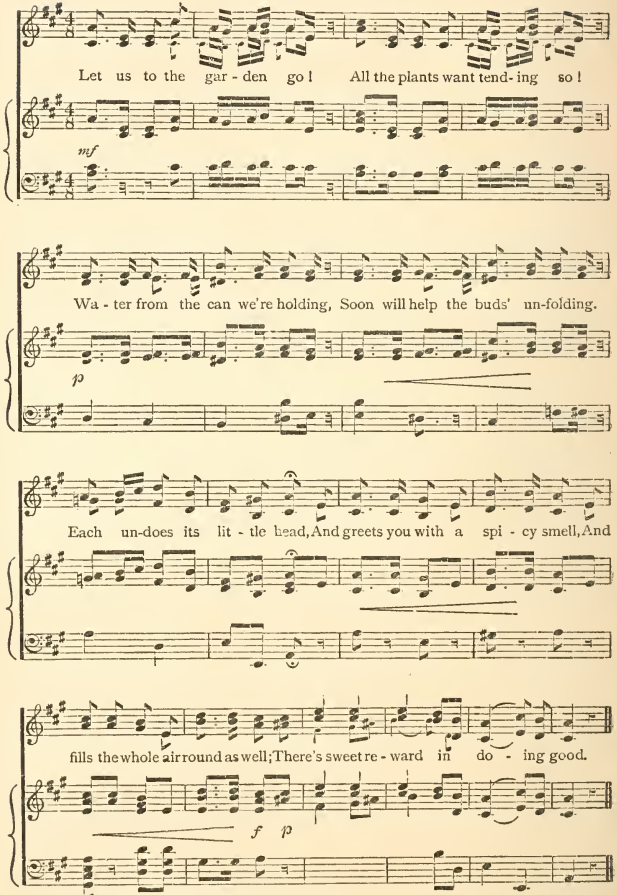

hear the cow low moo— moo— The Calf there is leap-ing, The
slow and soft.
Lamb there is baa - ing, The sheep yonder bleats; The pig grunts and eats. We'll
close our Farm-yard for to-day. Oh! why? Please say, Not
p
one will run a - way, But each in its right place will stay.

Froebel's "Mother's Songs & Games."

33

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

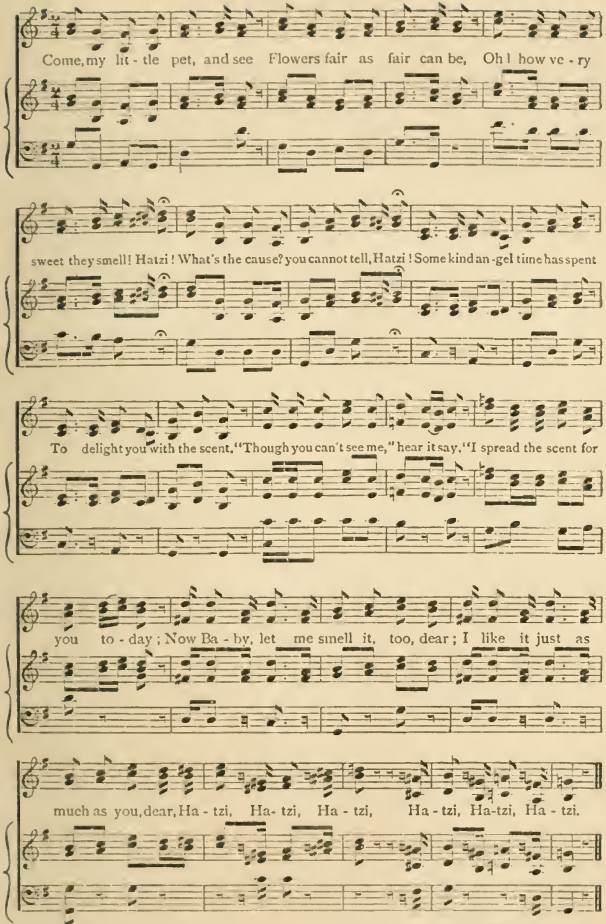
(See picture No. 35, page 85.)


Let us to the gar - den go! All the plants want tend- ing so!
mf
Wa - ter from the can we're holding, Soon will help the buds' un-folding.
p
Each un-does its lit - tle head, And greets you with a spi - cy smell, And
fills the whole air round as well; There's sweet re - ward in do - ing good.
f p

34

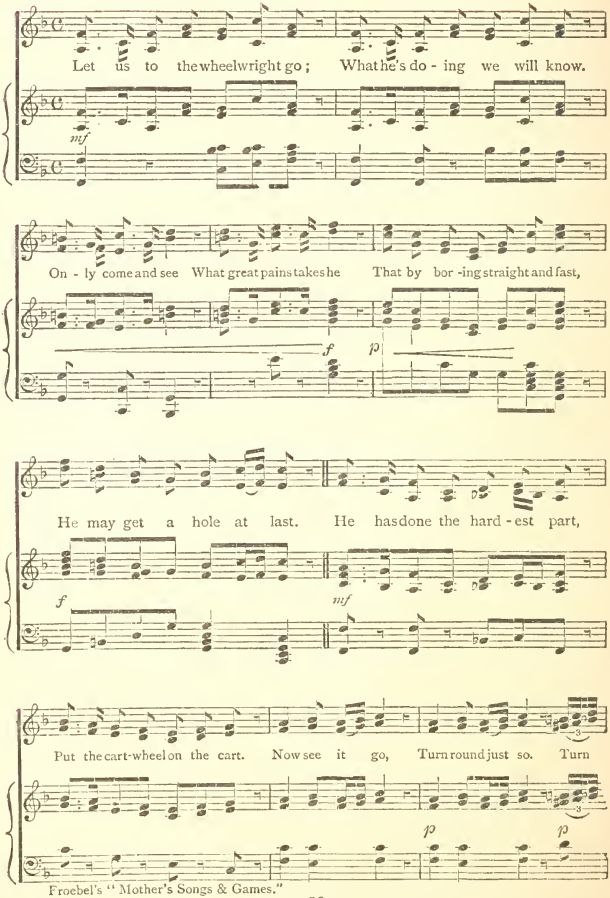
SMELL.

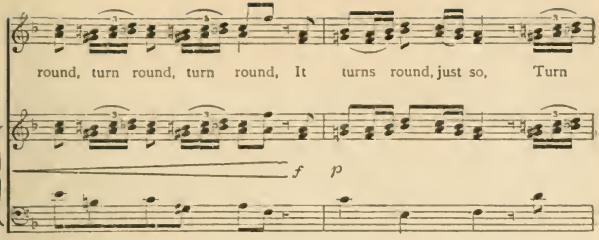
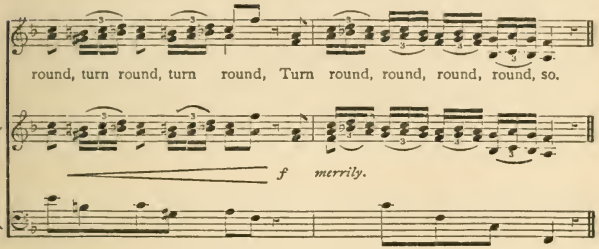
(See page 87.)


Come, my lit - tle pet, and see Flowers fair as fair can be, Oh! how ve - ry
sweet they smell! Hatzi! What's the cause? you cannot tell, Hatzi! Some kind an-gel time has spent
To delight you with the scent, "Though you can't see me," hear it say, "I spread the scent for
you to - day; Now Ba - by, let me smell it, too, dear; I like it just as
much as you, dear, Ha - tzi, Ha- tzi, Ha - tzi, Ha - tzi, Ha-tzi, Ha - tzi.

35

THE WHEELWRIGHT.

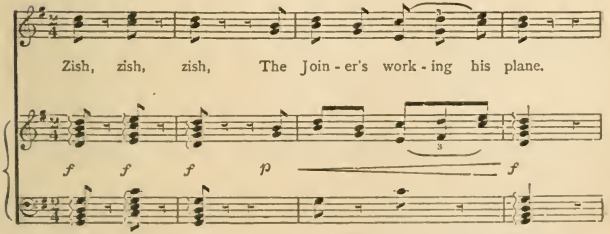
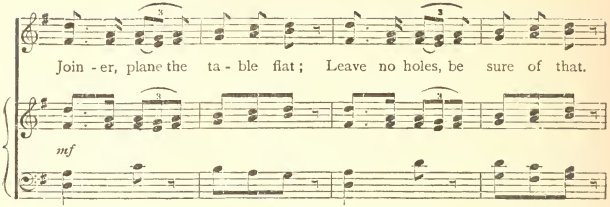
(See picture No. 36, page 89.)

Let us to the wheelwright go; What he's do - ing we will know.
mf
On - ly come and see What great pains takes he That by bor - ing straight and fast,
f
p
He may get a hole at last. He has done the hard - est part,
f
mf
Put the cart-wheel on the cart. Now see it go, Turn round just so. Turn
p
p

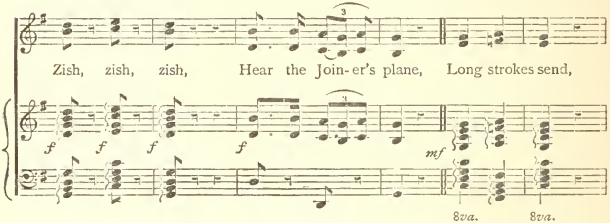


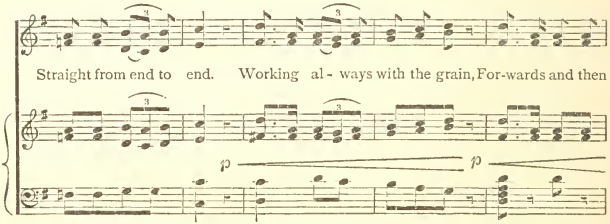
36

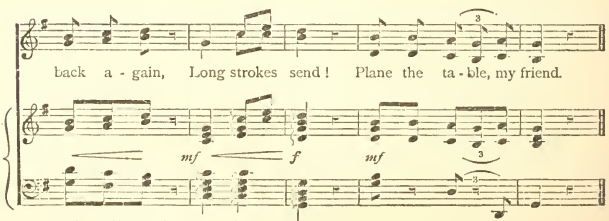
THE JOINER.

(See picture No. 37, page 91.)



Join - er, plane the ta - ble flat; Leave no holes, be sure of that.
mf

Zish, zish, zish, Hear the Join- er's plane, Long strokes send,
f f f f
mf
8va. 8va.

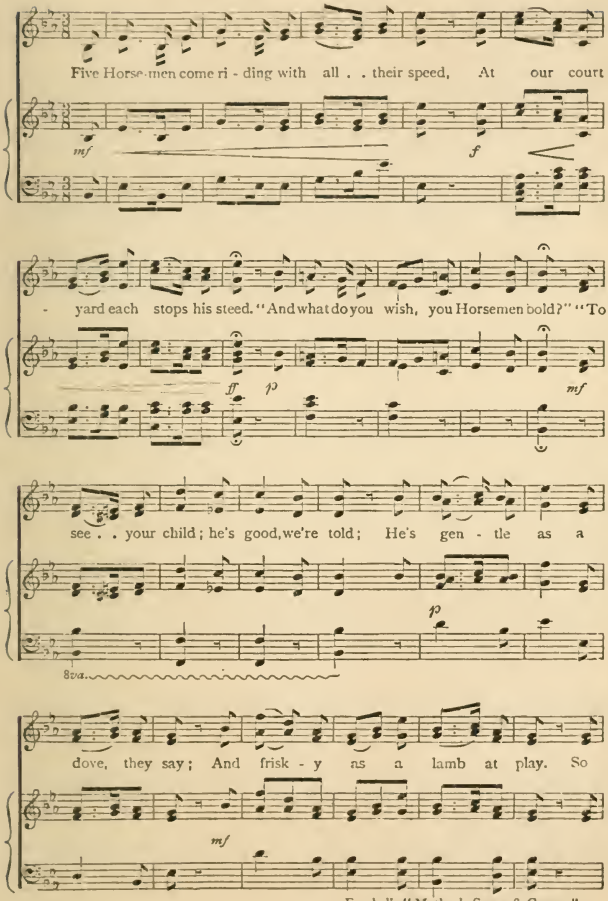

Straight from end to end. Working al - ways with the grain, For-wards and then
fp fp

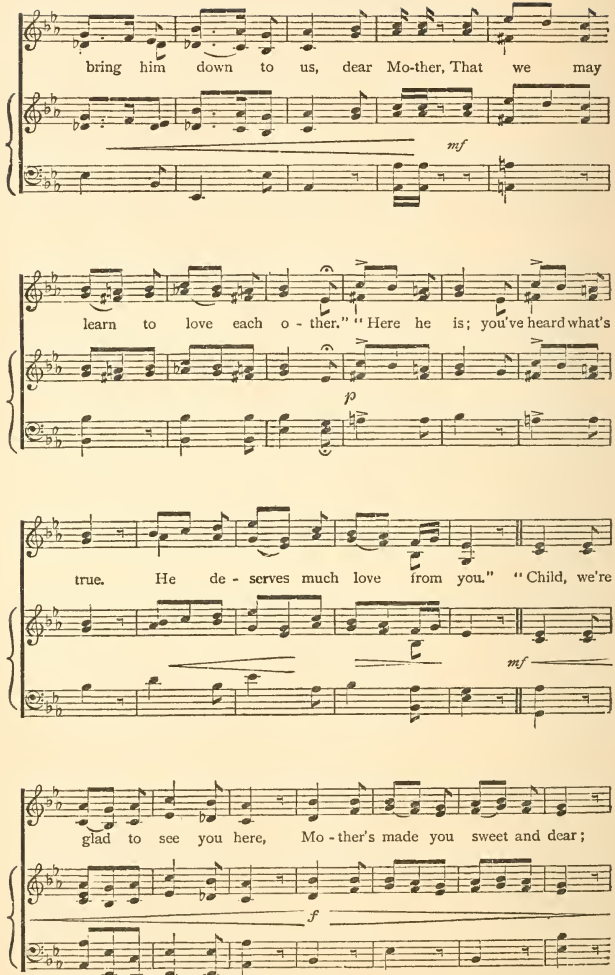

back a - gain, Long strokes send! Plane the ta - ble, my friend.
mf f mf

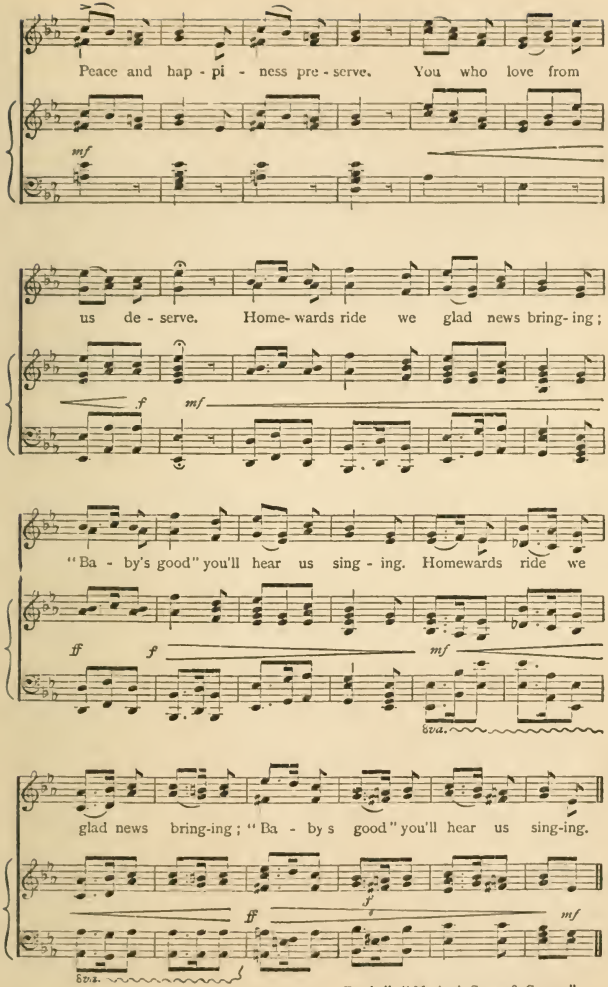
37

THE HORSEMEN AND THE GOOD CHILD.

(See picture No. 38, page 93.)


Five Horse-men come ri - ding with all . . their speed, At our court
mf
f
- yard each stops his steed. "And what do you wish, you Horsemen bold?" "To
ff
p
mf
see . . your child; he's good, we're told; He's gen - tle as a
p
8va
dove, they say; And frisk - y as a lamb at play. So
mf

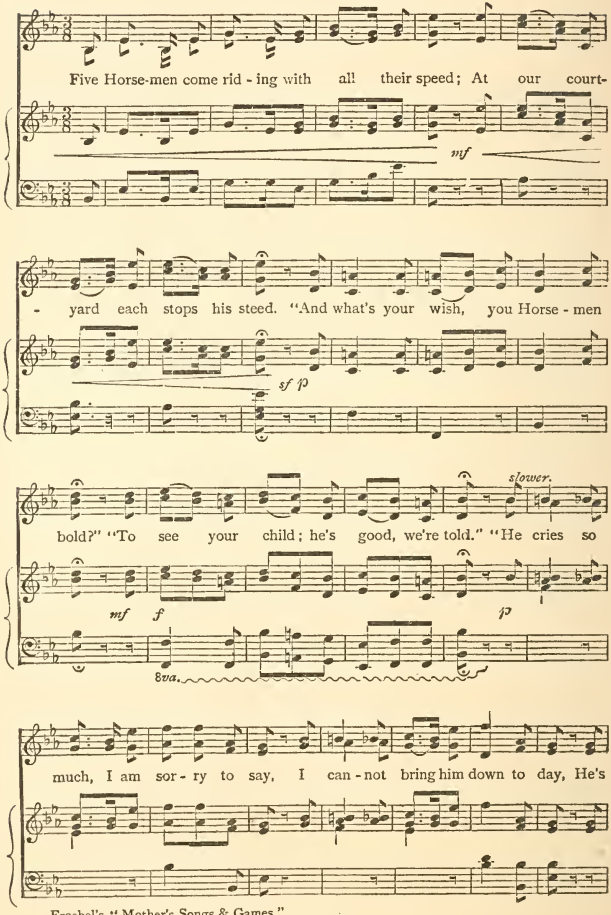

bring him down to us, dear Mo-ther, That we may
mf
learn to love each o - ther." "Here he is; you've heard what's
p
true. He de - serves much love from you." "Child, we're
mf
glad to see you here, Mo - ther's made you sweet and dear;
f
8va.

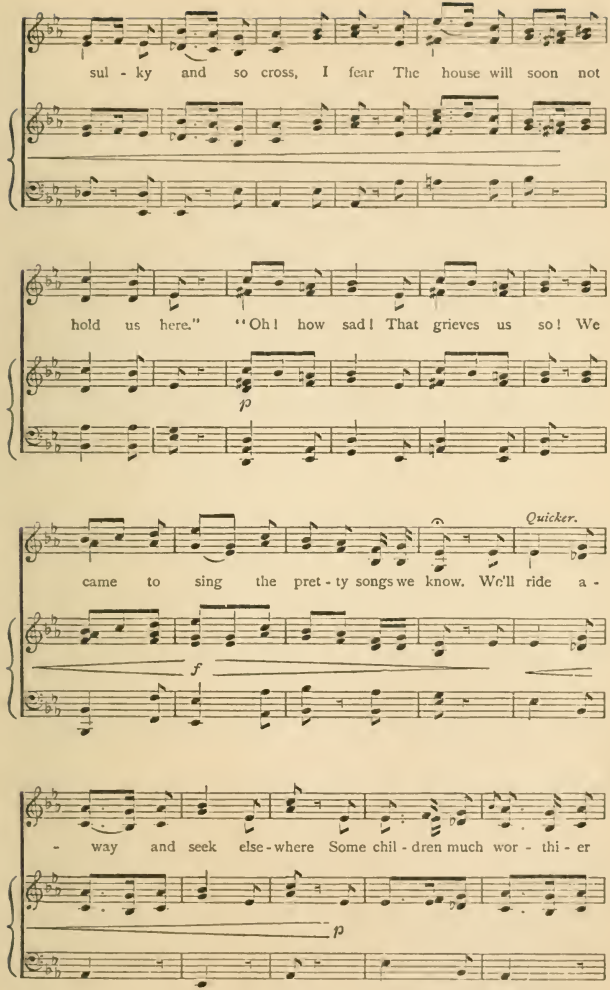

Peace and hap - pi - ness pre - serve. You who love from
mf
us de - serve. Home- wards ride we glad news bring- ing;
f
mf
"Ba - by's good" you'll hear us sing - ing. Homewards ride we
ff
f
mf
8va.
glad news bring-ing; "Ba - by s good" you'll hear us sing-ing.
f
ff
mf
8va.

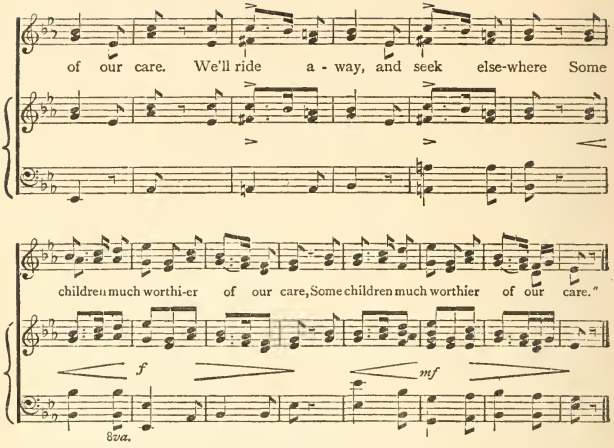
38

THE HORSEMEN AND THE CROSS CHILD.

(See picture No. 39, page 95.)


Five Horse-men come rid - ing with all their speed; At our court-
mf
- yard each stops his steed. "And what's your wish, you Horse - men
sf fp
bold?" "To see your child; he's good, we're told." "He cries so
slower.
mf
f
fp
8va.
much, I am sor - ry to say, I can - not bring him down to day, He's

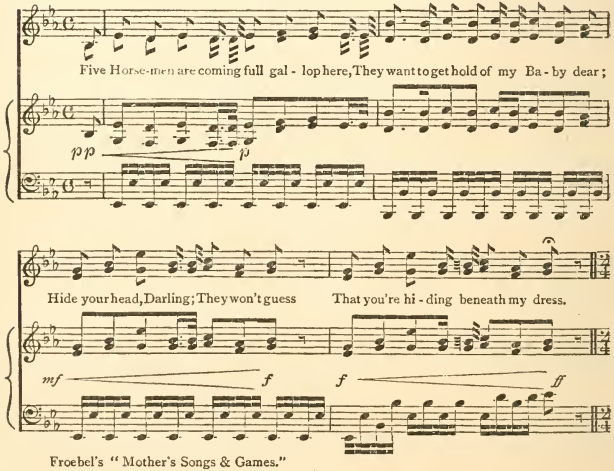

sul - ky and so cross, I fear The house will soon not
hold us here." "Oh! how sad! That grieves us so! We
p
Quicker.
came to sing the pret - ty songs we know. We'll ride a -
f
- way and seek else - where Some chil - dren much wor - thi - er
p

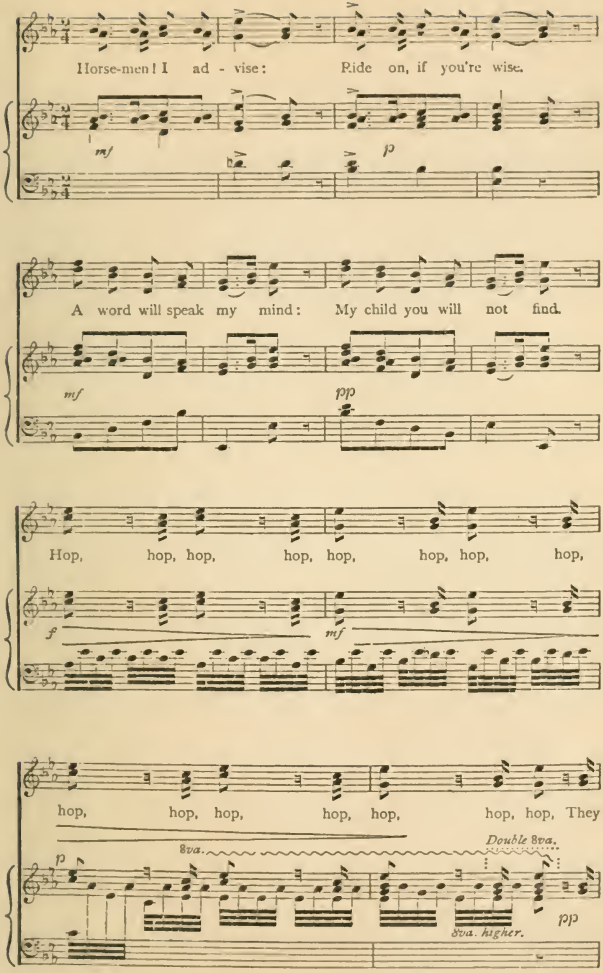

of our care. We'll ride a - way, and seek else-where Some
children much worthi-er of our care, Some children much worthier of our care."
f
mf
8va.

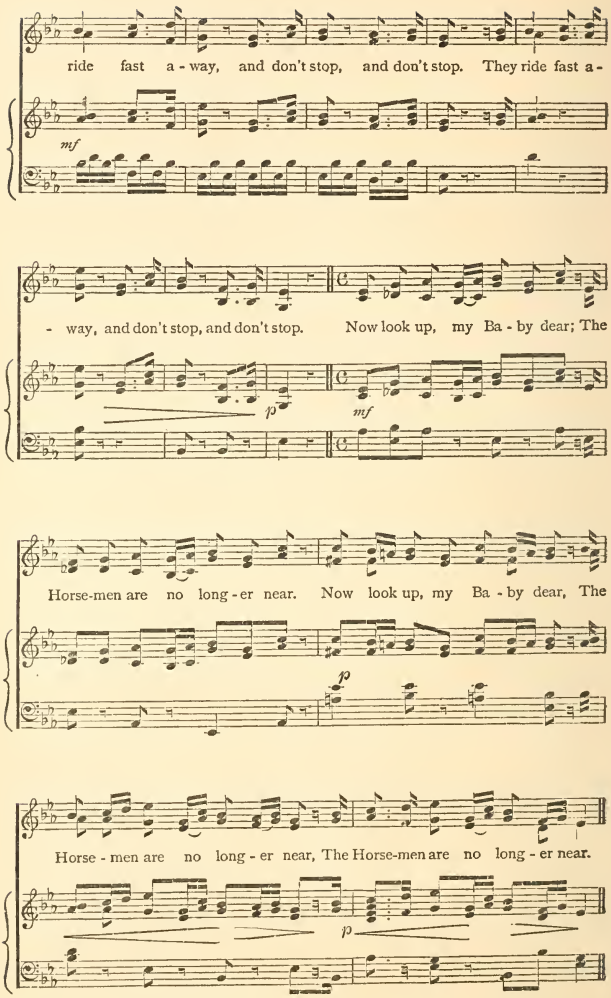
39

HIDE! BABY!

(See picture No. 40, page 97.)


Five Horse-men are coming full gal - lop here, They want to get hold of my Ba - by dear;
pp
p
Hide your head, Darling; They won't guess That you're hi - ding beneath my dress.
mf
f
f
ff

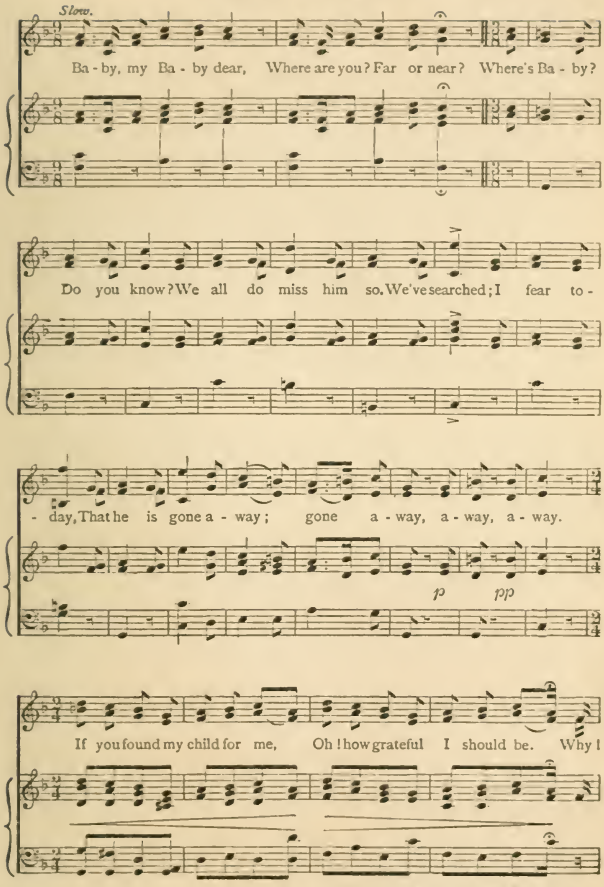

Horse-men! I ad - vise: Ride on, if you're wise.
mf
p
A word will speak my mind: My child you will not find.
mf
pp
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
f
mf
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, They
p
8va.
Double 8va.
pp
8va. higher.

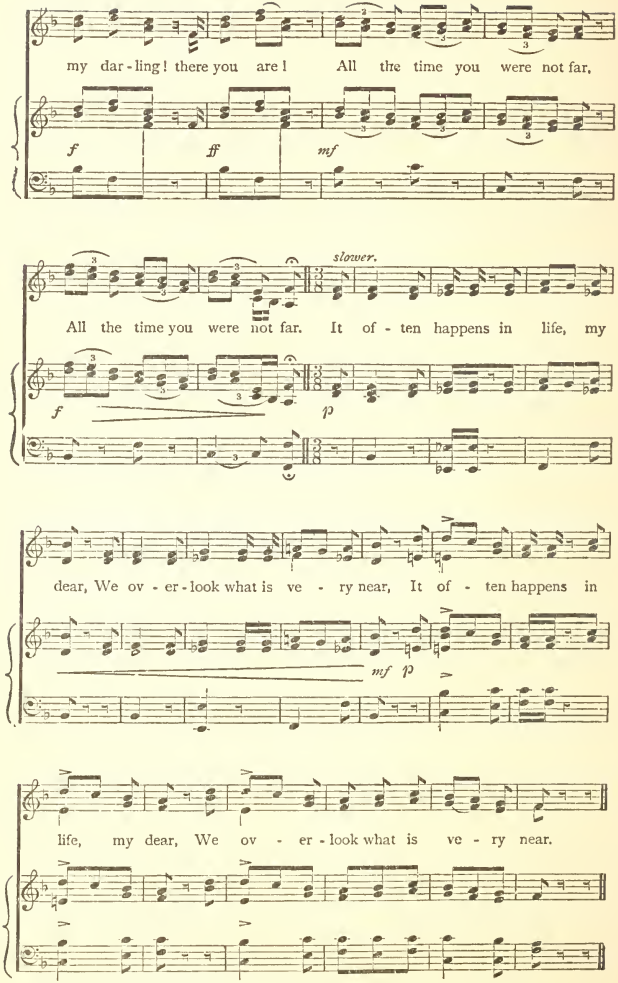

ride fast a - way, and don't stop, and don't stop. They ride fast a -
mf
- way, and don't stop, and don't stop. Now look up, my Ba - by dear; The
p
mf
Horse-men are no long - er near. Now look up, my Ba - by dear, The
p
Horse - men are no long - er near, The Horse-men are no long - er near.
p

40

HIDE AND SEEK.

(See picture No. 41, page 99.)

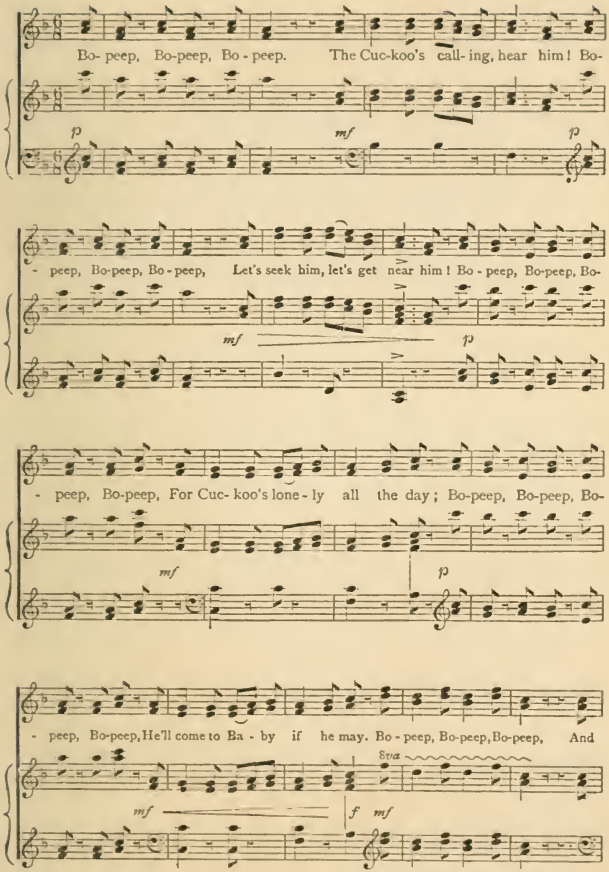

Slow.
Ba - by, my Ba - by dear, Where are you? Far or near? Where's Ba - by?
Do you know? We all do miss him so. We've searched; I fear to -
- day, That he is gone a - way; gone a - way, a - way, a - way.
p
pp
If you found my child for me, Oh! how grateful I should be. Why!

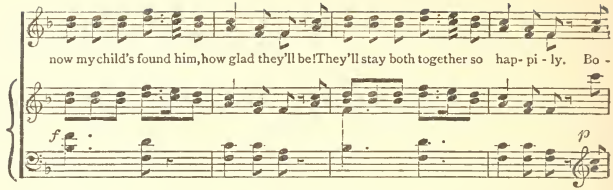
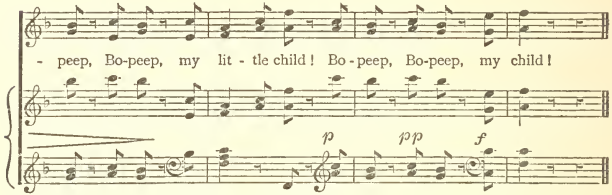

my dar - ling! there you are! All the time you were not far.
f
ff
mf
slower.
All the time you were not far. It of - ten happens in life, my
f
p
dear, We ov - er - look what is ve - ry near, It of - ten happens in
mf p
life, my dear, We ov - er - look what is ve - ry near.

41

BO-PEEP.

(See picture No. 42, page 101.)

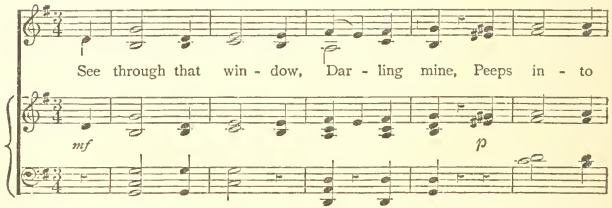
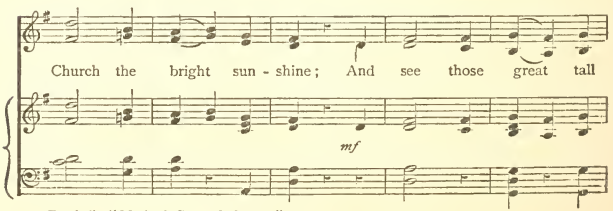
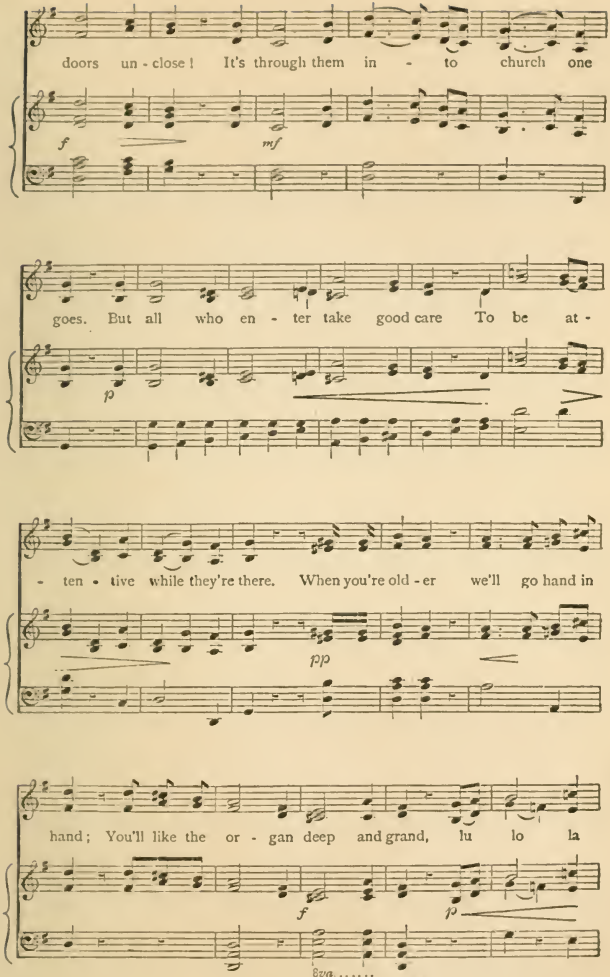

Bo- peep, Bo-peep, Bo - peep. The Cuc-koo's call- ing, hear him! Bo-
p mf p
- peep, Bo-peep, Bo - peep, Let's seek him, let's get near him! Bo - peep, Bo-peep, Bo-
mf p
- peep, Bo-peep, For Cuc- koo's lone - ly all the day; Bo-peep, Bo-peep, Bo-
mf p
- peep, Bo-peep, He'll come to Ba - by if he may. Bo - peep, Bo-peep, Bo-peep, And
8va
mf f mf



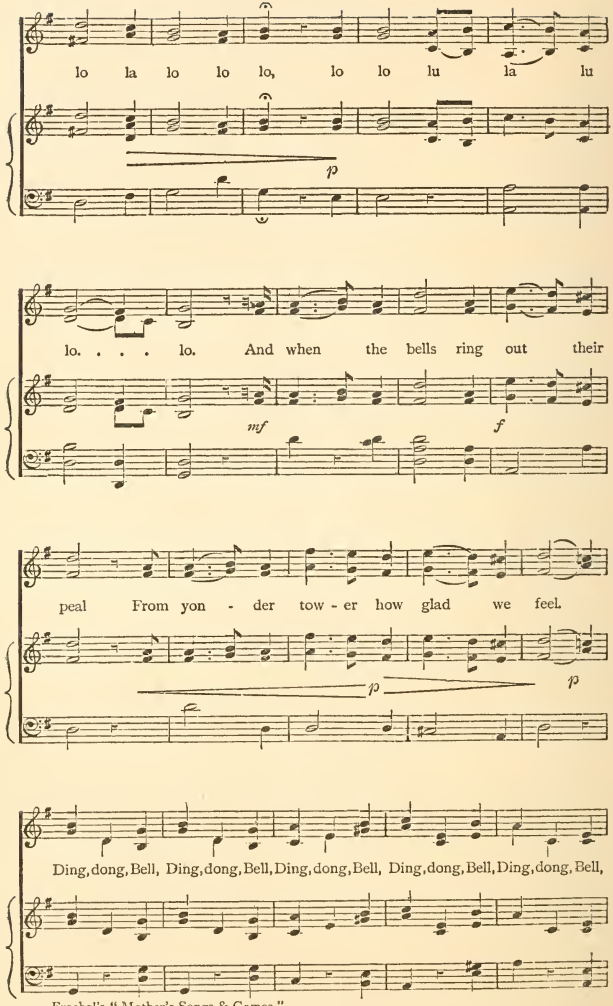
42

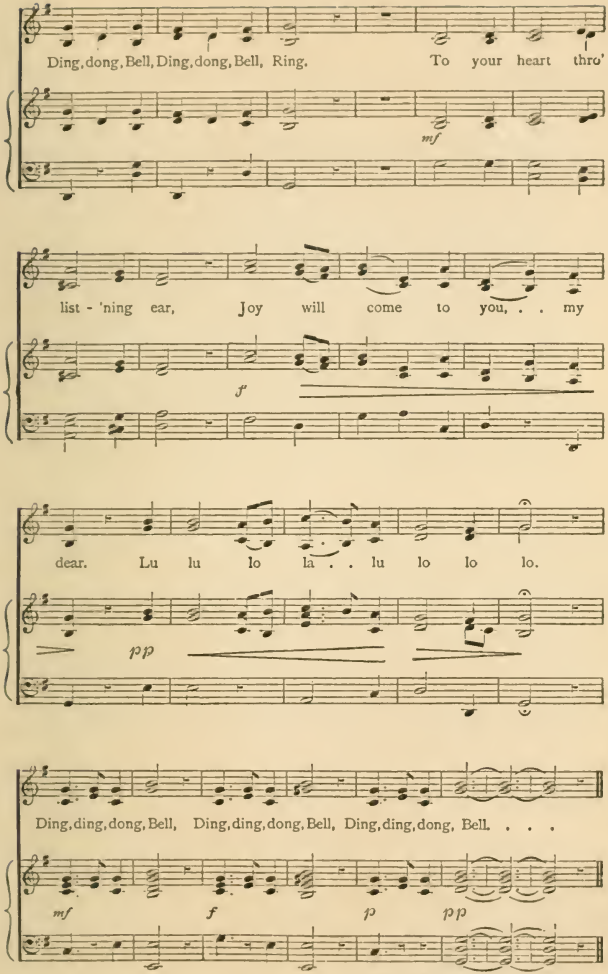
THE CHURCH DOOR AND WINDOW.

(See picture No. 45, page 107.)

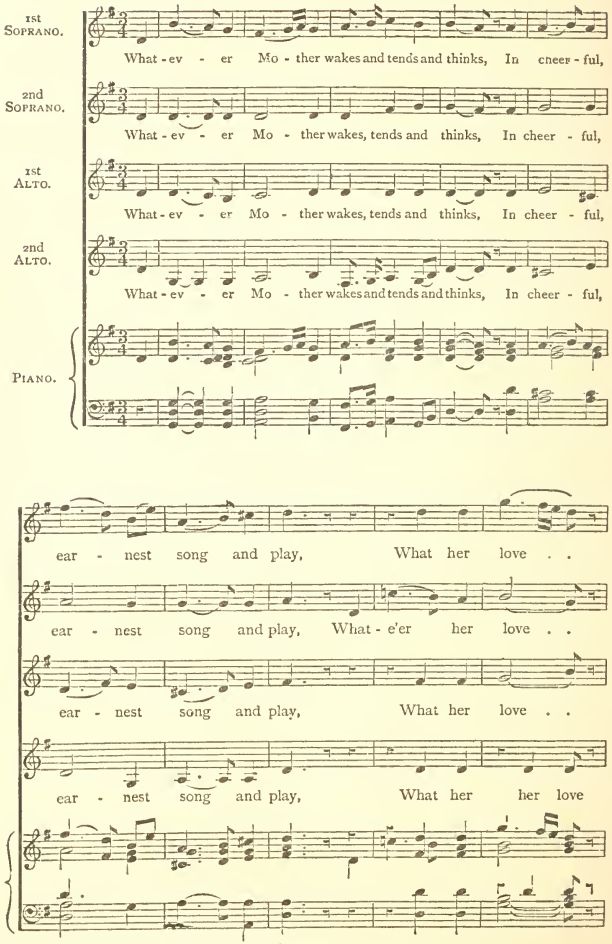


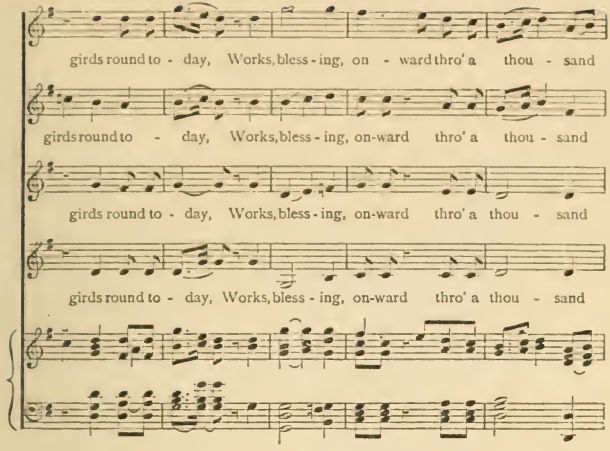
doors un - close! It's through them in - to church one
f
mf
goes. But all who en - ter take good care To be at -
p
- ten - tive while they're there. When you're old - er we'll go hand in
pp
hand; You'll like the or - gan deep and grand, lu lo la
f
p
8va

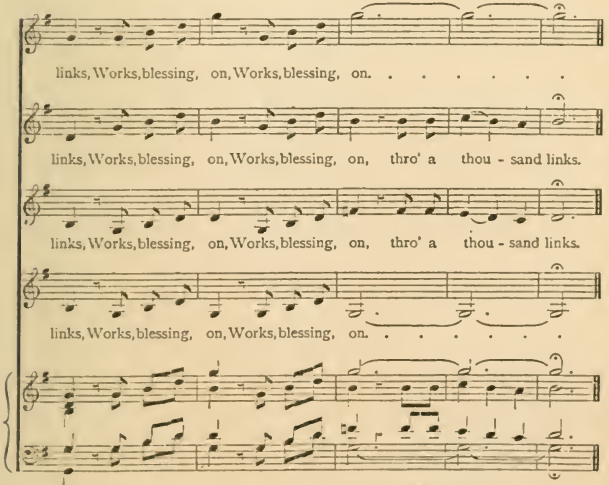

lo la lo lo lo, lo lo lu la lu
p
lo. . . . lo. And when the bells ring out their
mf
f
peal From yon - der tow - er how glad we feel.
p
p
Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell,


Ding, dong, Bell, Ding, dong, Bell, Ring. To your heart thro'
mf
list - 'ning ear, Joy will come to you, . . my
f
dear. Lu lu lo la . . lu lo lo lo.
pp
Ding, ding, dong, Bell, Ding, ding, dong, Bell, Ding, ding, dong, Bell. . . .
mf
f
p
pp

CLOSING THOUGHTS.


1st Soprano.
What - ev - er Mo - ther wakes and tends and thinks, In cheer - ful,
2nd Soprano.
What - ev - er Mo - ther wakes, tends and thinks, In cheer - ful,
1st Alto.
What - ev - er Mo - ther wakes, tends and thinks, In cheer - ful,
2nd Alto.
What - ev - er Mo - ther wakes and tends and thinks, In cheer - ful,
Piano.
ear - nest song and play, What her love . .
ear - nest song and play, What - e'er her love . .
ear - nest song and play, What her love . .
ear - nest song and play, What her her love


girds round to - day, Works, bless - ing, on - ward thro' a thou - sand
girds round to - day, Works, bless - ing, on-ward thro' a thou - sand
girds round to - day, Works, bless - ing, on-ward thro' a thou - sand
girds round to - day, Works, bless - ing, on-ward thro' a thou - sand


links, Works, blessing, on, Works, blessing, on. . . . . .
links, Works, blessing, on, Works, blessing, on, thro' a thou - sand links.
links, Works, blessing, on, Works, blessing, on, thro' a thou - sand links.
links, Works, blessing, on, Works, blessing, on. . . . . .

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